



FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

Roll

JUNE 1980

\$2.75

**HOW
TO SURVIVE
WORKING FOR
AN S.O.B.**

**LETTING HER
DOWN EASY**
Classy Ways to
Say Goodbye

**AN INCREDIBLE
INTERVIEW
WITH LOU
"THE HULK"
FERRIGNO**

**THE OUI
SEX SURVEY**
What
Women Think
about Oral Sex

SOBRIETY TEST
How to Drink
and Stay Sober

**THE
BRIDLINGTON
RECTANGLE**
Raising Hell with
Clive Cussler

Why did Bob Larkin buy the KZ440LTD with its 58*mpg?

Because Bob always believes in going the distance.

When Bob swung a leg over the KZ440 LTD and settled down into the high-step, dual-density cruising seat, he knew he was on a winner. The pullback bars seemed to reach for his hands. And a tap on the electric starter brought the call of the road from dual mega-

phone mufflers. Who could resist? Its 443cc overhead cam engine with constant-velocity Mikuni carbs delivered plenty of torque, so he could accelerate quickly and cruise effortlessly. Bob liked the fact that it was Kawasaki-reliable. And he appreciated the advantages



of a silent cam chain with automatic tensioner. After all, there are better things to do on campus than to spend your free time working on a motorcycle.

When it came to handling, the KZ440 LTD exceeded his expectations. Precision-damped front forks and needle bearing swingarm gave him a real feeling of control and security. So did the drilled front disc brake. The fat rear tire provided lots of traction, and Bob sat down low with the center of gravity right under him. Riding it was a breeze—and sheer pleasure with a close friend on the back seat.

When you stop by your Kawasaki dealer to see the slick looking KZ440 LTD, be sure to see both the chain drive and belt drive models. You might even take a

look at the new KZ250 LTD. It's a little smaller, but it's got some big numbers going for it. For openers, how's 80.2*mpg grab you?



Kawasaki

Don't let the good times pass you by.



America's favorite couple

Seven and Seven have been going together for over 40 years. For a perfect marriage, just pour 1½ oz. Seagram's 7 over ice in a tall glass, fill with 7UP and enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.



"SEVEN-UP," "7UP," "THE UNCOLA," AND "UN" ARE TRADEMARKS IDENTIFYING THE PRODUCT OF THE SEVEN-UP COMPANY ©1979 THE SEVEN-UP COMPANY.
SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF.

48 LETTING HER DOWN EASY

There comes a time in every man's life when he wants out of a relationship in the worst way. Here are a few tips on how to do it the *best* way. Article by Scott Cohen.



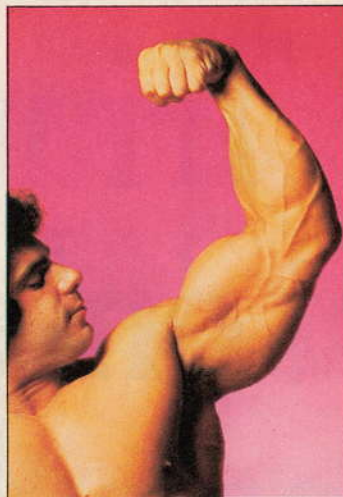
58 KERRY LOU

When breathtaking 22-year-old Kerry Lou Baylis left London for a vacation in the Caribbean, she left all of her inhibitions behind. And most of her clothes, we might happily add. Photography by Jeff Dunas.



70 INTERVIEW: LOU FERRIGNO

The muscle-bound menace of *The Incredible Hulk* flexes his brain for a change and bares an answer to the question on everybody's mind: Exactly how big is it? Interview by John Calendo.



82 THE OUI SEX SURVEY: FELLATIO

Today's liberated woman is not only giving more head; she's also enjoying it more. Discover why things are looking up for men when it comes to her going down. Article by Chris Weygandt.



FEATURES

21 OPENERS/America's new jazz capital; sex therapist insurance; Robert Altman on *Popeye*

86 SMALL TALK: PATTI D'ARBANVILLE/Robert McGarvey. One very sexy lady worth singing about

39 JODIE GRAHAM/Photography by Brian Anderson. Our girl from the Show Me State showed us a few things.

90 MONEY: WORKING FOR AN S.O.B./Chris Barnett. Survival tips for the hassled employee

51 THE HIKE REPORT/Michael Tennesen. Why backpacking is America's second favorite outdoor sport

93 LA DAME FRANÇAISE/Jeffrey Robinson. An eye-opening tribute to the not-so-discreet charms of French sex

75 THE LAYOVER CONSPIRACY/Dean Latimer. To land a sexy stewardess, stay out of the skies.

104 THE BRIDLINGTON RECTANGLE/Jan Golab. Thrills and chills with Clive (*Titanic*) Cussler

78 SOBERNETICS/Michael Price. Presenting the science of drinking without getting blitzed

108 UPPER CRUST/Michael S. Lasky. A slice-by-slice rating of the best and worst frozen pizzas

DEPARTMENTS

5 WE This month's noteworthy contributors

9 MAIL Smoking over Cheech and Chong

16 DR. OUI Does eating increase virility?

33 SPEAK EASY New erogenous zones

113 ASLAN GIRL A leopard and her spots

130 WHO *Fridays*-night fever and the lady boxer

132 WHAT Remote-control gadgetry

134 WHERE The hottest little bar in Baja

136 NEXT Foreplay for July



COVER

Cover girl Jodie Graham tells us she always loves a good mystery. "I absolutely dote on Agatha Christie novels, and I've even passed up dates to stay home and watch reruns of *The Rockford Files*. In fact, it's really a mystery to me why I was chosen for OUI." Well, here's a clue, Jodie: 34-22-34. And that ain't the combination to the safe, sweetheart. Photography by Phillip Dixon.

Triumph for Tar Watchers!

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Triumph, at only 3 mg, steals thunder from yesterday's "low tars."



Suddenly it's a whole new ball game.

Yesterday's so-called "low tars" called themselves the "low tars" with "taste."

Merit at 8 mg was one of them.

Salem Lights at 11 another. So was Winston Lights at 14.

But now there is Triumph®, today's low tar.

With only 3 mg tar—that's 62% less than the leading "low tar."

And taste. Remarkably satisfying taste.

Taste at such low tar? It's something Carlton at 1 doesn't even claim to have.

But Triumph has it. And don't just take our word for it.

Try Triumph—today's low tar.™

Triumph—Today's low tar.

Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. Triumph Filter: 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. 1980. Triumph Menthol: 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

THE WE PAGE

Some of the talented writers, photographers, artists and behind-the-scenes folk who helped produce this month's OUI

CHRIS WEYGANDT

We agreed to have Chris conduct our OUI *Sex Survey* on fellatio (p. 82), after she told us she'd always thought giving head had something to do with horses. She also says that in 1986 she will finish a novel called *There's Nothing Like the Frame of a Dame*, and then she'll take up wrestling.



CHRIS BARNETT

It's been a big joke around here for the last few months, ever since OUI asked our *Money* columnist here to write *Working for an S.O.B.* (p. 90). See, we weren't talking about OUI Magazine's standards of employ; just S.O.B.-type jobs in general. But we'll see who laughs last. Remember that article Barnett did for *Playboy* on the economics of legalized pot? Well, the D.E.A. was here to see the S.O.B.



ERALDO CARUGATI

You'd think that an artist whose religious paintings hang in several Oklahoma churches would be a bit hesitant about doing the illustration for our *Fellatio* article. But after we learned that Eraldo has also done some work at the Levere Memorial Temple in Evanston, Illinois, it finally made sense.



JAN GOLAB

Roving Editor Golab spent two weeks with Clive Cussler's expedition in the North Sea, uncovering what he terms the mystery of *The Bridlington Rectangle* (p. 104). He told us to say that his article is "... a parody of contemporary adventure novels, but it's not fiction. The persons and events depicted in the story are real. Actual truth is woven into the style as well as content." We told him to stay away from the office from now on.



JOHN CALEND0

Unless you're Arnold Schwarzenegger, it can be a humbling experience to interview Lou "the Hulk" Ferrigno (p. 70). That's why we sent John—a man fully in control of his sexuality—to battle the Big Green Guy. When he's not outflexing interviewees, however, he's a playwright. His first, *Cold*, recently opened to warm reviews in Chicago.



WILLIAM RIESER

We asked Bill to illustrate our article *Letting Her Down Easy* (p. 48), because he is not only an excellent, up-and-coming illustrator, who teaches at Los Angeles' Art Center College of Design, he's also sensitive, caring and loving. And not the least bit modest.



OUI

Get a year's worth of pleasure and the convenience of home delivery for only \$16. You save \$14.50 off the \$30.50 single-copy price!

To subscribe for one year, send a check or money order for \$16.00 to:
OUI, Dept. 7VN3, P.O. Box 2512,
Boulder, Colorado 80322.

Rates apply to U.S.,
U.S. Poss., APO-FPO
addresses only.
Canadian rate: 12
issues \$20.

*The
Pleasure
is all yours*

oui

RICHARD CRAMER
Editor and Assistant Publisher

MICHAEL BROCK
Art Director

PETER BRENNAN
Managing Editor

MICHAEL BERRY
Photo Editor

GERRIT HUIG
Production Manager

JAMES KIEHLE
Senior Art Director

EDITORIAL

SHARON O'HARA, ED DWYER Associate Editors; TOY GIBSON, MICHAEL MAHLER Assistant Editors; ED BOTT Assistant Managing Editor; SHERYL EDDINS Copy Editor; RODGER CLAIRE Associate Copy Editor; LINDA FRENCH Editorial Researcher; CORWYN TRAVERS Staff Assistant; MICHELLE URRY Cartoon Editor; CHRIS BARNETT, MARK CHRISTENSEN, PETER GAMBACCINI, ROBERT MCGARVEY, C.W. METCALF, HANK NUWER, MICHAEL PRICE, HOWARD RHEINGOLD, BURR SNIDER, STEWART WEINER, ROBERT S. WIEDER Contributing Editors; JAN GOLAB Roving Editor

ART

ROGER CARPENTER Associate Art Director; RICKIE POULOS Art Production Manager; KEVIN WALKER, ROBERT DERAMO Art Assistants; CHARLOTTE BLOCK Art Photo Coordinator

PHOTOGRAPHY

CARYN WEISS Assistant Photo Editor; JEFF DUNAS Staff Photographer; HALYA HRYNCHUK Paris Bureau; BRIAN ANDERSON, PHILLIP DIXON, FRANCIS GIACOBETTI, STEPHEN HARVEY, GARY HEERY, JOHN KELLY Contributing Photographers

PRODUCTION

REBECCA GADDY Production Coordinator; DEBORAH STACK Production Assistant

CIRCULATION

ALVIN WIEMOLD Subscription Manager

ADVERTISING

JIM BROWN Advertising Director; BOB SPERLING Associate Advertising Director; SANDY DANON Promotion Manager; GEORGANNE BRODO Promotion Assistant

ADMINISTRATION

GLORIA M. STONE Executive Assistant; BOB MATHEWS Administrative Assistant; PAULETTE GAUDET Rights & Permissions Manager; JANET SPIEGEL Assistant

Editorial Offices: 8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights in letters sent to OUI will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to OUI's right to edit and to comment editorially. Contents Copyright © 1980 by Playboy Publications, Inc. * LUI magazine as to materials that first appeared in issues of that publication. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between the people and places in fiction and semfiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. COVER: makeup by Pascal. WE PAGE: Chris Barnett photo by Jim Cornfield; Jan Golab photo by Mark Hanauer. SPEAK EASY: photography by Ron Seymour. THE HIKE REPORT: illustration p. 53 by Steve Carver. LOU FERRIGNO: Incredible Hulk photos courtesy Universal Studios. THE LAYOVER CONSPIRACY: courtesy Pickup Times Press. LA DAME FRANCAISE: photography pp. 93, 94-95, 100 by Jeff Dunas; p. 94 by Bettman Archives; p. 97 by James Bales; pp. 98, 99, 100 by Alter Gramma; pp. 98-99 courtesy LUI magazine; p. 100 by Paris-Match.

Advertising Offices: New York: 747 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60601. San Francisco: 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94104. Los Angeles: 4311 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90010.

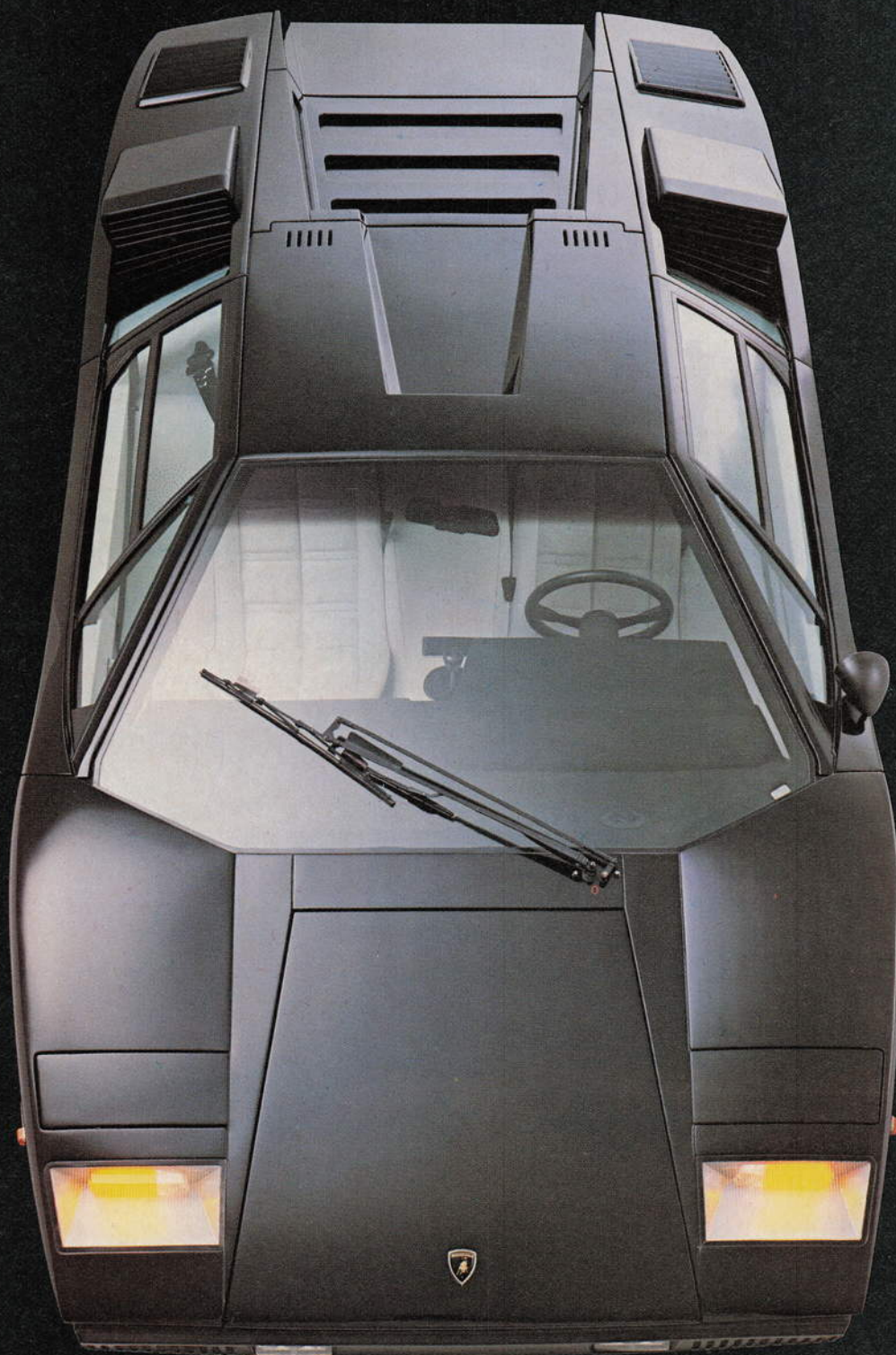
European Bureau: 63-65 Champs Elysées, Paris.

OUI is a sister publication of LUI, Paris, France, a Filipacchi publication.

OUI (ISSN 0090-2047), June 1980, Volume 9, Number 6. Published monthly by Playboy Publications, Inc., a subsidiary of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send form 35795 to OUI, P.O. Box 2510, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Subscriptions: \$16 a year in U.S. / \$20 a year in Canada. For subscription services or information call 303-443-5200.

oui

It would be a pity to put an ordinary car stereo
in a \$125,000 Lamborghini.



Instead, you'll find an Alpine Car Audio System as standard equipment, factory installed in each of their magnificent machines. Chosen by Lamborghini for its superior features and sound performance, Alpine offers a number of pure bred, high technology car audio

systems to make whatever you love to drive sound as good as it looks. For an audition, visit your Alpine dealer. He'll show you the extraordinary in car audio sound. Alpine Electronics of America, Inc., 3102 Kashiwa Street, Torrance, California 90505.

ALPINE
car audio systems

Taste the pride of Canada.

MOLSON Ale. It's the famous ale from Canada
with the pure, hearty taste that really stands up to
a thirst. Pour yourself a MOLSON Ale soon.
And wake up your taste to Canada.



Brewed and bottled in Canada; imported by Martlet Importing Co., Inc., Great Neck, N.Y.

MAIL

Your opportunity to praise, complain, suggest, gripe, request, insult and just let us know what's on your mind

OUI HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE...

The January 1980 issue of OUI was a breath of fresh air! OUI had become predictably boring, with your girl pictorials showing more clothes than a fashion magazine. I half expected to see a centerfold lying beneath a heap of blankets, with only her navel showing. But the new OUI is for me!

A SUBSCRIBER
Cincinnati, Ohio

I'm glad I was able to take a look at the OUI of the Eighties. I was just about to subscribe to the OUI of the Seventies—you know, the one with wit, taste, good journalism and a pleasing scarcity of service articles. With inflation as it is, it's comforting to know that I didn't spend my money unwisely.

BOB EMBRY
Sierra Madre, California

I recently subscribed to your magazine, after catching a peek at it somewhere in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico. (By the way, did you know OUI is the most-read men's magazine in the Gulf area?) Not only do you have interesting and uncompromising articles (such as your Cheech and Chong interview), but you have a knack for finding some of the best love-it-all-night chicks I've ever seen in any country—and believe me, I've done some traveling in my 19 years of living. If there is one word to describe OUI, it would be *classy*.

REX RICHARD, JR.
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

I applaud the new direction you have decided to take for the Eighties. It is long overdue that a men's magazine should supply information about how to relate to the contemporary woman, sexually, intellectually and emotionally. A healthy sexual relationship is an integral part of male/female interaction, but so is the ability to understand and relate to a woman's feelings, values and changing expectations.

OUI could do us neglected male readers a service if you would run candid interviews or conversations with women from various social levels, backgrounds and occupations. Feedback of this kind would be both informative and interesting reading.

DAVID LEHNAHAN
Allentown, Pennsylvania

For frank talk from women and men about their sexual experiences and attitudes, turn to our new monthly "Speak Easy" section on page 33.



THE STONED AGE

You guys really pulled off an explosively funny interview with the best dope comedians around. I refer, of course, to *A Conversation with Cheech and Chong* in your January issue. Keep all us good heads happy!

S.K.
Kansas City, Missouri

All sorts of adjectives come to mind about your Cheech and Chong interview, but this one word sums it up best: *outrageous!*

R. FRANK
Cincinnati, Ohio

Cheech and Chong are correct when they say that the legalization of marijuana would increase their audience. That's because marijuana weakens the mind, and so it would take smoking the stuff to make Cheech and Chong acceptable to people who aren't spaced-out freaks.

N. MARKULIS
Costa Mesa, California

If *Mork and Mindy* is Robin Williams' best chance for stardom, if George Carlin actually is obsolete, if Don Rickles and Jerry Lewis are useless, if Johnny Carson isn't a comedian, if Steve Martin's fans are idiots and if Robert Klein actually wore his socks at a massage parlor... then Cheech and Chong should be the most popular comedians on the face of this earth.

The problem is that none of these "ifs" are true. Cheech and Chong seem to be having a hell of a time seeing through all that smoke. All the above-mentioned comedians—as well as others currently in the spotlight—have proven themselves worthy of

their popularity. It seems to me that Cheech and Chong are bitching about something they'll never admit to—their own current travels into obsolescence.

DAVID LA FLEUR
Peopleradio 91, WLFM
Appleton, Wisconsin

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTION

I really enjoyed your beating-the-draft article by Robert S. Wieder (*Atten-Hut!*, January), but I was disappointed that you failed to mention the largest and best-organized antidraft group in this country—the Libertarian Party. We are committed to keeping any draft laws (including registration) from being passed. We regard the draft as punishment for a victimless crime; the crime is being 18–26 years old, and the penalty is involuntary servitude at best, and even the death penalty in extreme cases.

Your article points out one indisputable fact: A new push to reenact the selective service laws is on, and the time to take action to prevent it is now.

JOE D. YANCEY
Vice-Chairman
Arizona Libertarian Party
Phoenix, Arizona

You wouldn't believe how pissed off I got when I read your article about how to avoid the draft. Don't you realize that telling people how to draft dodge is helping those foreign assholes take control of us and our country? Are Americans so ignorant as to give up what they've got without a fight?

Obviously, I am pro-draft and pro-war. And no matter how many antidraft people there are, I will definitely be in that no-man's-land of Iran. I won't let what many of us have fought and died for be destroyed. Remember, a country united stands strong.

M.F. GAFFKE
Kinston, North Carolina

LONG JOHNS

Jackie Johns (January) is simply gorgeous! She certainly illustrates your excellent taste. I must say, I wish she were a resident of Atlanta, rather than San Diego, but maybe she'll visit us one day. Do let me know if she does.

LARRY M. PRICE
Atlanta, Georgia

Jackie Johns definitely has an appealing personality, as well as great looks. I appreciated what she had to say about astrology, and her honest approach to nudity. Hope-

fully, I'll be able to see her again in the pages of OUI or on the San Diego beaches.

J.A. RUSTAD
Seattle, Washington

Wow! Your photos of Jackie Johns were stupendous! We Indiana residents don't get to see girls with full tans like Jackie's too often. So, how about one more picture of her to get us through the summer?

DAN TRACY
North Webster, Indiana



OK, here's one more shot to help warm the hearts of all cold-blooded men in Indiana.

I have been an avid reader—oh, what the hell?—an avid *looker* of your magazine since its inception. But when I opened the January issue and found that lovely creature, Jackie Johns, staring up at me, I almost stepped on my tongue. If that sweet, lovely lady thinks she's skinny, then I'm Julius Caesar. She has all the makings of a great centerfold, and I hope to see more of her in the future.

A.J. WAY
Brunswick, Maine

If Jackie Johns is any indication of what the Eighties hold in store, I'm sure glad I survived the Seventies! Her mind is just as beautiful as her "skinny" body (I'll take that kind of skinny any day), and I even like her parents!

I had already planned to visit California this summer, but now I intend to rent a boat while I'm there and comb the coastline for Jackie. The best thing that could happen to me in 1980 is to see her birthmark.

MIKE C. AVERETT
Albuquerque, New Mexico

As a recent subscriber to OUI, I had no

idea that I would be so pleased with your magazine. I was enchanted by Jackie Johns. In fact, she drove me crazy. You can believe that I'll renew my subscription.

GLENN SEMEL
Longmeadow, Massachusetts

STEPPING ON A BEATLE

A lot of people take John Lennon seriously—including me. And because I do, I found "Occult Interview with John Lennon" (*Openers*, January) to be blatant journalistic garbage. The article was absolutely humorless. The next time I buy OUI, it will be at the corner used-magazine store for 50 cents.

RICK HARPER
Louisville, Kentucky

It now costs a buck. Inflation.

Your "Occult Interview with John Lennon" was immature and sophomoric. I'm a strong believer in people like Lennon, and this type of slapstick humor was on the level of *National Lampoon*. I think you owe it to Lennon, Yoko and their fans to print an apology for this unnecessary insult.

BILL CARTER
Boulder, Colorado

MIRROR IMAGES

Thoroughly enjoyed your *Narcissism* article (February). In fact, I'm just as confused as author John Hyduk about the subject, so I'm taking his word of advice: Relax. But what really troubles me is that if, as Dr. Robertiello claims, narcissism is vital for good sex, what about all the hassle women are giving us men about understanding *their* needs? These days it seems that it's OK to be narcissistic only if nobody else knows that you are. Oh, well, whichever way the wind blows...

W. RAMSEY
Cincinnati, Ohio

Although I do have a great body, I'd much rather stare at a OUI girl than at my own reflection. But who's to say that a OUI girl wouldn't much rather stare at her own reflection? Then again, she hasn't seen me in the flesh. Do you detect a note of narcissism? Maybe that's why I enjoyed your article.

DR. BOB
Mesa, Arizona

GETTING INTO THE SPIRIT

Thank you for the nice article in your February *Openers* section about my Ghost Adoption Agency ("Adopt-A-Ghost"). However, I must make one correction. The price for the service is \$185, not \$35, as the article states.

SANDE MARSOLAN
Ghost Adoption Agency
Cotati, California

I'm sure that most of your readers found your article about the Ghost Adoption

Agency funny, but I, for one, think there could be some truth to it. Some people may say I'm crazy, but I have had numerous contacts with a ghost, and most of them were sexual. There must be other people who have also had experiences with ghosts, so the thought of adopting one doesn't seem very farfetched to me.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Raleigh, North Carolina

SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE

OUI's *Famous Magicians School* (February) by Larry Wilson was quite clever. Your taste in men seems to be as good as your taste in women. My girlfriends agree. Let's see some more humor from Larry in future issues, OK?

L. ALEXANDER
Seattle, Washington



When I glanced through my husband's copy of the February OUI to check out my competition (all your beautiful women), I was pleasantly surprised to see that my husband has some competition, too, in the very same issue. I refer to that cute, sexy magician, Larry Wilson. Please do another article about him—I think my husband could learn a few tricks.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Portland, Oregon

ADRENALINE ADDICTS

Howard Rheingold's article in the February issue (*Bashed!*) was very interesting, especially his observation that adrenaline is the ultimate high. That may explain a mysterious incident which occurred during a recent visit to San Francisco. While my wife and I were taking a taxi to Chinatown, we passed through the Tenderloin district. Our cabbie stopped to make a phone call, leaving us alone to watch the midnight street scene:

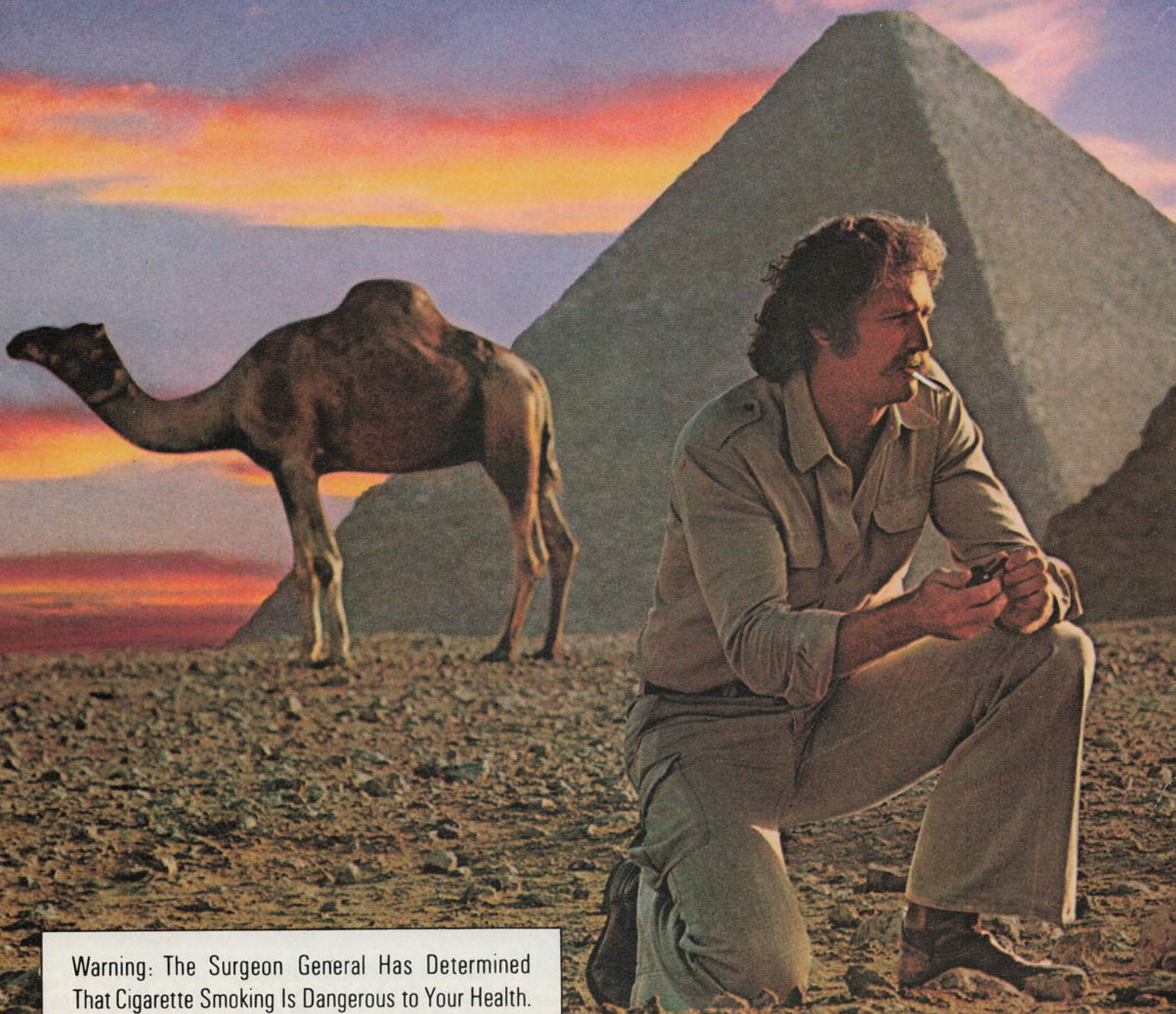
Taste is all it takes to switch to
Jim Beam.



Discover the pleasure first enjoyed in 1795.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.

Discover Camel Lights



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

satisfaction.



The Camel World of satisfaction comes to low tar smoking.

This is where it all started. Camel quality, now in a rich tasting Camel blend for smooth, low tar smoking. Camel Lights brings the solution to taste in low tar.

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Legions of doomed people filed past the grimy windshield. Dog collars were the dominant fashion. Suddenly, in the midst of the crowd, a strange sight appeared. Wheeling along Jones Street on a skateboard was a middle-aged, balding man, who was wearing only a barbed-wire penis ring and too-tight shoes. The guy was waving double handfuls of money and screaming, "Beat me! Beat me! I'm Howard Rheingold and I need the adrenaline!"

Has OUI lost it's distinguished contributing editor from San Francisco to the horrors of adrenaline addiction?

JOHN C. CLOVIS
Fresno, California

Congratulations on your publication of Howard Rheingold's *Bashed!* It was a real gem. I have been excited by many stimulants in my lifetime, and I was intrigued that adrenaline could be a new possibility. So I'm throwing away my Thai sticks, Nepalese temple balls, Peruvian flake, devil's food cake, French ticklers, pickled snake's tongue, stag films, electronic double dildoes, electrode implants and curare-tipped darts to take up a new pastime: demolition derby.

JAMES SHERRY
New York, New York

BOTTOMS UP

In your *Superdrinx* article (February), you picture a Tequila Sunrise that has grenadine floating on the top. Grenadine usually sinks to the bottom when poured into a drink; it never floats. Also, Bloody Mary mixes are bloody-awful shortcuts. But rather than using tomato juice, I'd recommend using V-8 juice.

You owe me a drink.

BRAD COOK
Essex Junction, Vermont

How about a Tequila Sunset? It's on the house.

HAT TRICK

OK, so what's the deal? In your January "Photo Strip" (*Openers*), you picture this foxy chick baring her essentials. That's great, but check out the background. There are some hats hanging on the wall in the first picture. Then, *zap*, they're gone in the second picture. Then, *zap*, they're back in the third shot and gone again in the fourth. Was this done on purpose? Did somebody fuck up? Did I pass my eye test?

SONNY CAMPAS
El Reno, Oklahoma

Those aren't hats, they're UFOs.

RUBBING IT IN

I thought I knew it all, but thanks to your January article on massage (*Rubbing Her the Right Way*), I've picked up some new ideas. The author, Howard Rheingold, was so right when he said that the neck and knee areas are much-neglected erogenous zones. I know this for a fact.

By the way, the photography by Phillip Dixon was great—very tasteful. I hope to see future articles on massage in OUI.

JOHN FANTZ
Los Angeles, California

My friend and I have two different opinions about Phillip Dixon's photography in the massage article. Are the photos unretouched or are they actually photo-illustrations?

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Long Beach, California



The photos were not retouched and they are not photoillustrations. The effects were created through multiple exposures and the eye of an excellent photographer.

In his article on massage, Howard Rheingold talks about almond oil. I have not been able to find any, so I would really appreciate it if you could tell me where I could buy some.

JERRY MONEY
Columbus, Ohio

Most health-food stores in your area should stock almond oil. If not, they could probably order it for you.

LONGING FOR LONI

Love your magazine. I especially enjoyed the February issue and your interview with Loni Anderson (*Small Talk*). Please pass these words on to Ms. Anderson for me: "Loni, don't change a thing. We love you just the way you are!"

J.L.S.
Beeville, Texas

Your interview with luscious Loni Anderson was excellent, and the accompanying pictures were even better. Nothing turns me on more than Loni in a bikini.

E.D.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Frankly, I've never liked WKRP's choice of music, but I certainly do like their choice of women. Loni Anderson is not only beautiful, but she also seems to be very intelligent. Your interview certainly captured what I feel is her essence. If she thinks of

herself as Snow White, as was implied in your article, then I sure wish I had been born a dwarf!

J. WHITEHEAD
Atlanta, Georgia

I was really disappointed that Loni Anderson nixed the nude layout offer. But any picture of lovely Loni is fine with me, and your magazine printed some real nice ones. I hope that you'll print more of her in the future.

DAVID SCHMIHINGER
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

I recently read an article in your December issue that really hit home: *The College Teaching Scam* by Daniel Madde, a professor-turned-confessor.

Two years ago, I quit my job teaching college for the very reasons that Mr. Madde wrote about. There was so much skin passing by (and at times, through) my office that it finally got to me. Of course, there are scams being pulled in every area of society, but to those of us who hold education sacred (or at least important), it is sad to think that our colleges and college professors aren't as chaste as they may seem. Maybe at Brigham Young . . . no, probably not.

The fact that Mr. Madde was able to sell an article about the scam shows that his profession is indeed a scam, since another perk is having time to write about the scam.

SUSAN DAVIS
Las Vegas, Nevada

IT'S THEIR PARTY . . .

It seems that Mark Christensen went out of his way to interview the most radical Libertarians he could find, just to make the party as a whole look bad (*Party Time*, February). I realize that those members make for much more interesting reading than we moderates. But I must protest when he states that the Libertarian party was denied Federal funding. Taxation is theft; therefore, we do not accept money taken from working people. The fact is that the party simply did not apply for Federal funding.

WALT KARWICKI II
Gainesville, Florida

The article on the Libertarians was enjoyable, but I was disappointed that nothing was said about the artist you pictured, Barney Steel. I bought an erotic science-fiction comic book of his years ago. His work is fabulous, and I'm glad to know he's still around. Steel is one person who really believes that men and women are intellectually equal.

SUSAN B. GRANT
Santa Clara, California

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
8560 Sunset Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90069



**"Anything gin or vodka can do, white rum can do better.
We're glad you're learning what we Puerto Ricans have always known."**

Equestrian trainer Hector Gandia and his wife, artist Janet D'Esopo.

Take a tip from the Gandias.

Mix Puerto Rican white rum with orange juice, tonic or soda. Or in a deliciously dry martini. You'll find it makes decidedly smoother, better tasting drinks.

For a very good reason.

By law, every drop of Puerto Rican white rum is aged at least one full year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.

The name Puerto Rico on the label is your assurance of excellence.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity.

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.



PUERTO RICAN RUMS
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums,
Dept. 0-4, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019. ©1980 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.



DR. OUI

Sensible and straightforward answers to your questions
about sex, the law, drugs, money, health, fitness, manners and self-improvement

I keep seeing ads and hearing stories about vitamins, drugs, foods and herbs that can increase your virility, sex drive or potency. Can any of these substances really improve your sex life, or are they all just ripoffs?

S.O.
Portland, Oregon

According to major authorities, including the University of California Human Sexuality Program, there's no established research evidence to support any claims of increased virility from eating oysters, vitamin E, asparagus or any of the other so-called aphrodisiacs. For the most part, the ads are just well-intentioned hustles—the tall tales are just that. Most discernible effects seem to be a result of the placebo syndrome; that is, if you believe that such-and-such will work, there's a good chance it will, for you. A dose of testosterone can increase sexual interest, but only in those rare males with serious hormone deficiencies. There is no evidence that drugs can enhance sexuality; moreover, clinical reports suggest that some can even negatively affect sexual performance.

My man and I had a marvelous sex life for two years. Then, about six months ago, I found sex was gradually becoming more and more painful. Lotions, oils and my lover's deliberate gentleness haven't helped, and now I'm near the awful point of being unable to ball at all. We're both monogamous and have no V.D. symptoms. What's my problem?

H.H.
Denver, Colorado

Dyspareunia, or painful intercourse, can result from a host of physical causes: pelvic or vaginal infection or inflammation, cysts, tumors, a narrow hymen, lesions, etc. A visit to your gynecologist is in order. Also, any changes you made six months ago in sexual technique, frequency or contraception should be investigated. Note, however, that 75 percent of all dyspareunia is emotionally based and can be due to sexual inhibition, guilt or relationship problems. It can even be caused by boredom. Try varying your act; even if it doesn't ease the pain, it might take your mind off it.

For reasons better left unexplained, my wife and I would like to get a fast divorce. And for much the same reasons, we would like to take care of this without having to



consult any local lawyers. We can—and will—pay to travel anywhere to get unhitched in a minimum amount of time. But I understand there are residency requirements in every state. Is Mexico the answer?

W.T.
Baltimore, Maryland

Mexican divorces are the instant coffee of dissolution—quick, convenient and très tacky. We suggest relocation in your choice of three states which have minimum residency requirements: Nevada (six weeks), South Dakota (physical presence, plus intent to legally reside there) or Washington (must be resident—no specific duration). If you can hold out for 60 days, add Arkansas, Kansas and Wyoming.

As I get older—I'm 28—I notice more and more hair on my back, my chest, everywhere. My girl says it's from sexual stimulation. If that's true, I might look like a monkey by the time I'm 35. Is she right about this?

V.S.
Chester, Pennsylvania

Technically, she could have a point, since testosterone is linked to hair growth, and a sexually active body maintains testosterone to the top of the dipstick. However, there's no clinical evidence of any real correlation. More likely causes: a predisposition to hirsuteness among your forebears or simple maturity, which routinely produces an outbreak of hair in males around the age of 30. You could always abstain for a while, just to

be sure. But if it's a choice between hairiness and horniness, our motto is: Better to look like a monkey than to live like a monk.

Lately, I've been gradually getting more and more involved with a new lady. Would it be tasteless of me to give her a garter belt and stockings as a gift?

P.L.
New Orleans, Louisiana

What's the occasion—her birthday or her release on bail? First—it's not the gift, but the thought that counts. What's on your mind—the joy of giving, or the joy of slipping them onto her? And how "involved" are you? Coffee dates after work? Barhopping for Foosball? Violent dog-style sessions in Mountie uniforms? Also, who is the woman—president of the Marie Osmond fan club or a topless dancer at the Contagion Club in Waco, Texas? Suggestions (in order of gracelessness): (1) Ask her. (2) Just give it to her; offhand, we can't think of a faster way you can elicit a lady's true sexual colors than by handing her erotic underwear. (3) Send it—anonously. If she's delighted, you're in business.

This summer I'm planning to travel through England, France and maybe Italy. Should I take my own dope, or is it easy to buy the good stuff abroad?

J.W.
Downey, California

"Easy" depends on where you go, who you are, whom you know and meet, how readily you make friends, your judgment of others, what your idea of "good stuff" is and pure chance. Your best bet is to stop in Amsterdam, where quality smoke is available legally, openly and with above-average reliability. If hassles arise, just remember—you've never heard of us.

My boyfriend has been bugging me to shave off my pubic hair. He thinks it would be sexually exciting. But a friend of mine says that doing so could make me more vulnerable to disease. I'm putting off my man till you give me the word. Is it yes or no?

W.V.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

It's maybe. Irritation could result from shaving or from your boyfriend's pubic hair scratching you during intercourse. Shaving could also produce pseudofolliculitis barbae, wherein short, curly, thick hair grows

Supertuner® Nobody can steal our thunder.

Ever since Pioneer unleashed its Supertuner® technology on car stereo, the competition has tried to catch up. Tried to match our home hi-fi specs. Tried to duplicate our unique, station-grabbing sound.

But the only thing that

muting to blank the noise between stations. Useable FM sensitivity of 1.1 μ V.



Selectivity of 74 dB. A capture ratio of 1.7 dB.

Team it with a set of Pioneer TS-695 3-way speakers, and you've got a Supersystem that works audible wonders with tape and FM.

Your Pioneer dealer can give it to you at a very reasonable price.



TS-695

KP-5500

sounds like a Supertuner is a Supertuner. And Pioneer now offers an entire line. Including the newest Supertuner of all: the incomparable KP-5500 pictured here.

The KP-5500 gives you FM



Supertuner by Pioneer. The competition can't give it to you at any price.

PIONEER
The Best Sound Going

To find your nearest dealer, toll-free, call: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois: (800) 322-4400.

in tight coils which dig into the skin, causing infection, pustules or even abscesses. If you cut yourself shaving, of course, your mons will be meat for any bacteria he may rub into you while boffing. In itself, though, pubic hairlessness is no health hazard. The real hazard is to your relationship; if your guy pushes you into doing something you're unsure of, you'll later resent him.

I recently got a woman pregnant, and until she miscarried, she was all over me to marry her. When I balked, she claimed a blood test would prove that I was the baby's father. A friend, however, told me that a blood test could only prove I wasn't the father. For future reference, what's the truth?

F.R.
Tampa, Florida

The truth is, you have to be careful whom you bed with, and the only precautions you can count on are the ones you take. As for the facts: Hematology labs now distinguish between 20-25 blood subtypes, and at this point, given blood samples of both child and father, they can determine, with 90 percent certainty, the actual paternity of an infant. But the law requires 100 percent proof, and until blood-test wizards can eliminate that last foggy 10 percent of doubt, the results will have no legal bearing in court, unless they prove you innocent. Still, an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of lawyer's fees.

I think I'd like to get a vasectomy. But (a) I'd prefer a reversible one; (b) I sure as hell don't want a botched job and don't know how to find the best doctor; and (c) I'd like to know if the operation is dangerous.

M.Q.
Dallas, Texas

First of all, don't get a vasectomy you only think you want! Sure: (a) reversibility is a common option and procedure; (b) the nearest Planned Parenthood center can refer you to M.D.'s of solid character and proven expertise; and (c) it's not physically dangerous. Emotionally, however, it's a dormant volcano. One should alter one's sexual anatomy only with great care. We're just glimpsing the ripple effect that clinical sex modification can have on personality, behavior and mental health. Until you go from "think I'd like" to "absolutely must," you're playing psychological roulette.

Sam, my best friend since high school, just blew me away by telling me that he's gay! I've been tight with this dude for almost ten years, but I hate faggots! What the hell do I do now?

H.S.
St. Louis, Missouri

Note the contradiction: Sam is one of your lifelong best friends, undoubtedly because of what he is as a person; yet you

"hate" Sam because of what he is as a person. People run into this dilemma every day in our out-of-the-closet era. Your problem is simple. Are you going to let your prejudices determine your feelings, or vice versa? In plainer terms, which makes more sense: to discard a trusted and valued friend, or to discard a simplistic and anachronistic bias? You choose.

For the first time in my life, I'm hung up on a very beautiful woman who happens to be very demanding. Far too demanding, in fact. Is there some way I can tell her this without turning her off?

J.O.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Basically, you're hot for the lady's appearance, but cooled off by her reality. Begin by asking yourself some questions. Which is more important to you: style or substance? Is she "too demanding," or are you the selfish one? What's she asking for, after all: rent money, a young boy on the side or just your fidelity?

Then, unless you're willing to take the bad with the good—which is how others come equipped—tell her how you feel. Any relationship too fragile to survive simple honesty is doomed to begin with. In any case, as long as your needs aren't being met, you have very little to lose. Those who get stuck always supply their own glue.



Rest assured

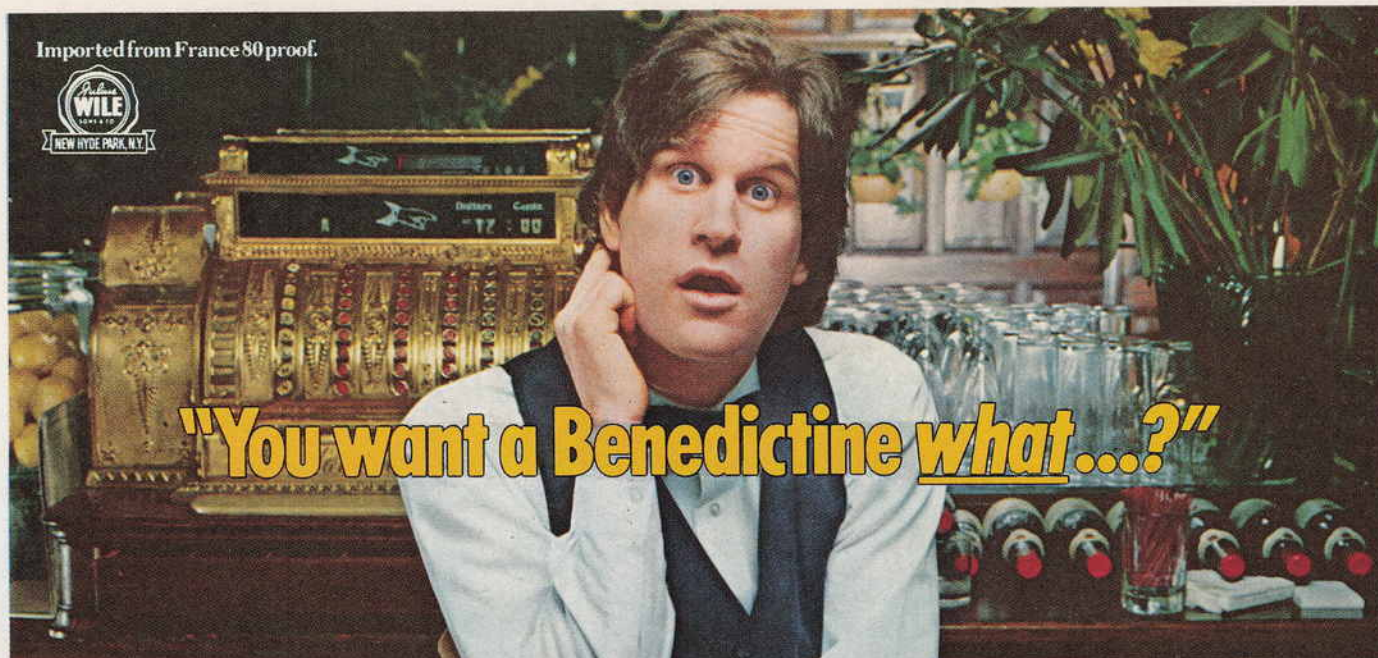
Trojans are made to help you enjoy the feelings of love. They're thin, for your sensitivity. And they're designed with your desires in mind...lubricated or non-lubricated, shaped or ribbed, regular or receptacle end. Trojans are also safe and reliable. In fact last year pharmacists sold more Trojans than all other brands combined.

Trojans will never keep you awake worrying about "side effects." So, look for the Trojan display at your local pharmacy and choose the best-selling condom available today... then rest assured.

YOUNGS DRUG PRODUCTS CORPORATION
P.O. Box 385, Piscataway, New Jersey 08854 © Y.D.P.C. 1980

While no contraceptive is 100% effective, Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, are highly effective against pregnancy and venereal disease. Trojan, Trojan-Enz, Trojans Plus and Trojans are registered trademarks.

Imported from France 80 proof.



Sundowner: 3/4oz. Benedictine, 3/4oz. light or gold rum, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.



Spinnaker: 3/4oz. Benedictine, 3/4oz. gin, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.



Moonglow: 1oz. each of Benedictine, white crème de cacao and light cream, shake with ice and pour.



Martinique: 3/4oz. Benedictine, 3/4oz. light rum, 4oz. pineapple juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.



Yellowjacket: 3/4oz. Benedictine, 3/4oz. vodka, 4oz. orange juice; shake with ice, pour into glass with ice.



Introducing 5 unheard of simply smashing new drinks inspired by BÉNÉDICTINE

I've worn glasses since I was 11 years old, and I've always made out fine with women. Still, I can't help wondering if I'd be better off with a pair of soft contact lenses. I hear there may soon be contacts that you won't have to clean or remove at night. Should I hold out for these superlenses?

A.O.
Gainesville, Florida

While standard soft lenses must be removed for sleeping and sterilized daily, there is a new soft lens designed to be worn without interruption for 14-30 days, but it's designed for medical, not cosmetic, reasons. Extended-wear lenses are now on the market, but their safety is vigorously disputed; until long-term effects are known, it's a case of wearer beware. For now, taking lenses out at bedtime seems a small price to pay for the safety of your eyesight.

Every now and then I get these incredibly ugly pimples on my ass. What causes them, and how do I get rid of them? And don't tell me to wash regularly, because I already do.

T.W.
Syosset, New York

The lowly pimple does not distinguish the face from the ass. It can and will hit you anywhere, and the zits on your can are the same as those on your mug, although they perhaps show poorer judgment. Ironically,

some people complain that they never get pimples on their faces but seem to always have a corker on their cheeks. If ordinary pimple creams don't help, rub in some benzoyl peroxide twice a day. If that fails, a dermatologist can handle it, most likely with a tetracycline solution.

I grew up in the cocaine generation, after hallucinogens went out of style. Now some people in my drug circle are starting to get back into LSD! I'm interested but have reservations. Just how dangerous is acid?

F.B.
Detroit, Michigan

Depending on the individual, acid can be a toy, a tool, a pastime or a catastrophe. The drug isn't the variable; you are. We know firsthand of hostile assholes who have been mellowed out on acid, as well as hopeless wallflowers who have become garrulously self-assured. We've also seen razorlike wits turned into babbling schizos, and drug enthusiasts driven by terror into born-again Christianity. Scary? Yes. Bad? You tell us. In general, the more emotionally stable, secure and mature you are, the less likely it is the LSD will mess with you. (And this has zip to do with age, social status or intelligence.)

Small doses are advisable at first, as is a "guide" who has had previous experience with acid. Easy does it until you learn which

direction the waves tend to wash you. And know your product!

Back in January, you advised a reader that it is OK to engage in normal sex during the first six months of pregnancy. My wife is just entering her fifth month, and we're considering switching to oral sex for the duration of her term. However, we're concerned that swallowed semen could in some way harm the fetus. Is this possible?

M.B.
Columbus, Ohio

No. Semen is mostly protein and is quickly digested. It's absolutely harmless, as long as you have no active or latent venereal disease—something for which every expectant father should get a thorough checkup. If your wife isn't allergic to semen and if she doesn't choke to death, go ahead.

However, we do have updated information regarding having intercourse during pregnancy. Research data released since our original response indicates that having sex may be harmful to the fetus as early as two or three months into the term. As of now, the only sound advice on this question is: Consult your obstetrician.

The Doctor is in every month to answer your questions about sex, health, women, drugs, law and life in general. Write: Dr. OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.

When your taste grows up, Winston out-tastes them all.

Only Winston's Sun-Rich™ Blend
of the choicest, richest tobaccos
tastes this full and satisfying.
Winston after Winston.

100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, KING; 20 mg. "tar",
1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.



Regular and 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

OPENERS

JUNE

TAKE TWO BIMBOS AND CALL ME IN THE MORNING

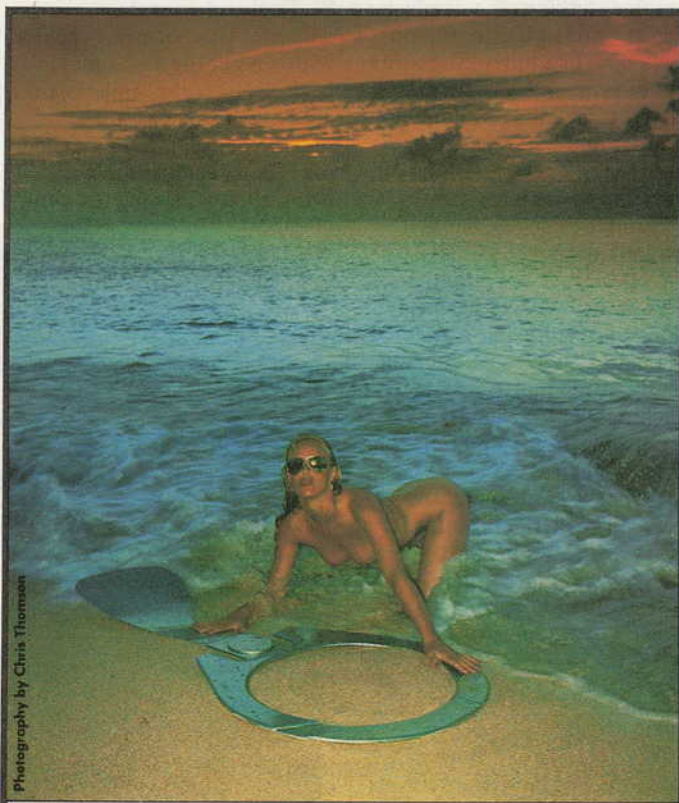
Has your sex therapist convinced you to run off to Iraq and marry a sheep? Did he tell your wife that the cure for her frigidity was to have sex with him every Tuesday and Thursday? No? Well, apparently a few therapists have done *something* to screw up sex lives, because a California insurance company is now offering malpractice insurance to sex therapists.

According to Carol Hasbrouk, special-risk manager for Hull & Co., Inc., "Almost all psychological problems are related to the bedroom and sex, and if those problems can't be resolved, some people aren't afraid to sue for satisfaction." These people obviously have no sense of humor.

The insurance is welcomed by psychologists, though, who insist that sometimes it's the patients who are at fault. Dr. Ira Greenberg, a prominent Los Angeles hypnotherapist, explains: "Part of therapy often involves something known as the transference phenomenon. Often a female patient will fantasize about her therapist. She might even come to believe her fantasy and feel there was sexual involvement. She can become very confused, often angry at her doctor." So, give *that* some thought when your lady wants to take her doc to court. But you might have a case if those cravings for Woolite continue. —CHRIS BARNETT

REMINDER:

JUNE 23-29 is National Fink Week. Everyone named Fink is invited to converge on Fink, Texas, to celebrate. Fink Olympics are planned.



Photography by Chris Thomson

This photograph, commissioned by the brewers of "a popular imported beer" to announce that the brew is now available in cans, was rejected as being "in poor taste." Seems appropriate to us. After all, putting Heineken in cans is in poor taste.

TELEVISION

The Joy of Watching Really Rotten Movies

I know you; you're like me. Ingmar Bergman gives you a headache. When you're told a Woody Allen comedy is "serious," you tell them you're not in school anymore, and you go see what's shaking in the TV Guide: "Rapture, 1965. Poignant story of a mentally retarded..." (Too high-tone.)

"Terror of Rome Against the Son of Hercules, Italian, 1963. Gladiator vs. gorilla..." (Getting there, but European: too arty.) "Little Cigars, 1973. Unusual tale about a jaded B-girl" (now we're talking) "who becomes the leader of a gang of midget bank robbers." (OK, you got it.)

Really rotten movies all have

something in common. Even if you haven't seen *these* movies, you've seen *these* movies. Take *Valley of the Dolls*, one of the deluxe classics of "really rotten."

Valley of the Dolls is supposed to be an inside picture of the way stars live, but not for a second would it convince even a Moonie that this is the way *anyone* lives. What it depicts is the inside of the late Jackie Susann's head—a Peter Maxed pad strewn with chandelier earrings, circular beds and scenes in which Patty Duke pops cartoon-size pills and sings a duet with an aphasic in a wheelchair. The gravity of aphasia and addiction is supposed to silence our laughter. They don't know us very well, do they? After watching *Valley of the Dolls*, you feel like you've really been at an airport for the last two hours, staring fixedly at a grape-vinyl lounge.

Like all really rotten movies, everything, every word, every gesture, is plot in *Dolls*. Conversations are focused on giving you more and more information. Nothing hangs together; there is no real story. But the plot proliferates ever-pointlessly: "Hello, Mother," Sharon Tate says to a phone. "Yes, you told me Grant's been sick, and I know about the oil burner, and I'll hock my mink and send you fifty dollars. I know I don't have any talent, and I *am* doing my bust exercises." The beauty

Barbara Parkins, Sharon Tate and Patty Duke in the classic stinker *Valley of the Dolls*



of this movie is that certain scenes manage somehow to stand out as more stupendously gratuitous than others.

Therein lies the joy. Really rotten movies may not achieve whatever they are trying—oh so embarrassingly—to achieve, but that's OK. Those goals are usually off-the-mark, Hollywood sorts of things, anyway. What they *do* achieve, when they abandon all hope and go around that bend, is something so untamed and hyper that it is often better. Sometimes even truer.

Which brings me to one of my favorite slice-of-really-rotten-life films, *Wicked Woman*. How can I discuss this movie without becoming as vulgar as the film? I am not unmindful of the struggles of women to cast off their shackles. Not all women are broads, bimbos, blondes—just a few (my kind). In describing the blonde heroine of this movie, I will try to be as delicate as possible without sacrificing accuracy. She is, very simply, a fuckpig. A big white woman with white hair and a

tight white skirt, which is cinched by a wide black belt (to match her wide black brows), and she's standing (conservative estimate) seven feet tall on sharp, stiletto heels that now are sold only in B&D catalogues.

Wicked Woman is the kind of movie that begins with the heroine slinking off a Trailways bus and ends with her slinking back on—in a hurry. She is run out of town on a variety of charges, including attempted murder and loitering. In between, we get to see a lot of bars and firetrap hotels.

Sample dialogue, our girl leaving town:

"How much is a ticket to New York!" Catch the exclamation point. Her voice is permanently set at snarl. Stars in really rotten movies speak exclusively in exclamation points; that's how you tell them from the extras.

"One way? Or round trip?" The clerk milks this for every drop of innuendo.

"One way!" Definitely one way. With no forwarding address. She is told a one-way

ticket to New York costs \$53. "Where can I go for twenty-five bucks!"

"Ummmm, the fare to St. Louis is twenty-four seventy-five; the fare to Kansas City is twenty-three fifty."

OK, let's stop the movie for a moment and ponder the dilemma of our wicked woman. St. Louis is by far the wickedest city—it being the one with a night life and a major harbor. Here, she might begin afresh, see new bars, new firetrap hotels, meet a married man. Now, compare this to Kansas City, a sleepy town full of decent people and grain

elevators. Why, she'd be hounded from one bus station to the next! She'd never be happy in Kansas City . . . never. The only thing in its favor is that, by going there, she'd be saving a measly buck and a quarter.

"Make it Kansas City!" And *that*, my friends, is sleaze-orama. Tell me there's no truth in really rotten movies. Vulgar people in vulgar situations. I hear America singing, and this is what it sings: *Driller Killer, The Big Bird Cage, Why Must I Die?, Cemetery Girls, Riot on Sunset Strip, Deranged, Rabid!* . . . —JOHN CALENDON

20,000 MESSAGE UNITS UNDER THE SEA



The hottest item around Hollywood swimming pools this summer is Sound-Wave Systems' Wet Phone. It allows an overworked starlet to find a little Nirvana at the deep end of her pool, yet still stay in contact with her agent at the shallow end. The Wet Phone works even better in open bodies of water, where you can gurgle to anyone within 400 feet. It's available for \$377 from Conquest Marketing Co., Inc., 3176 Pullman St., Suite 110, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

Photography by Sharon Inahara/Har to Shoot



Photography by Rose Harman

The Goopy Decimal System

C. J. Scheiner is the proud owner of the largest private library of erotica in the United States. His 20,000 volumes of sexual literature take up considerable space in his Brooklyn apartment and at a second digs in New Jersey—but his most valuable items are stashed in a bank vault. Scheiner owns cartons of 8mm and 16mm films, dirty ties and pens, obscene statues and archives that run the gamut from contemporary smut like *Beaver Fever* to very rare examples of antique erotica. *Openers* sent correspondent Robert Jordan to Brooklyn to talk with Mr. Scheiner and check out his vast collection.

Jordan filed this report when he emerged three weeks later.

OUI: How'd you get started collecting?

SCHEINER: It was during the Kefauver antipornography hearings. I met a guy who'd shipped all his books to a warehouse. He was more concerned with getting rid of the stuff than with making a profit, so I picked up hundreds of rare books cheaply. Book publishers who had collected erotic books for twenty years were suddenly willing to part with them. Then I added to my collection through auctions, where you can sometimes buy books by the pound. I've gotten bargains, but I've also paid expensively for other books.

OUI: Do you have any competitors in this field?

SCHEINER: Libraries don't shout about it, but some of them—including the British Library, the New York Public

HOW TO MAKE IT IN THE '80s

OUI can do it together.

You don't have to face the complex problems of the new decade alone. OUI can help. OUI's timely and fact-packed articles focus on problems you're sure to confront in the '80s. Read OUI—and you'll feel confidence with every approaching crisis.

Right now, you can subscribe for a full year of OUI—the young man's guide for the Eighties—and save yourself \$14.50 off the 12-issue newsstand price. Act today, so you can handle all those uncertain tomorrows.

☐ Send me 12 issues of OUI for only \$16—I'll save \$14.50 (48%) off the \$30.50 newsstand price.

☐ Payment enclosed.

☐ Bill me.

☐ Charge to:

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard/Master Charge

Interbank No. (M.C. only) _____

Bank Card No. _____

Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., APO-FPO addresses only. Canadian rate: 12 issues \$20.

oui

P.O. Box 2512
Boulder, CO 80322

7WW13

Library and Yale—have excellent rare sexual literature. The leading expert on erotica may be G. Legman, who is from Scranton but now lives on the French Riviera. We correspond if we come upon a notable piece of erotica by an unidentified artist.

OUI: What's the oldest book in your collection?

SCHEINER: Pietro Aretino wrote *Ragionamento . . . Courti del Mondo* in 1538. He was an insider at the court of Pope Alexander VI, and may have been the first kiss-and-tell biographer. The book was a satire detailing who was doing what to whom behind whose back. It got Aretino tossed out of Rome.

OUI: What is your oldest piece of English pornography?

SCHEINER: The Earl of Rochester's *Sodom* in 1684 was

the first pornographic play in English, and the most pornographic play ever written. The king of Sodom decides he's fed up with heterosexuality, and that homosexuality and sodomy are the only legally acceptable forms of sexual behavior in his kingdom. The queen, Cuntigratia, doesn't exactly appreciate that. There are merkin makers and dildo makers and pimps. People masturbate themselves to death or die of plagues.

OUI: What's your most valuable item?

SCHEINER: Definitely the eleventh volume, first edition of *My Secret Life*, which was a landmark in sexual literature. Only six full sets of the Amsterdam printing of 1888 are known to exist. It's worth somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty-five thou-

sand dollars. Next would be a very scarce, anonymous sexual memoir, *Suburban Souls*. It's about a middle-aged gentleman's hankering for a nubile twenty-two-year-old, and it explores morbid aspects of their sexual interactions and her incestuous and increasingly perverse behavior.

OUI: Who's your favorite erotic illustrator?

SCHEINER: Franz Von Bayros of Austria. He's totally unsurpassed. He has a fantastic baroque imagination, and I'm awed by his technique. His subjects include lesbians, dominant females, submissive males and decapitation.

OUI: What's your feeling about the Marquis de Sade?

SCHEINER: When it came to writing literature, he was pretty much of a hack, very superficial and not particularly analytical. But he put ideas down on paper before anyone else did. As far as I'm concerned, he's the first modern man, not Voltaire.

OUI: You must know quite a bit of trivia we're not aware of.

SCHEINER: Sure. For example, the premise of the film *Behind the Green Door* is very similar to an underground 1950 manuscript of the same name. Tiberius Caesar, who died in A.D. 37, was a collector of pornographic papyrus sheets. *Fanny Hill*, the first original erotic novel written in English, was the result of a dare; the author, John Cleland, was challenged to come up with a dirty book without using a single profane word. *The Life and Loves of Josephine M.*, the sexual memoirs of a young German girl, was probably written by Felix Salten, the author of *Bambi*.

OUI: What does living in the midst of all this explicit erotica do to your hormones?

SCHEINER: Practically zero. Does a fashion photographer get turned on by his models? I'm able to separate intellectual interest from the libidinous one. I'm more sexually interested in people than in books.

A free catalogue of C. J. Scheiner's collection is available by sending a 28-cent S.A.S.E. to him at 275 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn, NY 11226.

PHOTO STRIP

Shellie M. of Pompano Beach, Florida, scores a "10" in our hearts and \$150 in her mailbox. Send your entries to "Photo Strip," OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. And don't forget your name and address.



Photography by Peter Lunan

NEW YORK'S FINEST



Photography by Richard Arinidell

Most inventors try to get the bugs out, but we've found some who put the bugs in. The Roach Broche, a fully functional roach clip, comes complete with a genuine New York City cockroach confined in plastic. The aptly named Disgusto Unlimited, P.O. Box 172, Village Station, New York, NY 10014, sells the Roach Broche for \$6.95 (plus 8 percent tax for New York residents). And don't complain about the price. How much would you charge for staying up all night catching roaches?

Less Is Mao

The Chinese have been working on a male-birth-control medication that could do for men what the pill did for women. And guess what, guys? It won't make your breasts swell.

After observing that men who consumed cuisine fried in cottonseed oil were less potent than others, Chinese scientists isolated the culprit, a substance called gossypol.

A study of 4000 men who took 20 milligrams of gossypol a day showed that the group's sperm count dropped from nor-

mal to zilch in less than a month. Reversing the effect was easy; they just stopped taking the drug. In three months their sperm count returned to normal.

Before you start chewing on cotton balls, though, you should be aware of one small side effect—something the Chinese call "transient weakness." Roughly translated, that means the stuff makes you so damned tired that you wouldn't have the strength to get someone pregnant, even if you had the sperm.



**Finals. A 26-page thesis. Speeches. More speeches.
Now we bust loose with Cuervo & Schnapps.**



Bust loose with Cuervo Gold.
Dash it on the rocks and
add a splash of Schnapps.
Your mouth's
been waiting for it.



Cuervo Especial® Tequila. 80 Proof. Imported and Bottled by © 1980 Heublein Inc., Hartford, Conn.

MUSIC

ALL THIS JAZZ

Jazz was born in New Orleans and spent its adolescence in New York. But now that it's grown, it's packed up and split for the coast. Offering warmer weather, looser lifestyles and state-of-the-art recording studios, Los Angeles is fast becoming the jazz capital of the world.

There's a younger breed of jazz evolving, played by musicians who grew up under the influence of rock 'n' roll. The music is a synthesis, combining the best of rock and jazz styles. It's accessible to a wider, younger audience, and it's drawing flocks of new fans into jazz bistros and clubs.

The small clubs popping up around L.A. have given the music its heartbeat. Those new jazz fans, tired of the mauling multitudes at rock concerts or of pogoing with the punks at New Wave hot spots, pack into tiny clubs to hear top performers, such as Gary Burton and Pat Metheny, in an intimate setting.

At the venerably seedy Lighthouse, an ancient dive tottering near the Hermosa Beach pier, audiences listen to the improvisation of such immortals as Sonny Rollins, Phil Woods and Yusef Lateef, and then join them for drinks at the bar afterward. Aficionados in Malibu go to Pasquale's to hear the driving beat of Seawind or Mark Murphy. Keyboardist-composer Chick Corea and bassist Stanley Clarke sometimes drop in for an impromptu jam at Hollywood's Two Dollar Bill's. The clubs are alive, and L.A.'s gotten to the point where no self-respecting neighborhood is without one—



Photoreproduction by Jim Carey/Kurt Triffel

From backstreets to the Bowl, the jazz renaissance is blasting off in Los Angeles.

Carmelo's, Donte's, the Baked Potato, Concerts by the Sea. And for five bucks and a few drinks, music is once again affordable.

Beyond the club scene, radio has also been affected by the jazz explosion. At L.A. radio station KKGQ, d.j. Chuck Niles lets loose with a mixed bag of jazz, both vintage and new. Not long ago, KKGQ was one of the very few jazz stations in the entire country. Now, its jazz-spectrum format shows signs of setting trends as far away as Denver and Chicago.

Many jazz artists, unlike rockers, continued to sell nicely throughout the record-industry slump of 1979. "Jazz continues on an upswing," says CBS's Vernon Slaughter. "Jazz is continuing to grow and shows no signs of slowing in the Eighties. It's an American art form, and Americans as a whole are getting more sophisticated. Also, groups like Pink Floyd and

Steely Dan have delved into jazz and have turned a lot of rock buyers on to it."

Record sales of jazz artists are up significantly, claims Tower Records' David Reyes. Younger artists—Jeff Lorber, David Valentin, Hiroshima—are joining the best-seller ranks of Weather Report and Return to Forever, along with such patriarchs as Miles Davis, Charlie Parker and John Coltrane.

Meanwhile, L.A. will see a record 22 major jazz concerts in 1980. Last year's *Playboy* Jazz Festival featured an all-star lineup, which included Weather Report and Joni Mitchell, and which prompted an enthusiastic Mayor Tom Bradley to proclaim "*Playboy* Jazz Festival Week" in the city. This year's festival at the Hollywood Bowl will be the largest of its kind anywhere. Another sellout crowd is expected, drawn in by the likes of Dizzy Gillespie, Carmen McRae, Chick Corea, Herbie

Hancock, Buddy Rich, Benny Goodman and L.A.'s own Akiyoshi-Tabackin Big Band.

But perhaps the most exciting sound of the L.A. jazz renaissance has come out of the back alleys, the lofts and the streets—the new, struggling local bands. A burgeoning new wave of jazz has burst upon the scene. A recent amateur jazz contest was swamped with over 400 cassettes from newcomers. Spanning the spectrum from red-hot barrio salsa to spacy synthesizer music, almost all displayed innovation and experimentation, with style and talent.

The jazz renaissance comes as little surprise to some. It's young, exciting music, which draws on its own rhythmic heritage and the sounds of contemporary American life. From garages to hideaway clubs, from studios to airwaves, the jazz of the Eighties has found a home in L.A.

—DAMON ROERICH

10 AGAINST ONE.

THE MAGIC OF CLARION'S NEW MAGI-TUNE™ FM OUTWEIGHS
TEN LEADING CAR STEREOS IN SAN FRANCISCO CHALLENGE.

The San Francisco area may be a visual delight but it's a nightmare for car stereo reception.

That's why Clarion chose it to test our magical Magi-Tune FM against ten of the best car stereos made.

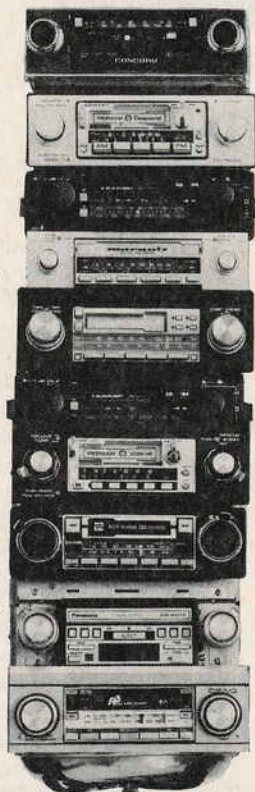
We asked ten leading Bay Area dealers to choose what each considered to be his best FM car stereo. Using the same antenna, the same speakers and the same power supply, we drove around and had each expert listen, then weigh the quality of Magi-Tune's performance against his own choice.

Now taking on ten of the best may sound foolish so before we give you the results, here's our reason why:

Let's start with the Magi-Tune Signal Activated Stereo Control. The all new SASC circuit significantly reduces noise by *automatically* and smoothly adjusting the degree of stereo separation to the optimum point while still maintaining stereo imaging.

Put simply, in weak signal areas the familiar switching noise between stereo and mono is virtually eliminated.

Next, Magi-Tune has Dual Gate MOS FET Front End. In strong signal areas, where there are several strong stations, FM signals can



become "mixed" causing interference noise which degrades the reception quality. Magi-Tune FM utilizes two Dual Gate MOS FET's. One in RF Amp and one in Mixer, to greatly improve RF Intermodulation distortion.

Strong signal areas also experience another phenomenon—jumping. That's where adjacent or alternate channels interfere with the station you're listening to. Magi-Tune utilizes a narrow band filter to minimize the jumping effect. This improves selectivity and also permits the design of a more sensitive tuner section. Resulting in a superior performing design.

Finally, there's the Pin Diode. Our Clarion engineers have designed a new LO/DX Circuit using a Pin Diode. What it does is expand the

usable range of FM reception in strong signal areas to greatly reduce interference noise.

Now with all that going for us we knew it was really no contest. Clarion's Magi-Tune won hands down. *Out of ten tests we got nine wins and one tie.* It was so one-sided it almost seemed unfair.

Clarion's new Magi-Tune FM. There's a small difference. Like between night and day.

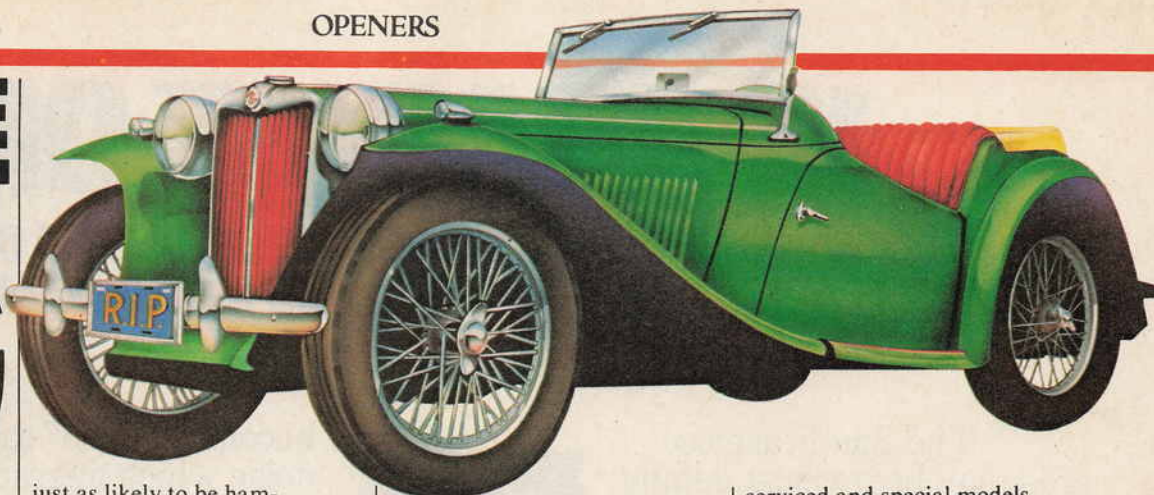
*Panasonic CQ 8520 EU



Clarion

QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC.

THE LATE GREAT MG



Sometime later this year, the last MG will roll through the huge wooden doors of the ancient red-brick factory at Abingdon-on-the-Thames, and a half-century's tradition will end. MG is no longer profitable; in fact, it costs more to make each roadster than it sells for. The Abingdon assembly plant is an industrial relic from the days of Dickens that just doesn't make sense today. The parts and pieces that go into each MG are hauled there from all over England and cobbled together by hand. The assembly line creaks along as each car, bolted to a dolly, is pushed from station to station. It's quaint, but it has to go.

The British auto bureaucracy (formerly known as British Leyland, now reorganized as Jaguar-Rover-Triumph Motors) may hang the MG octagon on some other product, but it's

just as likely to be hammered out in Japan as it is in England. Future MGs, if there are any, will no longer be the quirky but lovable little machines that turned on a generation of Americans to the pleasures of high-speed, gut-tightening driving.

The first MGs to hit the States were brought back by returning GIs in 1947. Called the TC, they were tiny, lightweight matchboxes of steel, wood, leather and canvas that jounced along on stiff suspensions and a set of tall, spidery wire wheels. One TC owner affectionately likened it to "a coffin on four harps." Beside the bloated American cars of the day, the TC looked like a Sopwith Camel next to a DC-6. They demanded skill and respect, and rewarded their drivers with the heart-quickenning thrill that only on-

the-edge motoring can give. The TCs led the way for Jaguar, Porsche, Ferrari and others, defining the term *sports car* in the process.

Later, the TD, TF, the MGA and MGB came along and were bought by a half-million Americans. The MGs were an eccentric breed, with weird mechanical mannerisms and peculiar discomforts, but they were a kick to drive and you didn't have to be a rock star or an oil sheik to afford one.

They kept faith with the original MG that Cecil Kimber built in 1924, which was a hot rod, assembled from bits and pieces of cars manufactured by William Richard Morris, a wealthy pioneer of Britain's auto industry. Kimber ran the Morris Garages (hence the name MG), where cars were

served and special models were built.

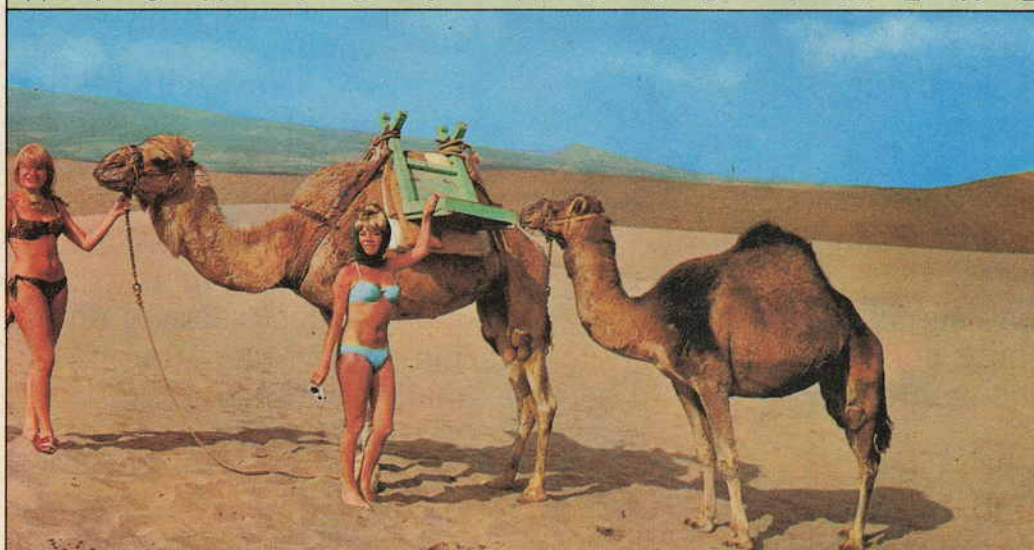
An intuitive mechanical genius, Kimber had begun by tinkering with motorcycles, but after a serious crash that left one of his legs two inches shorter than the other, his interest turned to cars. By the time he went to work for Morris, Kimber had considerable experience in the auto industry. He put it to good use, and it wasn't long before the special cars he was building became popular among young sportsmen.

The MG car company was formed in 1928, and by the following year, MGs were being produced at Abingdon. It was Kimber's view that the MG should always be an uncompromising enthusiast's car, while Morris was more concerned with profits. The two parted company just before the war, and in 1945, Kimber was killed in a freak train wreck. Just before his death, he'd written to a friend: "I feel somewhat pessimistic about the future of the real enthusiast's car. Sunbeam Talbot, Riley and now MG have been or will be wrecked by the soul-deadening hand of the big-business interests."

His concern was premature; MG's best years were yet to come. But the cars that established MG's reputation followed the pattern Kimber had set: They were made along clean, efficient and classic lines. The trouble is, you can't make cars like that anymore—at least not in England with its decaying industry and perpetual labor problems. So another uniquely British artifact bites the dust, and there is nothing else to take its place. Heavy sigh . . .

—FRED M.H. GREGORY

W I S H Y O U W E R E T H E R E



Openers Correspondence School Rule #6. When corresponding with famous people, it's not so much what you write, as it is what you write on. We're famous, so send your strange postcards to oui, Great Postcards Dept., 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. If we like your stuff, maybe you can be famous, too . . . and \$25 richer.



Satisfaction, Camel Filters style.

Some men taste it all: Rich warm flavor. Smooth even taste. Solid satisfaction.

Only from the Camel Filters blend of Turkish and domestic tobaccos.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

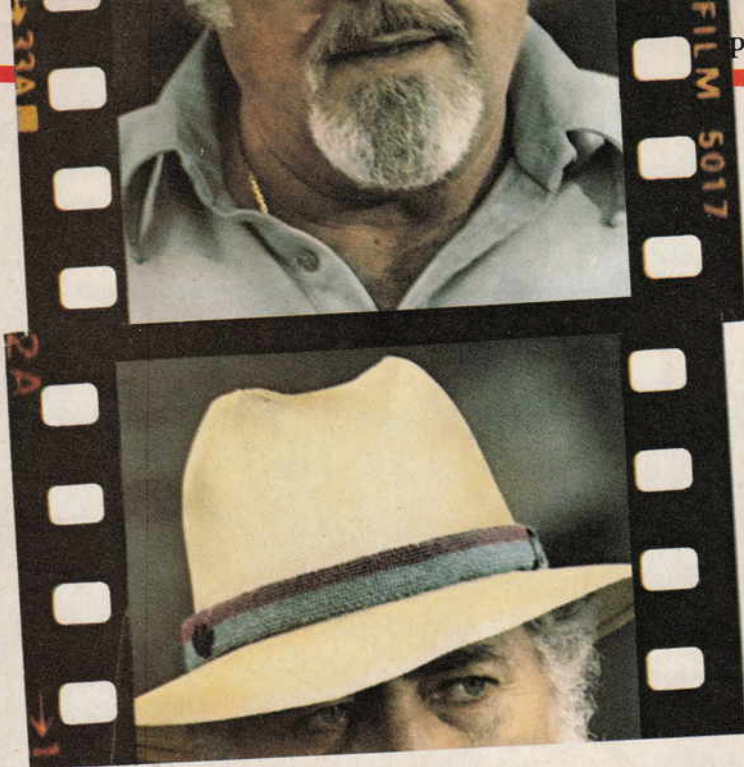


June PLAYBOY offers another chance to meet Vancouver's Dorothy Stratten. After her appearance in PLAYBOY last August, this royal Canadian lovely became our unanimous choice for Playmate of the Year. Then June PLAYBOY blows the wings off the airline establishment with a special report on air safety. You'll also go behind the scenes of the Hunter S. Thompson movie, preview Fellini's latest, and take in the 25 best restaurants in the country. Plus Presidential candidate John Anderson in a timely interview, and a variety of features to get you set for summer. June PLAYBOY. It's waiting for you at the newsstand.

on
sale
now



Don't Miss June



10 Minutes with Robert Altman

Robert Altman has been America's most praised, panned and prolific film maker of the last ten years. Always defying Hollywood norm, Altman has been a bold experimenter in each of his films, from his best (*Nashville*) to his bombs (*Quintet*). *Openers* contributor Malcolm Cook talks with Altman as he begins his next ten years with *Popeye* (strange), starring Robin Williams (stranger), a Walt Disney production (strangest).

OUI: Why did you decide to do the Popeye story?

ALTMAN: My agent asked me to read the script and tell him if he was nuts for liking it. I read it and told him I loved it... because I didn't know how to make it into a film.

OUI: Some challenge. Why are you shooting in Malta rather than, say, Santa Monica, which is only five minutes from your office?

ALTMAN: Shooting in Malta means that studio executives won't be bringing their girlfriends to visit.

OUI: I assume you're going to delve deeper into Popeye than the cartoon does. How do you see *Popeye*, the film?

ALTMAN: It will be about or-

phans—about people who don't have a family and who search for one. The key recurrent phrase will be "I am what I am." Not "I am what people tell me I should be" or "I am what I would like to be." After all, you can't really be anything else but what you are. In Mexico, for instance, they take kids and break their fingers and arms and legs... deform them... and then put them on the street and teach them to hold their hands out to beg. It's part of what they do. And many do it and survive. Humans are very nearly indestructible.

OUI: Sounds like a movie for the whole family.

ALTMAN: No, no. It won't be depressing. It will be rather noble. It's got great music in it by Harry Nilsson. It's got Robin Williams as Popeye.

OUI: What do you think of Robin?

ALTMAN: To quote Archibald MacLeish on something else, I think we've just seen the tip of the iceberg. I think Robin's talent is still untapped.

OUI: Hiring Shelley Duvall as Olive Oyl is an inspired bit of casting.

ALTMAN: For years, Shelley has had a hard time getting cast, because she has no tits or

ass to speak of. But lately, she's been coming into her own. Other directors recognize her great talent and are now using her. After *Popeye* she'll be doing *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* for Warner Bros.

OUI: Will you get into the, uh, relationship between Popeye and Olive?

ALTMAN: The whole thing will be about love—about the love of human beings for each other. But it will also be about fear and tyranny—the political fears of going against the majority.

OUI: What do you think about Robert Altman? A lot of your advocates claim you're ahead of your time, that even though some of your work hasn't been that successful, it will be appreciated in years to come.

ALTMAN: Hopefully, I'll slow down and, on the way, the world and I will come together at exactly the right time on one thing. And then maybe the world will pass me, and I'll become passé. I'm too old to be in jeopardy. How can I fail? I've succeeded beyond any hope I've had.

OUI: Do you ever feel you're getting old?

ALTMAN: Anybody with a suit on is older than I am.

OUI: When are you most satisfied?

ALTMAN: When everybody in the audience can sit back and point to the screen and say, "Jesus, look at those jerks," and then realize, "Oh oh. That's what I am." Because, basically, we're all jerks.

Polish Brew Ha-Ha



A Midwest brewer is flooding the market with a product they call Pulaski Piwo, which the manufacturers claim is genuine Polish beer. But the *Openers* panel of liquid experts has its doubts.

Unlike authentic Polish beer, the can is opened with a common pull-top, rather than the traditional sharp blow to the forehead. Also, it only took one, instead of the usual four, experts to open the can of Polish brew. But the clincher is that the portrait of the Polish general Casimir Pulaski appears right-side-up, and he's depicted wearing military garb instead of his usual monogrammed, purple bowling shirt.

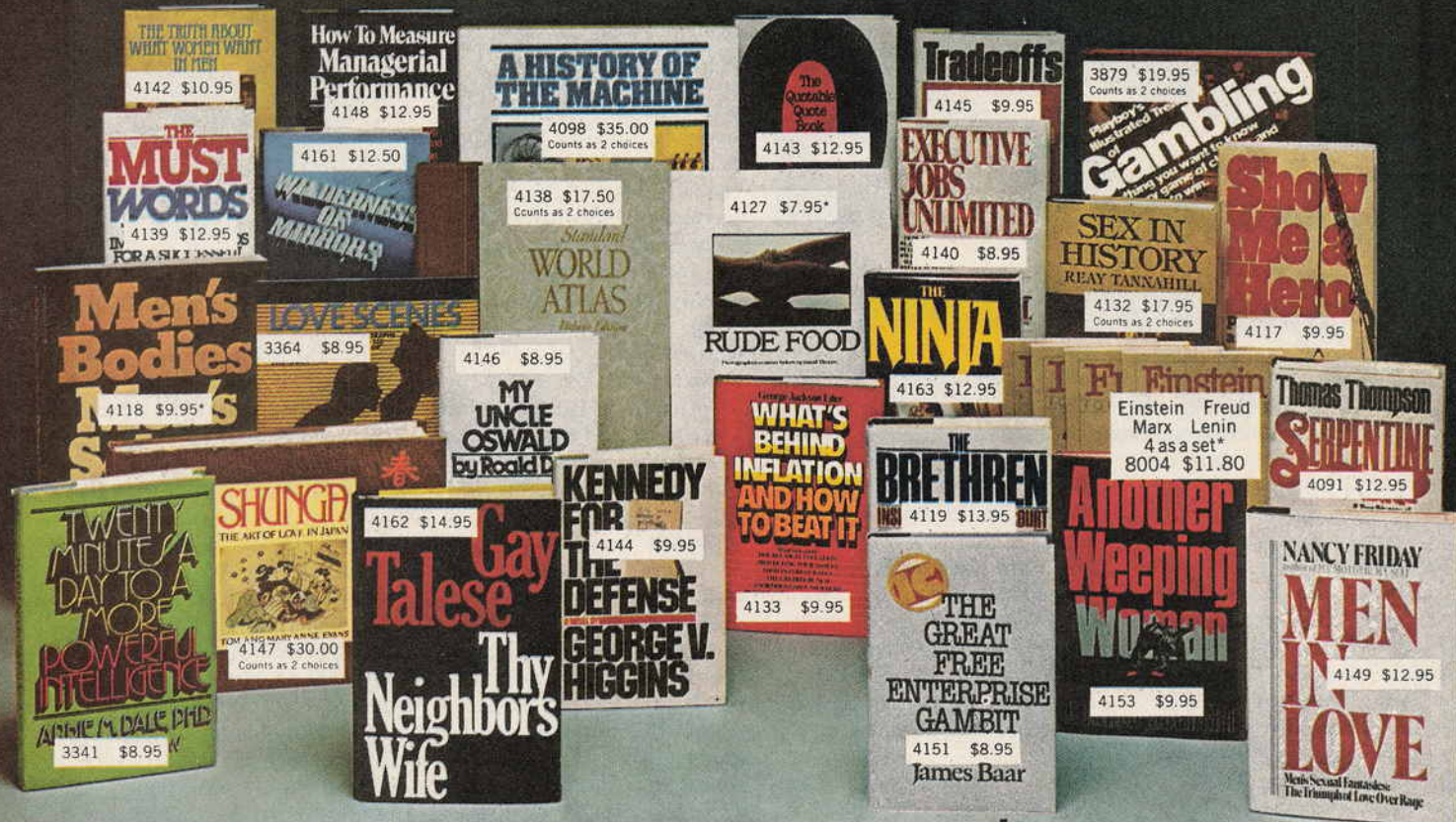


Photography by Norm Stevens

Commit these tits to memory. Because, after we towel them dry, we're going to cover them up in a bulky knit sweater and send them away. Your job is to find them out there and bring them back to our offices. If you do, they're yours. That's right—you win this perfect set merely by locating them and returning them to us. But remember, unless oui is stamped on the sternum, they're not our tits. Good luck!

WHAT DOES THE PLAYBOY READER READ AFTER HE'S READ PLAYBOY?

The Playboy Book Club Collection of outstanding, stimulating and informative books. Books to tune you in, tone you up and turn you on. At savings of up to 30% off publishers' list prices!



TAKE ANY 4 FOR ONLY \$2.95.

Values up to \$63.90. In addition, we will send you a Bonus Book worth at least \$6.95.

HOW THE CLUB WORKS:

On acceptance of your application, you'll receive the Club's bulletin about every 3 or 4 weeks (14 times a year) describing the Main Selection and many Alternates. If you wish to receive the Main Selection, do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. If you prefer an Alternate, or no book at all, just indicate your decision on the order form provided. Mail it so we receive it by the date specified. You have at least 10 days to respond. If for any reason you receive a Selection without having 10 days to respond, that Selection may be returned at our expense and you'll receive full credit. Your only obligation is to buy 4 selections over the next year; you may cancel any time thereafter, if you wish. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.



PLAYBOY BOOK CLUB
We're not your
ordinary book club

PLAYBOY BOOK CLUB

P.O. Box 10625, Des Moines, Iowa 50336

Send me these 4 books plus the Bonus

For a book that counts as 2 choices, write in the book number only once.

--	--	--	--

Please enroll me as a new member and send me the 4 selections I have indicated, plus my Bonus Book. (I understand some deluxe volumes count as two choices.) Bill me only \$2.95, plus shipping and handling. I agree to buy at least 4 additional Selections or Alternates at low members' prices during my first year of membership. I may cancel my membership at any time thereafter. A shipping and handling charge will be added to all shipments. R06

Mr./Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Copyright © 1980 by Playboy. Printed in U.S.A. PLAYBOY and Rabbit Head Design are trademarks of Playboy. Publishers' prices may be slightly higher in Canada. Offer not available in Alaska or Hawaii.

Speak Easy

UNUSUAL EROGENOUS ZONES

It comes as no surprise that when asked about their erogenous zones, most people immediately think of their genitals. After that, it gets tricky. Even though recent studies indicate that almost as many men as women become aroused through nipple stimulation, many men in our culture are still too embarrassed to admit that their nipples may be erogenous. And many women still feel peculiar because they don't respond to breast stimulation. When we talked with this month's subjects—two men, two women and a couple who live together—we wanted to find out if there are other parts of the body that are routinely overlooked because of similar false assumptions about what either sex is supposed to feel. What we found is that any part of your body—neck, toes, navel—can make you feel sexy if you think it's sexy. Which, of course, leads us back to that familiar formula: The mind is the most important erogenous zone.

(Kyle, 23, is a student during the day and a bartender at night. Peter is a 27-year-old copywriter. They share an apartment in Manhattan.)

OUI: Tell us about your out-of-the-way erogenous zones.

PETER: First, you have to know that I've spent most of my life envying women because I thought their bodies were so much more interesting than



mine; I thought I was stuck with only one erogenous zone—my crotch. My women seemed to think so, too; at least, that's all they ever concentrated on. I have a sister two years older than I am. She was my only friend until I was about thirteen. I remember feeling jealous when she started to grow breasts—she showed me one day what her nipples did when they were touched, and I thought it was really miraculous. I was bummed out for weeks when I found out that none of that was going to hap-

pen to me. I've always been amazed by a woman's reaction when her nipples are touched or licked or sucked—amazed and jealous, because it obviously feels wonderful. For a while, I was afraid I was queer, because I had this fantasy about having tits. But then I had the good fortune to get involved with a girl who was very responsive. When I told her about my fantasy, she devoted a whole evening to proving to me that my nipples, such as they are, could be as sensitive as hers.

OUI: How did she do that?

PETER: By treating them just like I treated hers. They're exactly the same, only not as big. She had me stretch out naked on the bed, and then she played with them, pinching them and rolling them between her fingers. They got hard. She really got a kick out of my reaction, and I was surprised at just how sensitive my nipples are. Then she put her mouth over one of them, and I could feel her tongue just barely touching the tip of it. Instant hard-on. The sensation was almost indescribable. There suddenly was a nerve cord that ran from my nipple directly to my penis. It was like being nibbled in two places at the same time. I soon reached a point where I was on the verge of coming, and she hadn't even touched my genitals. I got so turned-on, I wound up grabbing her and pulling her on top of me.

OUI: Did it happen only on that one occasion?

PETER: If you're asking whether she does it regularly or not, the answer is no.

KYLE: Has she ever sucked your toes?

PETER: My toes?

KYLE: You ought to ask her sometime to bypass everything and head for your toes.

OUI: You like that, do you?

KYLE: It has its moments. Ditto fingers.

OUI: Will you be more explicit?

KYLE: I saw a scene in a movie—don't ask which one, because I don't remember—anyway, this guy sticks his finger in

this chick's mouth, and she sucks on it. He's just sitting there with his finger stuck in her mouth, and she's got these sexy red lips...

OUI: And did you actually do this yourself?

KYLE: I tried it once, tentatively, when my girl and I were screwing around, to see what it felt like. She dug it. So did I. It gave her ideas. Not that time, but later—weeks later—I woke up from a nap, and she was sucking on my finger. She said we should take a shower, and after that, she told me to lie still and keep my eyes closed. I felt her licking me all over. Then, she took each one of my fingers into her mouth, one at a time, and kind of swirled her tongue around the tip of each before sucking the whole thing in. Her tongue was all wet and slippery and warm. It was like she was giving me ten little blow jobs. After that, she licked her way back up my arm and down my chest—she didn't touch my nipples, though. I'll have to tell her about that. Well, I was lying there expecting you know what, but she licked right on by, down the insides of my legs, and all the way down to my feet. She licked the soles of my feet, which felt really weird but good, and then she took up with my toes. It grossed me out at first—I kept thinking, "How good can this taste?" But I'd just taken a shower and, since she wasn't gagging, I figured, "What the hell?" and just relaxed.

OUI: So, what happened then?

KYLE: I got ten more little blow jobs on my toes. It was strange. It felt really good—tickled sometimes, but not bad. It didn't make me climax, but it kept me hard. I think mainly it was the way she used her tongue, treating my toes like little cocks. I was dying for her to do the real thing, but she kept me on the hook. I like being teased, now that I know I'm eventually going to get off.

(Susan is 25, single and a florist. Geneva, 22, is an actress—primarily for commercials—in Chicago, Illinois.)

OUI: If you were asked to catalogue your erogenous zones, what are some of the more unusual ones you'd list?

SUSAN: My underarms, I think, would be the most un-

usual. Everything else is fairly ordinary. But my underarms are erogenous only under certain circumstances—like when I'm dressed and horny, or when my boyfriend is sleeping and I'm feeling sexy. I know this sounds a little farfetched. I don't know how to explain it, except by giving you a scenario. Let's say I'm on a date and I'm horny. A man

told I have a lovely one. Few things fill me with more desire than a man studying and appreciating that part of me; he doesn't even have to touch me. He could just stare, and I would get excited. I once knew a man who liked to stare at my ass. It was rather nice at first, until I discovered that he would make love to me only from the rear.

I like it when the man
moves his hands up and
down my underarms,
pressing with his thumbs
against the muscles
there, and I love it when
he's in no hurry to get
to my breasts. The
longer he waits, the
hotter I get.

puts his hands on my waist and kisses me; then he moves his hands up my sides until they're right under my arms, which are around his neck. Can you picture that?

OUI: Right.

SUSAN: Well, that's it. His hands being on my sides and under my arms make me hot. That's because they're close to my breasts, but not on them. I like it when the man moves his hands up and down my underarms, pressing with his thumbs against the muscles there, and I love it when he's in no hurry to get to my breasts. The longer he waits, the hotter I get.

OUI: That's certainly unusual.

SUSAN: The other time is when I'm in bed and horny and my boyfriend's sleeping. I lift his arm, put my head on his shoulder and then bring his arm around me so that his hand rests on that same spot under my arm. Then, I just lie like that until I can't take it anymore, and I either masturbate or rub against his leg until he wakes up.

GENEVA: I don't have anything that unusual, but my derriere is very sensitive. I can't say that I've ever considered my armpit sexy, but my ass—yes. I've been

That was disappointing, but it's another story.

OUI: How do you like to be touched?

GENEVA: Well, it's always more erotic when there's a bit of clothing in the way. But I never wear panties, so that when my bottom is caressed, the curves are smooth. It's more naughty that way. I hate panty hose, too! They're not only bad hygienically, they also numb you to the touch. I wear only stockings and garters—and silky fabrics, because the pleasure of being touched anywhere on my body is heightened when I'm wearing them.

OUI: Now that we've reached this juncture, there's a question we'd like to ask: Kinsey claims that the anus is as richly supplied with nerve endings as the labia, and is therefore as erotically responsive. What are your opinions?

GENEVA: Being an ass woman, I agree with him. A finger held there, but not entering, will drive me wild. My current lover always makes sure that his finger is there when we make love, and it gives me intense orgasms.

SUSAN: Let me tell you a story. A long time ago, a guy played

with me there—stuck his whole finger in—right while we were getting it on. I came immediately. But that happened when I was very young, and nobody did it again for a long time. I made up a masturbation fantasy about it. I would be on my stomach with my ass lifted by my lover, who straddled me facing backward, and while he fingered my clitoris, he also licked my rear end all over, doing all kinds of great-feeling things. It was my favorite fantasy. Then I met my current boyfriend. He seemed like a pretty uninhibited guy, so I told him about it. To make a long story short, he couldn't bring himself to lick me back there, but he was willing to do what the first guy did with his finger. So, there we were one night, getting it on with me on top. All of a sudden, I felt his hand move in the general direction of my rear; just the thought of what he was going to do took me to the brink of orgasm. But then I felt this sharp, terrible pain in my ass; I screamed and the climax was shot to hell. My boyfriend hadn't trimmed his fingernails.

GENEVA: You know what you might try? Take a bath with him some night with candles, soft music and wine, and give him a manicure. You'd kill two birds with one stone—he'd know you were clean back there, and you'd know his fingernails were trimmed. I always take a bath with a new lover the first night.

(Willie and Kate, both in their mid-20s, have lived together for four years in Los Angeles. They manage a health-food store.)

OUI: What effect has living together had on your erogenous zones?

WILLIE: In ten words or less? Time has multiplied the number of erogenous zones I have. It's that simple.

OUI: What does that mean exactly?

WILLIE: In order to keep sex interesting over a period of years, we've had to resort to bodily exploration to find new ways of turning each other on. Because of that, I've discovered that Kate no longer has to touch my penis to give me a hard-on—and this was a problem at one time. She had to masturbate me, and I didn't feel right about it. But recently, I discovered that she can

give me hard-ons by stimulating my ass. So now I have two zones.

OUI: What did she do?

KATE: He exaggerates. I only did it once. What I did to his ass was bite it, lick it, touch it, you name it. I started flicking my tongue around, circling the hole and holding a finger pressed to the "t'aint"—do you know what that is? It's a great erogenous zone in a man.

OUI: Why don't you clarify it for us?

KATE: T'aint ass and t'aint balls.

OUI: Very impressive.

KATE: Thank you. Anyway, I branched into nibbling here and there, and alternated with licks all over his cheeks. Then I got into some heavy French kissing and sucking, covering my teeth with my lips, the way you do when you give head. And that's

all there was to it.

OUI: Is that area likewise erotic for you?

KATE: I don't know. We haven't tried it yet. But I want to comment on your original question—the effect of time. I don't agree that I've found more zones, only different ones. I've lost a few, if anything, from always doing it with the same person. I used to love having my neck kissed and nibbled on, but Willie's kissed and nibbled it to death. And, in a sense, it's the same with my nipples and clitoris—all the undying attention has burned them out.

WILLIE: How can you say that? Your body says otherwise when I play with them.

KATE: I don't mean they're numb exactly, just that they're less erotic than they once were.

OUI: What do you like better?

KATE: My navel. It's very sensual. Also my inner thighs. I like having my feet massaged, too. Straddling Willie and holding the head of his penis against my vaginal lips, not moving it, just holding it there, that really turns me on.

WILLIE: I know something you like better.

KATE: What?

WILLIE: You like to go down on me and sit on my hand while you do it.

KATE: Well, I don't think it's better, but it is nice.

OUI: What are we discussing here?

WILLIE: You should feel how wet she gets when she gives me head while just barely resting her vagina on my open hand.

KATE: I'm sucking on him from the side, you see, and I sort of lightly sit on his hand, or rather,

his fingers. . . . That in itself isn't so erotic, but my mind makes it that way.

OUI: How does that work?

KATE: I'm imagining the sensations I'd have if he'd move his fingers just the slightest bit . . .

WILLIE: They'd touch your clitoris, right?

KATE: It's the fact that they don't that's so erotic.

WILLIE: A girl I knew once did a similar thing to me. I'd be reading *Popular Mechanics* or some equally sexy thing, and she'd walk up to me and—zip—she'd open my pants, take out my penis and poise her mouth just above, but not quite touching it. You have no idea how fast a person gets an erection over that. You see that mouth and a little tip of warm, wet tongue waiting just out of reach—whamo. Hard-on. Like magic. ■

SPEAK EASY QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be discussed in the *Speak Easy* section of a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know your thoughts about erogenous zones.

1. First name or initials: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital status: _____
5. City and state: _____

FOR MEN:

6. Besides my penis, my most sensitive sexual zone is . . .
 - a. my mouth.
 - b. my nipples.
 - c. my ass.
 - d. my testicles.
 - e. Other: _____
7. My most unusual erogenous zone is . . .
 - a. my earlobe.
 - b. the back of my knees.
 - c. my neck.
 - d. the soles of my feet.
 - e. Other: _____
8. I discovered my erogenous zones . . .
 - a. by touching myself.
 - b. through a girlfriend's exploration of me.
 - c. by reading erotic books or watching porno movies.
 - d. through conversations with friends.

9. I tell my partner where to touch me . . .
 - a. by guiding her hands or mouth to the place.
 - b. by asking her straight-out.
 - c. only occasionally—I'm a little embarrassed.
 - d. only after we know each other rather well.

10. The strangest female sexual zone I've discovered is . . .
 - a. her hair—it turns her on to have it brushed.
 - b. her neck—she gets turned on when I kiss it.
 - c. her hands—when I give them a massage.
 - d. I've never discovered anything very strange.
 - e. Other: _____

FOR WOMEN:

11. Excluding genitals, my most sensitive zone is . . .
 - a. my mouth and lips.
 - b. my ass.
 - c. my inner thighs.
 - d. my breasts.
12. Telling my partner where to touch me . . .
 - a. always ruins it—I want him to discover it.
 - b. is easier to show than to tell.
 - c. is very natural—I do it all the time.
 - d. is awkward during lovemaking.
13. I discovered my favorite erogenous zone . . .
 - a. while under the influence of drugs or alcohol.
 - b. through an ingenious partner.
 - c. by reading a sexy book and then experimenting.
 - d. by exploring my own body.

FOR BOTH SEXES:

14. My most interesting discovery having to do with erogenous zones is as follows (use separate page):

Letters

Our questionnaire on best orgasms produced an outpouring of letters this month. As most of our male readers are in their early 20s, it is not surprising that all respondents but one experienced orgasm every time they made love, and that 30 percent managed to achieve climax several times a night. Fifty percent said that they were never too tired for sex; the rest had to resort to drugs or specific sexual fantasies for arousal. Most men seem to prefer the orgasms they experience during intercourse to any other kind, although some 20 percent indicated they would rather climax through fellatio. Our readers are definitely not into sadomasochism—90 percent said that pain of any sort would prevent orgasm. The women who answered our questionnaire all wrote that the most important ingredient for fantastic orgasms is long, sensuous foreplay. Rare was the woman who had an orgasm every time she made love, and only a few actually admitted to faking a climax.

There is nothing like an unexpected sexual treat to really inspire explosive orgasms. The best sex I ever had occurred when I had just returned from Vietnam and was living off base with two other GIs in Clarksville, Tennessee.

I had the day off and the house to myself, and I was just sitting down to my first cup of coffee when the doorbell rang.

I opened the door to find the water-department meter reader—a lovely blonde, whose smile made my knees weak, as she asked to see my meter. I

but she had a knack for achieving orgasm after orgasm. We made wonderful love for two hours—her mouth providing all the stimulation necessary to give

I have no trouble remembering my best orgasm, because it was the first time I had oral sex with my husband. It was like losing my virginity all over again.

knew I couldn't let her leave without inviting her to have a cup of coffee with me. She accepted. One cup led to another, and I learned that she was a junior at the University of Tennessee and was reading meters as a summer job. At one point, I got up to get some more coffee, and as I passed her chair, she brushed her hand against my leg and held it there—a little too long for me to mistake it for an inadvertent touch. As I turned around to respond, she rose, pressed her body against me and laid a lip-locking kiss on me.

We moved toward the living-room couch, and she began to unbutton my shirt and loosen my belt. I, of course, reciprocated. And under that water-department uniform was the most statuesque beauty I have ever seen.

Not only was she gorgeous,

me one erection after another. The sensuous stroking of her mouth on my penis produced incalculable pleasure. We alternated fellatio and cunnilingus, engaging each other's turn-on switch, until the final act of balling became a euphoric high that I have never again equaled.

It was the end of summer, and I guess she returned to college that fall, since she never came back to read my meter again. I often think about her and remember that day. My only regret is that I never asked her name.

MICHAEL T.
Valparaiso, Indiana

Just last week, my new girlfriend and I made love together for the first time. It was also the first time I'd ever had a double orgasm.

At first, I was a little nervous

and afraid of not being able to get it up, so she took over and gave me the best oral sex I've ever had. She kissed and licked me with very long, warm strokes. I was on fire, and I felt ready to come. But I wanted to get inside of her, so I pulled away. She wouldn't let go at first, like a kitten nursing at its mother's teat. When she finally did let go, the distance between her mouth and her vagina was too great, and I came all over the place. I got into her anyway and began to push as hard as I could. Within two or three minutes, I came again, like I never had before.

After a little rest, some wine and more of that great head, we went to it again, fast and feverish, for about ten minutes. But this time, I just couldn't get off. She, on the other hand, was hot and wet, and I felt her muscles down there start clenching, so I knew she was coming. She came so hard she was shaking, and after she stopped, she almost blacked out. It took her half an hour to get steady again.

We sure are planning on a lot more lovemaking after that.

G.L. SMITH
Cincinnati, Ohio

I'm a 28-year-old married woman, and I have no trouble remembering my best orgasm, because it happened the first time I gave my husband a blow job. It was like losing my virginity all over again.

I licked him all over until he was just ready to come, and then I stopped. He felt so good when he entered me, and he screwed me so hard, I thought he'd blow



Games magazine — created for fun-loving people, like yourself, who enjoy a challenge. Games isn't a magazine you just read. It's a magazine you play.

Page after page of word games, number games, puzzles, riddles, anagrams, ciphers and logic games. Fend your way through pinball and road map mazes, solve crosswords, decipher codes, try a fun quiz, enter contests — win prizes (mopeds, pinball machines, cameras) and much more.

Games is great fun anytime, anywhere — play it alone or with a mate.

Are you ready for Games?

We're sure you are — subscribe today and play the fun of Games!



Yes, I want to play Games!

☐ Please send me 1 year \$5.97 (6 issues) of Games for only **\$5.97** (a 20% saving off the \$7.50 single copy price.)

JJOC5

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

☐ I prefer 2 years (12 issues) for only \$9.97 (a 33% saving off the \$15.00 single copy price.)

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

Allow 4-8 weeks for delivery of first issue.

For foreign and Canadian orders, add \$1.00 per subscription year.

MAIL TO: **GAMES** Magazine

P.O. Box 10147

Des Moines, Iowa 50340

my brains out. When my husband finally came, for the first time since we were married he let the whole world know that he'd just had an orgasm. Then I hit my high notes, and the neighborhood dogs started to bark and howl in unison with the two of us.

We'd had some biggies before, but this one was the best. It also marked the first time we came together, so we had two firsts in one night.

B.J.
Sacramento, California

When I was 24, I experienced the strangest orgasm I've ever had. I was sitting in a hotel lobby in Brisbane, Australia, reading a newspaper and watching the girls parade by. Suddenly, a terrific redhead, a 9.9 on a scale of 10, came into view. Within ten seconds, I had a mind-blowing orgasm right then and there—without even touching myself.

My pants were thoroughly soaked. As soon as I regained my composure, I made a beeline for the elevator, holding the newspaper so it dangled almost to my knees. I probably looked pretty weird, but no one said anything. I got to my room and put on a fresh pair of trousers; then I headed back downstairs for some more girl watching.

W.H.F.
Schuylerville, NY

I'm a nursery-school director and have been married for five years. The best orgasm I ever had was with a lover who was so slow and so unaggressive that I wasn't sure we were really getting it on until I actually felt his hard penis. There's something about a man really restraining himself that I find exciting. Maybe it's the thought that he might wait forever for me to get really ready.

If I feel that my lover is more interested in arousing me to a high pitch rather than just screwing me, I am instantly turned on. I guess it's a kind of hard-to-get game played in a loving manner. I just go wild over a lover who will not enter me until I'm begging him. And that's exactly what happened to cause my orgasm.

ARIEL
Charlottesville, Virginia

Certain drugs can change sex from a physical experience into a cosmic one. I'll never forget the orgasm I had with a European girl named Maria while I was on p.m.s.—that's short for purple microdot LSD.

Several hours after we dropped the acid, I began to feel really sexy. Maria was feeling much the same way, and we were soon in the midst of passionate foreplay that made me feel as if tiny electric currents were streaming through my body. Just thinking about getting inside of her quivering body made me shudder in spasmodic waves. Both of us were in the realm of pure ecstasy. As I began to enter her, I lost all track of time

SPEAK EASY

When I have trouble paying attention to what I'm doing, I fantasize or get into a sexy conversation.

and space. Then came a feeling like warm rain. Waves of tingling heat engulfed my being, as we flowed together with erotic energy. Finally, I felt a great surge of indescribable power as the volcanic eruption took place. Then the flowing continued...

It wasn't until the alarm clock went off that I realized it was six in the morning, and that both of us were still moving together in the most beautiful sexual unison.

ELADIO P.
Pebble Beach, California

Fellatio is delicious, regular intercourse is very nice and making it with two girls at once is incredible. I usually have at least one orgasm every time I make love. Sometimes I come again and again. Males have multiple orgasms, too, you know.

When I'm having trouble paying attention to what I'm doing or when I'm too tired, I either fantasize or get into a sexy conversation. Oral sex usually gets my attention back where it should be.

I think critical women are bitches. The one thing that can keep me from getting off is being too conscious of her troubles having orgasms. Why can't a woman be more like a man? Well, at least in that one way. I never could figure out why the clitoris isn't located inside the vagina. Of course, then it wouldn't be nearly as much fun going down on a woman. My best orgasm followed a long session of eating my girlfriend while she sat in a chair and I knelt between her thighs. She kept playing with my hair. Finally, both of us were so aroused that we couldn't stand it anymore. We practically ran to the bedroom; then we made love for hours.

RICHARD C.
Brooklyn, New York

The best orgasm I ever had happened when I had a dream about Donna Summer going down on me.

R. DAVID
Hutchinson, Kansas

For me, the best orgasms always involve long, sensuous foreplay. When I have enough preparation, I usually have orgasms during intercourse. If I'm having trouble getting off, I'll tell my partner what to do, but only if he asks me first. I guess I don't volunteer the information because I don't want to be rebuffed.

Bill, my husband, tells me what to do

when he comes up with something new he'd like to try. He always comes, unless he's too high, and he likes regular intercourse better than anything else.

There seems to be an inequity here. After filling out your questionnaire, I've decided that from now on, I'm going to ask him for what I want, too.

PAT AND BILL
Elmhurst, Illinois

I'm a songwriter and kind of a romantic guy. I'm not the type to climax right away; it takes me a while to get really turned on. The only exception to this happened the night I took my girlfriend to a Dolly Parton concert. I dreamed of Dolly all night long, and had the best orgasm of my life when I woke up and made love to my girlfriend.

DAVID T.
Indianapolis, Indiana

I'm a professional lifeguard and single, and I climax most of the time, unless I'm drunk. In fact, being too high or too drunk is about the worst thing that can happen to my libido.

For me, the best orgasms occur when I make it with more than one girl at the same time, particularly when vibrators are involved. You can easily take care of a whole roomful of girls if you've got enough vibrators.

My horny lady, who's also writing to you, always gets off from intercourse, but she comes best from cunnilingus or her vibrator. She says she'd never tell a lover how to make her come; she'd rather fake it. Of course, with the vibrator or cunnilingus, she doesn't ever have to fake it. It's fortunate I like both oral sex and mechanical gadgets.

M.S.R.
Ocean City, New Jersey

It seems to me that there's an important relationship between communication and orgasm. I'm 21 and sometimes, even as young as I am, I get bored during sex. For me, the best solution is to talk to my partner. Afterward, it's easy to focus my attention where it should be—on us and the erotic feelings we're sharing.

Usually, I don't tell women how to please me, unless we're having sexual problems. I'll tell you, though, being too aware of her problems can really be a turn-off. If there's one thing that can stop me from coming, that's it. Sometimes I wish I'd never read the *Hite Report*. You know what I mean?

I had my best orgasm ever in a tree house. Enough said.

MICHAEL
Wayland, Massachusetts

My best orgasm came as the result of a fantasy. I'd always wondered what it would be like to have the girl of my dreams delivered to my door, ready for a great time.

Well, I found out. I picked up a copy of
(Continued on page 128)



JODIE GRAHAM

Dancing Her Way into L.A.

**Photography by
Brian Anderson**

Jodie Graham was born in Hannibal, Missouri, 22 years ago. "I had the most ordinary childhood you can possibly imagine," she told us when we met in her Huntington Beach apartment, bordering Los Angeles. "In high school, I became a cheerleader, danced in *Oklahoma* and won three local beauty contests. Everyone told me I'd become a star." She now lives with two roommates, Sandy and Meredith, who are also dancers trying to make the big time.

"There's always something crazy going on in this apartment," Jodie said, waving her hand at the bizarre gym equipment that takes up most of the living room. "I had this guy over the other night, and all he wanted me to do was to put on my leotard and exercise while he watched. Sounded strange to me, but I thought, 'What the hell, why not?' Everything was cool until he decided to call a couple of friends over to watch me, too—that's when I threw him out.



"Back in Missouri, everyone told me that I'd become a star."



"Sometimes I wonder why we're trying to get into TV; it's already such a sitcom around here. Nothing like that ever happened to me back in Missouri." And here we thought Missouri was the Show Me State, we kidded her. "Funny you should mention that," Jodie replied. "It was just over a year ago, on my twenty-first birthday, that I decided the state had nothing left to show *me*. And that's when I moved to California."

Have you ever regretted your choice? "Not for a second. I figure I spent the first twenty years of my life being the typical American girl: I'm five-



four, 34-22-34, blonde, Midwestern, Protestant. I've been a beauty queen, cheerleader, candy-striper and doctor's receptionist. I can make fudge and bake an apple pie. . . . In other words, I'm so normal, it's disgusting!"

Were you ever sweet

sixteen and never kissed? "That depends on where. There are still *some* places I've never been kissed!" Now, that's a Hollywood answer; a girl from the Midwest would never talk like that. "Terrific. I want to do everything a Midwestern girl would never







do. I want to wear spandex pants with a cashmere sweater, or short shorts with no underwear. I want to eat sprouts and Famous Amos for breakfast. I want to drive a convertible in the middle of winter, and have an answering service, a yogurt maker and a hot tub. I want a . . ."

OK, OK, we get it. So, was posing for our part of that list? "Yes. To tell you the truth, I haven't gotten around to acting on most of my list, yet. But I'm working on it." Where do men

"Yes, there are still some places I've never been kissed."



fit into all of this? Have you found the men here in California to be much different from the guys you grew up with in Missouri? "Yes and no. Half of them came here from Missouri—or Delaware or Wisconsin or someplace similar.

"If there's one thing that Los Angeles men have in common, it's that their occupations are never their professions. If he's driving a cab, he's really an actor. A bartender might be a coke dealer; then again, he might be a drummer for a New Wave band. And everyone has at least three ideas for a new TV sitcom—not to mention a movie script.

"I resent California men who think I'm some kind of groupie."





It's like a disease, and it's definitely catching. I'm even writing a movie script with Sandy and Meredith, my roommates."

You're really writing a script? What's it about? "It's about a girl from the Midwest who comes to Hollywood to be discovered. She tiptoes around the hotshot agents and phony producers, and becomes friends with a couple of dancers, who talk her into posing for a very classy men's magazine."

Yeah, yeah . . . then what happens? "Who knows? I'm only twenty-two, and my script is far from being finished. In fact, this is only the beginning."

"I want to do everything a Midwestern girl would never do."





Dear Jane,
It's so difficult for
me to say this

Dear Jane,
It's so d
say

Article by Scott Cohen

LETTING HER DOWN EASY

You Don't Have to Hurt the One You Loved

It's crying time again. You're leaving and she can see that faraway look in your eyes. Once upon a time, the most ordinary walk together seemed as thrilling as a Lewis and Clark expedition. Mountain snowcaps melted before you, and the trees called out your names. But now the thrill is gone. You don't know where it went, but you lost it and you don't know how to tell her. You're not alone. When it comes to letting her down, most men are pretty inept. Somehow, you always hurt the one you loved. No matter *what* you try, breaking up is hard to do.

A man who's head over heels in love can fix crepes suzette for two and tune his engine, both at the same time. Why can't he fall *out* of love just as gracefully? Because it's a lot easier to pick a girl up than let her down—that's why. A man knows that flattery will get him everywhere, at first. He'll get the best drugs in town and then take his girl to all the right places. He knows how to make a girl feel special; he'll give her four orgasms in as many hours, without once losing an erection. But when it comes time to let her down, he's just another jerk without a good line. He's forgotten how much it hurts to be on the losing end. By the end of the relationship, he loses his erection in 15 seconds.

Most relationships begin perfectly, but damned few end perfectly. The women you love at first, you end up hating; the ones you hate at first, you end up loving. That's why, when I meet someone for the first time, I confess my worst qualities right away; then my good qualities come as a kind of bonus. "Hi, I'm Scott. I don't

have much money, faithfulness is not my style and I come faster than you can say 'premature ejaculation.'" Now, she can't say I didn't warn her.

Perhaps the best way to let a girl down is never to build up her expectations. Why paint yourself into a corner with promises you can't keep? I once told a girl I wanted to impress that I was in the oil business. I had a lot of explaining to do when she pulled into the station where I was pumping gas. Like most men, I have my insecurities. I've been known to try anything to make a girl like me. Then, almost perversely, I lose interest in her when she does, as if it were simply an ego game I had won. I'll send flowers, light her cigarettes, open doors and help seat her; but if she falls in love with me, I'll pull the rug out from under her by leaving. I'll go out of my way to make her hate me, so I won't feel guilty about leaving. Why, I got so desperate once, I dropped a girl off on the side of the road. Maybe if I'd dropped her off at Bloomingdale's instead, she would have taken it in stride.

But I've also learned that a little tenderness can prevent a lot of grief. The first time you make love, spend the night. Don't sneak out in the morning before she wakes up. Stick around for coffee, and she won't feel like a slut. If she asks about dinner, simply tell her you have other plans. Don't slip out the back, hop on a bus or give back her key. That's merely letting *yourself* down easy. What about her? It's hard enough to be left—not knowing why only makes it worse.

If you can't talk about it, try writing a letter. A lot gets

said on paper that doesn't come out face-to-face. And do it yourself. A friend of mine who couldn't write a Dear Jane letter paid a professional letter writer in Chicago \$10 to fake one. Unfortunately, it was almost identical to the one she got from her last boyfriend.

What about the girl who knows you're leaving, but refuses to let you go? She'll plead for your sympathy. She's not too proud to beg. She knows your weak spot—and what gets you hot. Sure, it's easy to give in, go one more round, but it'll only make it harder in the end. Sooner or later, you have to do it. The longer you wait, the worse it will get.

So don't keep her hanging on. If you don't want her, get out of her life and set her free. When your friends ask, tell them *she* left you. But don't make it out to be all her fault and spoil her chances of meeting someone new. Say something kind, even if it kills you.

If the end is clearly in sight, don't beat her to the punch by breaking up with her first. You won't come out on top. Nobody does. Why destroy her faith in love by leaving her feeling like a squeezed-out tube of toothpaste? Think about the next guy and all the pain he'll have to undo. Remember, too, what goes around comes around.

There's an etiquette to breaking up. Where you let her down is sometimes more important than how you tell her. Don't leave her at an airport—there's nothing more depressing than being alone and broken-hearted while thousands around you are embracing. Besides, no woman likes to cry in public. Her makeup runs. Tell her at her place, not yours, in case she throws things. Avoid telling her between four and five—the suicide hour. And if she is suicidal, never tell her by an open window.

Timing is also important. Why ruin an otherwise festive time by breaking it to her on her birthday, Valentine's Day, Christmas or New Year's? And if she's an emotional

LETTING HER DOWN

Try taking her to an Italian restaurant. If she gets emotional there, the waiters will understand.

type who loses control easily, it's downright dangerous to call it quits in a car—especially if *she's* driving.

Forget honesty. Why tell her it's her stretch marks or the shape of her tits and give her a complex about something she can't change? Lie if you must. Tell her you've turned gay or, worse, asexual. Of course, there's a kind of woman who likes it best when her whole world collapses and she has a nervous breakdown. Tell her. That way she can start from scratch.

Remember, letting her down is not supposed to be easy. But there's no reason to be too hard on yourself. Fact is, no one likes to be rejected. You can reason with her all night long, and it won't get you anywhere. Like a doctor with bad news, get right to the point. Why putz around? Let her get angry. Let her shout. She can cry if she wants to. You would, too, if it happened to you.

The secret to a successful parting is making her feel as special as when you first met. Dress up a bit for the occasion. Sit her down someplace comfortable and pour her a drink. Explain that you care for her as much as ever, maybe even more than on the first date, but that burning feeling just isn't there. You can't help it; that's how you are. Like an animal that kills only to eat, you're not doing it to be cruel.

If you're rich, put your money where your mouth is. Send her a fat check. If you live together, leave the house. If you have a

car, leave the key. If you have kids, leave the kids. If you have a will, leave her in it. After all, Richard Burton leaves diamonds. Warren Beatty puts his ex-girlfriends in his upcoming movies. You can at least introduce her to one of your dealers. Or the boss's son.

Sometimes it's best to remain mysterious and deep. I once informed a girl that I was leaving because I was a loner. Nothing personal, you know. She felt lucky to have been with me at all—until she saw me a week later with my new lady.

Other times, a very real sacrifice may be involved. I once went out with a girl from Argentina. It's true what they say about Latin girls. She was romantic and passionate but, unfortunately, still a virgin. I sensed the relationship would never last, and taking her virginity would only have made matters worse. It is the nicest thing I have ever done.

Now, when I let a girl down, I always give her an orgasm to soften the blow. Then I carefully help her pack, carry her stuff down to a waiting cab and tell the driver to take us to an Italian restaurant. If she gets emotional there, the waiters will understand. I would never take her to a Japanese restaurant.

The best place to let her down is on a bluff with a breathtaking view of a valley, an ocean—someplace where nature abounds in its glory. There, she'll get a sense that it's all part of some grand design written in the stars.

The best time to let her down is late at night, before she goes to bed, so she has someplace soft to fall.

A Quaalude never hurts.

Come to think of it, maybe the best thing to do is to fall in love in a foreign country where neither of you speaks the same language. You never talk. You never fight. You are always a mystery to each other. It'll be 30 years before you learn to say goodbye. ■

FAREWELL, ADIOS, ARRIVEDERCI, AU REVOIR... GET LOST

TED NUGENT: To let her down easy, hold onto her garters and let the elastic take care of the rest. When they let me down, I fall from one to another.

ELLEN FOLEY (actress/singer): If I were trying to let a guy down easy, I'd tell him that he was too good for me. Most men are ego-maniacs, so that should do the trick. But if he were one of those sensitive souls, I'd tell him that music was my only true love, and no person could ever mean to me what music does. If I were on the other side of the fence, I'd like it to be fast. I'd like the guy to just disappear off the face of the earth rather than drag it out. It doesn't take me long to pick up the pieces.

STIV BATORS (Dead Boys): It all depends upon the kind of girl. If she's someone you met on the road, the best way to let her down is to tie her down to the bed and shit on her chest. If it's someone you like—that's rough. But the best way to let them down easy is to let them see it in the press. And if you really like them, leave them in a hotel room with a pile of money on their chest.

FRAN LEBOWITZ (author, *Metropolitan Life*): I don't like to be let down; I like to let down. But I wouldn't mind being paid a large sum of cash. Or if they set me up with someone I'd like more. But that's even more of a fantasy than if they would give me money.

DAVID BYRNE (Talking Heads): A lot of my relationships have been doomed from the start because I travel; generally, I'm gone for at least half the year. So I tell a girl for her own good not to wait for me. I may want to see her when I get back, but you can never pick up from where you left off.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL: Hurt them before they hurt you. Get out before you're kicked out. My rule and law is: No drugs, no Mick Jagger.

DAVID LEE ROTH (Van Halen): First step: Bring her to a hotel room that has two beds. You mess up one bed. Second step: Have someone call from the desk, and you answer, "Oh, shit, she's coming over here now? Try to hold her a minute." The chick then asks who that was. You answer, "It's my wife." The

chick says, "I gotta go."

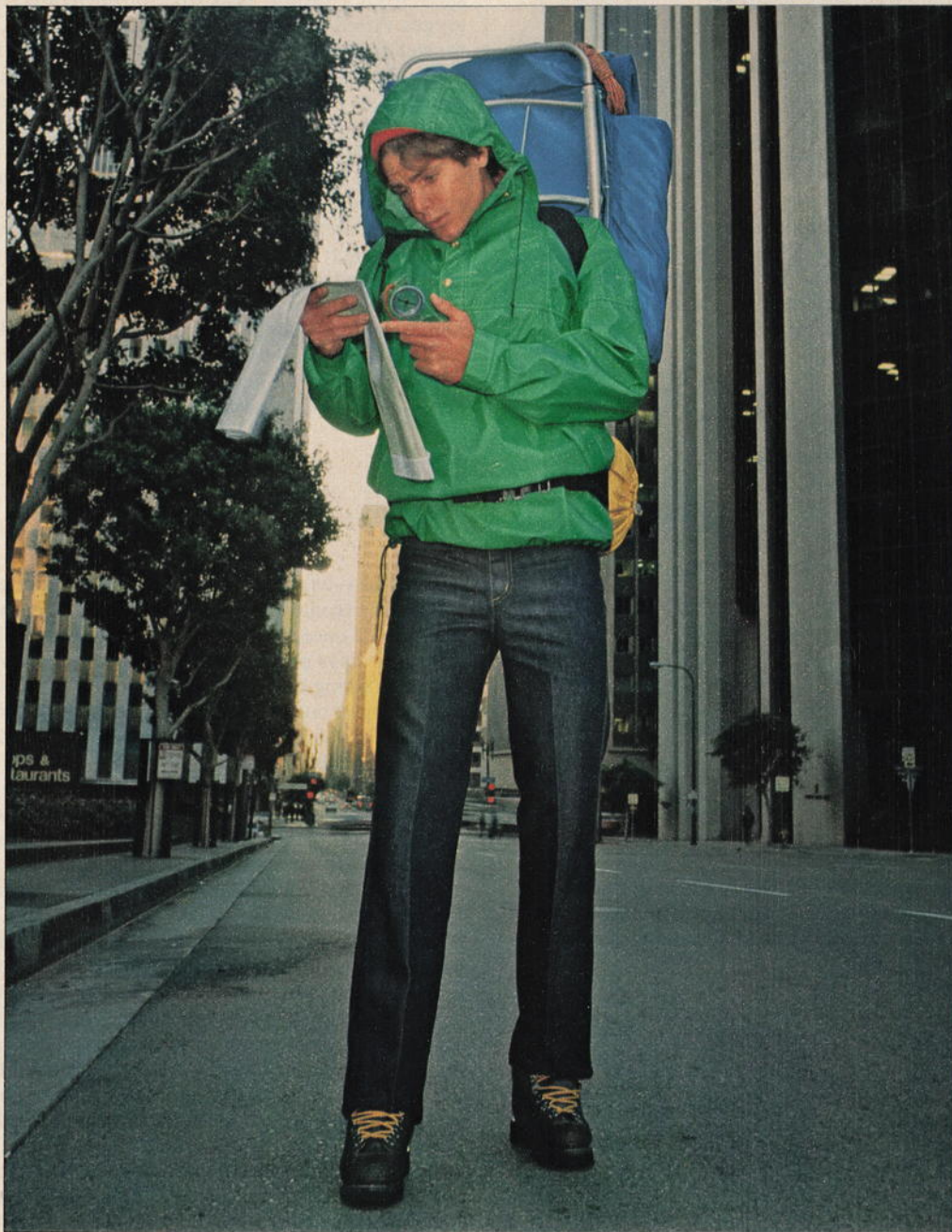
JOEY RAMONE: Nobody lets somebody down easy. You tell 'em you're gonna walk out and that's it. You don't leave them a lot of money. Are you kidding? You give her bus fare. A vacation in Acapulco would probably make her feel better, but I wouldn't go that far. I'd give her a ticket to New Jersey. To a Knack concert.

RUSS MEYER: Generally speaking, you're always a shit. Maybe the easy way is the most straightforward, honest way—like saying, "So long. I'm going my way, you go yours." I've had three divorces. All three were difficult emotionally. I'm not disillusioned, though. I'm heavy into my current relationship. I fuck twice a day without fail, and from every angle, it's more pleasurable than anything else.

AL GOLDSTEIN (publisher, *Screw magazine*): My own technique with all my wives and girlfriends is to become so obnoxious they leave me. This way I don't have to live with the guilt. I drive them away. Then, when they leave, they say, "Good riddance." —S.C.

T H E

HIKE REPORT



*Everything you need to know
about backpacking but had to wait for us to tell you*

Article by Michael Tennesen

Early-bird Bret is beating on the roof of the van, as the sun begins to rise over the tall mountains. He's pissed that we're already two hours late in starting the day's hike. Right now, our mouths are dry and our heads ache, reminders of last night's wild city-to-country drive. Seems we'd stopped at just about every cowboy bar along the way, inviting cocktail



Jansport Trail Dome Tent, \$225. Room enough inside for a three-handed game of poker. The dome design sheds wind efficiently, and when the rains come, it keeps out the moisture. The poles, however, are numerous and the tent is a bitch to set up.



North Face Mountain Tent, \$197.50. The A-frame design remains stable in the roughest weather and is easy to erect, even if you're on 'ludes. Comes with a back entrance, in case snow or bears block the front.

Sierra Designs Cirrus Sleeping Bag, \$310. An excellent mummy bag filled with down, the most efficient, compactible, durable insulation available. Unfortunately, down won't keep you warm when it gets wet, which is something for rain-forest campers and heavy lubricators to consider.

Alpine #3 Sleeping Bag, \$115. Filled with Celanese Polarguard. Synthetic fillers are bulkier, heavier and not as durable as down. But they'll keep you warm even when soaked, and cost a lot less.



waitresses to join our four-man trek through the backwoods. We had no takers, but we got plenty of free drinks. *Ouch!*

Nature is the best cure for a hangover, however, and our bleary eyes are greeted by tall pines and ancient Sequoias as we climb out of the van and take in the spectacular Mineral King Valley, high on the California side of the Sierra Nevada. We quickly lay out our gear, and begin to assemble it into our backpacks. As soon as the packs are ready, they're hoisted ceremoniously onto our shoulders. A lungful of clean mountain air, a snort of pine scent, and we're off.

The trail we've chosen follows a rushing river which is fed by snow from a distant peak and hurtles down through deep rocky gorges. After an hour or so of pounding the trail, our muscles begin to swell, dispelling the atrophy of too much easy living. A sharp left and we begin the long ascent. We're headed into the wilderness now, trying to go cold turkey from a daily fix of urban junk.

Under the influence of nature, our minds start to clear; work, bills and other city bullshit are put on hold. By removing ourselves from reality for a while, we know that when we get back, we'll be better able to handle the asphalt jungle. Ahhh, backpacking.

I know a pretty brunette who pushes a pencil for a living but likes to go on long trips into the forest. She also gets a kick out of testing her boyfriend's stamina after a ten-mile hike with full pack. "It's the contrast that knocks me out," she says of her backwoods addiction. "The total change. Your mind isn't jammed with a lot of office crap. Instead, you're wondering, 'Can I walk one more mile. Will we make camp by dark.' After that, sex becomes remarkably easy—almost exhilarating."

It's true—backpacking does simplify thought. Conversations gradually become less wordy and often disappear in the stillness of the forest. I once camped with a lady in the Big Sur redwoods, and after four days of lying naked in the sun by a rushing stream, we stopped talking altogether. I recall how startled we were when a man stepped out of the forest, breaking the long silence with a request for toothpaste. It was incredibly hard to formulate the words to answer.

Another time, I was camping with a friend by a hot spring, and we discovered a hermit living in a soot-blackened Indian cave with his dog and a week's supply of firewood. Pure terror flushed into his eyes when we inquired, "How's the cave?" A sip of our tequila cooled him out considerably, but the cave was unquestionably his. We kept moving.

One of the funniest encounters of this sort happened during an excursion I made in the company of a pretty blonde. We perched on a rock one long afternoon, letting ancient instincts overtake modern reason with the help of a few herbs. We began watching a father-and-son team who were working a nearby lake with fishing poles, and we fell into the illusion that we were mountain lions following our prey. We'd even plotted our attack and begun to circle, when the father snapped us back a couple of aeons by yelling, "Hey, are you guys from L.A.?"

Backpacking is also the finest introduction a flatlander can get to the splendor of mountain life. The moss-covered peaks of the Adirondacks, the snowcapped volcanoes of the Cascades—you name it. Mountains are hard to farm and even harder to build skyscrapers on. So, the largest portion of America's unused public land is comprised of spectacular mountains, and they provide the majority of exciting backpacking possibilities.

As you can imagine, keeping warm is critical at high altitudes. And your second guesses as to seasonal weather mean less than a coke dealer's promises. Last August, I was sunbathing nude with a lady friend by the side of a lake at an altitude of 12,000 feet. It was midafternoon, and we were suddenly assaulted by a furious, chilling wind that beat swirling patterns of 15-foot-high mist across the water. That night, snowflakes fell on our sunburns.

This sort of sudden mountain cold can kill. Still, several layers of wool, down and wind-breaking nylon will usually keep you warm. That's why a good all-around sleeping bag is an absolute necessity. I remember my first trip above the timberline. I was with a group of friends, and all of us had sleeping gear better suited for sea level. I tossed and turned from dark till dawn, feeling the frost snap, crackle and pop all through the cotton lining of my bag.

The next night, we heated rocks by the fire and put them down near the bottom of our bags, where we could curl our feet around the warmth. It was a trick someone remembered from his Cub Scout days. That night was more restful; but I couldn't tell you if our comfort was due to the rocks or to the two fifths of tequila we drank. Booze won't warm your insides, but it'll help you sleep.

One of the real joys of the trail is to see how your accumulated world of stucco, paper and machinery can all be simplified to a little container you carry on your back. In backpacking fashion, less is not only more—it's essential.

Equipment for wilderness travel has evolved radically in the last 30 years. Backpacks ride on your hips these days, and army canvas has gone the way of trench warfare, replaced by lightweight nylon, aluminum and down.

When Edward Whymper carried the first tent up the Matterhorn in 1865, it weighed 23 pounds. Today's backpacking tents, however, average only five pounds and are far more versatile than Whymper's. Modern tents have frames sturdy enough to withstand even the stiff winds that blow off the Great Lakes at Isle Royale. They have netted doorways and vents to keep the bugs out during the June mosquito season in Yellowstone. And they come with rain flies strong enough to deflect even the heaviest tropical downpours that pass over the Napili cliffs on Maui's west coast.

At optimum, your equipment should serve in a variety of situations, but this is not always possible. A sleeping bag that keeps you warm on Alaska's Mt. McKinley will make you sweat like a pig in the Florida Everglades. Purchase your gear with the average outing in mind, not that fantasy expedition to the North Pole.

First order of the day is a good pair of boots. Look for Vibram soles, which hug the trail quite nicely, and try to pick a style that has a minimum of seams, so water doesn't seep in when the walking gets wet. Remember, a pound on your feet is equal to five on your back, so get the lightest boot that also affords the proper protection. You'll hear a lot of fancy talk about Norwegian welts, various tanning processes and midsole constructions. Pay attention, but remember: The most important thing is fit.

The second most important thing is breaking your clodhoppers in. Do this *before* you get on the trail, unless you like soaking your feet in hot coals—you'll get about as many blisters. If you haven't much time, then try this: Fill your boots with hot water; pour the water out immediately; then put the boots on over dry socks. Now hike around the block till the leather dries. This does the job, though not as well as about 15 hours of good hard walking.

Backpacking boots have become quite specialized these days. Still, a good number of the people you run into on the trail will be sporting tennis shoes and army boots that they'll swear by. I remember coming down off a high granite peak one day and running into two young girls on their way up, going barefoot. Though it might be nice to take a young girl with you, it's best not to abandon your footwear.

As with all camping purchases, shop around. Today's backpacking stores have enough gear and gadgets to bring out the kid in an 80-year-old. And buy top-of-the-line essentials: After your initial outlay, backpacking becomes the cheapest vacation possible.

Traveling light also means altering your eating habits; i.e., carry dried foods rather than tin cans half full of water. There are several varieties of freeze-dried foods made especially for backpackers. Some are good, some you wouldn't want to feed to your dog, and most are expensive. Experienced campers may carry a few freeze-dried meals, but you can satisfy both your need to go light and your desire to pig out right there in your neighborhood supermarket.

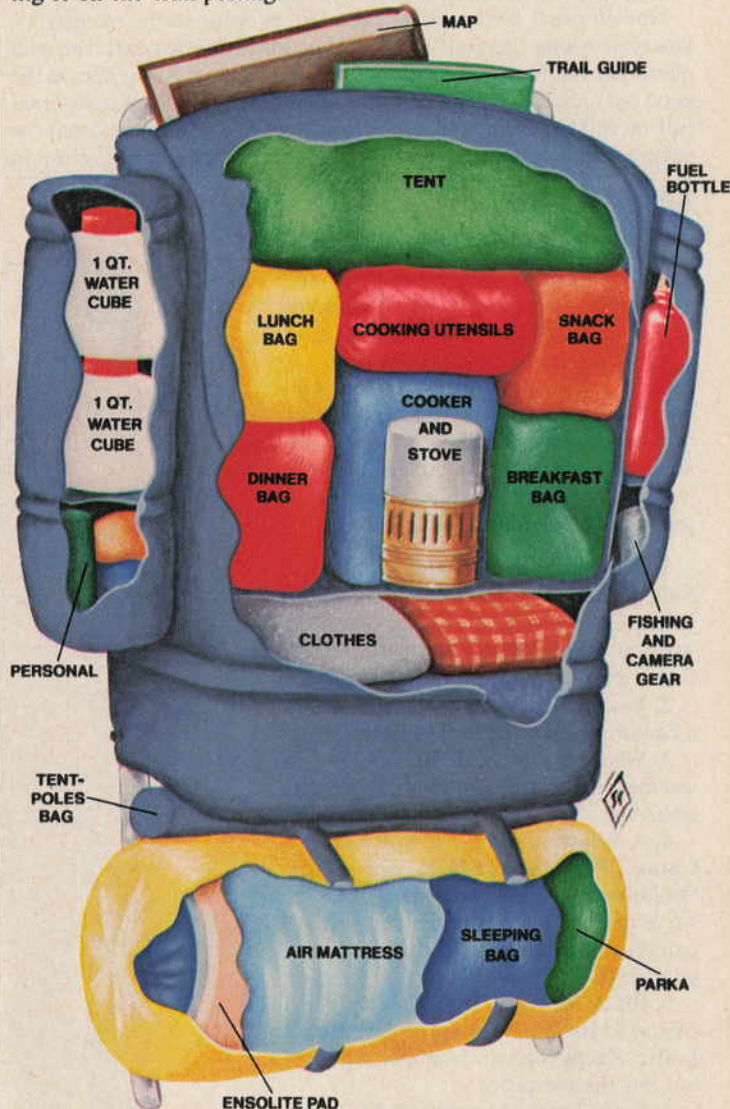
Pancake mixes, granolas, nuts, dried fruits, dried milk and dried soups are among your options. You can carry a few eggs and even a



Wilderness Experience Vagabond Pack, \$47.88. This internal-frame pack has a lower center of gravity and rides close to the body, allowing greater freedom of movement for rock climbing, bushwhacking, cross-country skiing or on-the-trail petting.



Kelty Tioga II Backpack, (right), \$120. An external-frame pack sets higher and can support a greater amount of weight more comfortably.



How to Pack a Pack. Your heaviest items always go high and forward. This keeps most of the load pushing down on your hips, which can sup-

port the weight a lot easier than your shoulders. Also, pack those things you need most frequently on top, so you can get at them quickly.

little cheese, but these should be consumed in the first couple of days. Avoid cans, though an occasional tin of tuna or meat is an allowable exception. Get rid of the fancy packaging and put your foodstuffs in Ziploc bags—like you were lidding out a pound of weed—and then toss in an extra ration of rice, just in case you stay another day, get lost or fall in love. Remember, you burn up twice as many calories on the trail as you do at home, so bring enough. There is a reward for all this attention to lightness.

Example: My attorney and I once accompanied our friend Gray on a trek up the High Sierra. His lightweight gear kept him far ahead of us—that and the fact that he's a gym teacher. (I also suspect Gray uses physical torture on himself to dull a dangerous lust he bears for half his female students.) After that first grueling climb, we camped by a lake. My attorney, after catching his limit of trout, became intrigued with a game of yanking the fly away before the fish could swallow it. I, meanwhile, was enraptured by my new, lightweight hash pipe. But Gray wanted to push on. According to him, we had 20 miles more to go—after we had already scaled a 12,000-foot pass—and he saw no reason to rest. He literally dragged us up the mountain, while my attorney snacked on canned fruit cocktail in heavy syrup, which made him gag. Still, at the top we were greeted with the most incredible sight: a 50-mile-long valley of lakes, streams and gorges carved into stone and set against a background of 14,000-foot granite pinnacles.

Not *all* great backpacking experiences occur in the mountains, however. Along the Gulf of Mexico or the Atlantic coast, the wild places are not high and rocky, but flat and flooded. Right here in the good old U.S.A., you can flog through miles of jungle and saw grass full of colored birds and prehistoric reptiles. While they may be super when scouted from a canoe, marshes are a bit hard to cover in

boots. Still, long sandbars often lie between the marshes and the open sea—Padre Island in Texas, Monomoy Point in Massachusetts, for example—and these can be hiked.

Island backpacking is another kind of trip. I once chartered a single-engine plane to an island off the coast of California, where five of us hiked six miles from a dirt landing strip to a stunning seaside vista of sand dunes and pounding surf. But the real treat was the 8000 visiting elephant seals in the midst of their mating season, all fighting and fucking at once, putting out a Super-Bowl-crowd roar, 24 hours a day.

That night we made a bonfire, drank tequila and Mexican beer and ate steamed mussels. It's a gas to hear two long-haired biologists play Jew's harps and complain about their dwindling supply of weed, while seals in heat grunt on the other side of the sand dune. In the morning, miniature foxes raced about the camp, begging for food. You better believe my mind stayed on that island weeks after my body returned home.

Don't bypass the enchantment of the primal forest, either. I ventured into a Guatemalan rain forest once—a totally different world. Though it was the middle of the dry season, it rained a little every day, even when no clouds were visible through the tops of the trees. Every inch of earth had some type of plant life on it. Even the bark of the trees was totally covered with moss, vines or parasite flowers in an open war for space. One type of tree, a strangler fig,

WALK AND WEAR

Dead air trapped by your clothing and warmed by your body is what keeps you warm when frost forms on your mustache. So, wearing several layers of clothes, rather than one bulky garment, increases the dead-air space and allows you to remove or add layers, depending on the weather and the amount of heat your body generates while hiking. Suggestions? Look to the right.

1. Bottom layer: a Duofold Union Suit, \$25.50. Top-drawer American long johns. Cotton on the inside for comfort, wool on the outside for warmth. Over the feet, a pair of Wigwam rag socks, \$5.

2. Vasque Venturers boots, \$78. Plus a bandana and some loose-fitting jeans.

3. Woolrich shirt, \$18.50. Wool is warmer than cotton, and insulates even when wet.

4. A Wigwam wool cap, \$7.95, a Camp 7 Parka Vest, \$49.95, Schlandminger wool mittens, \$14.95. Now we're getting toasty. Remember, you can lose a third of your body heat from your head—so cover it.

5. Black Ice Gore-Tex mountain parka, \$110. Gore-Tex is the new miracle fabric. Keeps the rain from getting in, but lets the sweat out.

6. Kelty Tioga II backpack, \$120. Tops off the whole ensemble with enough equipment to last a week in the Rockies.

7. With pack on back, our man's ready to hike off into a thunderhead. Too bad it's 85° outside, fella.



wins its battles by getting started in the tops of other trees and then throwing down a myriad of vines, which slowly wrap around the host tree till it's strangled to death and gives its space up to the fig. (And you thought your old lady's brother was a shitty guest!)

For traveling light, there's no challenge like desert backpacking. What's more, there are few spectacles to match the sunsets (or sunrises) on the desert; and when standing on a desert mountain, the panorama can be limitless.

I remember perching on a desert precipice with a couple of wiggled-out friends, staring out over a landscape that had turned red and yellow with wildflowers brought up by spring rains. Suddenly, three air-force jets screamed directly over our heads, and then swooped down to fly in formation while hugging the valley floor. Though they interfered with our nature trip, we excused the intrusion, since the heat from their engines, mixed with the desert reds and yellows, created some rather nice hallucinations.

My dentist once led me up a desert-mountain trail—pausing only for a second hit of acid—and we stumbled straight into a thunderhead. I remember later crawling in along the edges of low ravines to avoid getting blown off the ridge by the gray-black clouds. I was certain that lightning would hit us, and wondered if we'd even see the one that zapped us.

Backpackers revel in things that strike terror in the average urbanite. John Muir, founder of the Sierra Club, used to run through his Yosemite Valley camp shouting, "A noble earthquake!" every time the ground started to pitch and roll. He'd also climb up birch trees during gales, so he could better listen to the rustle of the leaves. He did this straight, too. Even ordinary events seem somehow intensified in the wilds. In fact, a backwoods bowel movement can be spiritually uplifting—provided you brought enough toilet paper.

Seasoned backpackers are always heading off the trail searching for solitude, for a special deserted lake, stream or meadow. And only those privy to the trailblazer's grapevine learn of these secret retreats. For example, I know a place where a hot spring pours out of a red-rock mountain and follows a valley of cottonwoods through a succession of heated pools. I'd tell you where it is, but I really don't want to run into you there.

W

With more and more people heading into the backwoods each year, solitude is fast becoming a scarce commodity. A word to the wise: 90 percent of all backpackers take to the trails during the month of August. So, if it's seclusion you want, travel at other times of the year. Try treading into the forests of the Southern Appalachians in the fall, after the leaves have dropped to let in a world of light unknown in the summer. Or heading cross-country over the Montana wilderness, when the snows have transformed the green earth to lovely desolate white.

Winter camping in snow country is an incredible experience, if for nothing more than its extreme hardships. If you like to test yourself, there's not much that can match it. Snowshoes or cross-country skis are a must. There's also a lot of specialty gear you'll need to investigate and understand. A roomy tent is advisable, and watch out whom you share that tent with—you may have to spend a good 16 hours a night in it. You'll want her to have a nice body.

Though it's difficult, many backpackers feel the hardships of





Svea 123 Campstove, \$36. Camp stoves put out a controlled flame, so they are a lot easier to use than an open fire. Since they need no kindling, camp stoves are also ecologically economical—especially if you're hiking near the timberline, where deadwood is a vital fertilizer.



Compact Camp Kit by Mirro Aluminum, \$8. Add plastic tubes for margarine, Ziploc bags for food and some aluminum foil, and take on Chef Boy-Ar-Dee.



Concentrated Campsuds by Sierra Dawn, \$1.60. A biodegradable soap. Camper's salt-and-pepper shaker, \$1.20, and a variety of quart-sized plastic water containers, \$.99 each. Keep 'em filled. Streams shown on the map have a way of drying up, and doping on the trail dehydrates the hell out of you.



Sierra West Mountaineering First-Aid Kit, \$16. Make sure you have insect repellent and Band-Aids inside. Include a butane lighter and lots of matches in a watertight container. Snakebite kits are all right, if you don't bleed to death. Candles can help get wet wood burning.

winter camping are well worth it. Scarred logging roads and dirt-bike trails turn into enchanted pathways when under six inches of snow. The white winter wilderness is as close as you can get to what virgin North America must have been like, before Columbus and his buddies showed up to begin the 500-year rape.

Your first time out, it's best to travel with some buddies. Leave the women behind and head out with the guys, seeing who can sprout the shaggiest beard, get the filthiest or break wind the loudest.

When you take the ladies along, remember the wilds have a way of making them wilder. I once camped for a week on a Kauai beach close by a waterfall, where three young lovelies liked to bathe in the nude every afternoon. I was all for joining in, but my lady friend always chose their arrival time to get real horny.

Once you've got some experience, you might want to give the woods a try by yourself. Sitting alone by a campfire at sunset is a mystical experience. It gets you loaded, even if you don't smoke anything.

Take a topographic map and a compass and learn how to use them. Trails have a way of disappearing over shale and rock, and official-looking routes can be made by deer and bear. Once you learn to translate the map's contour lines into shapes and elevation changes, it transforms from a dead graphic design into a living picture, where the peaks guide you much like city street signs.

I once got lost with a group in the high country when we headed down a path that led to nowhere. Everyone grew anxious but me, for I had a map. Using the map in conjunction with my compass, I was soon able to identify two peaks close by. With this information I was able to figure out where we were, where we went wrong and where we needed to go. Though we might have done as well by simply backtracking, the group would never have felt as secure, nor I near as woody.

Learning to read a map frees you from having to stay on the main trails. Often the fish bite quickest a mere mile over the ridge, where no path leads. Five of us one day ventured to such a spot—a serene mountain lake of deep-blue water, high above the timberline. I remember watching my lure being chased by five trout, all fighting for the hook. In an hour and a half, we caught 48 fish.

All things considered, it's hard to get lost in today's wilderness. With a map, you'll find your way out. With plenty of matches, you'll always have a fire to keep yourself warm. There are edible roots, berries and bark in any forest. I knew a lady who could pull wild carrots and all kinds of stuff out of the strangest pieces of turf. Everyone used to marvel at her talents—and also her ass.

If you'd like to learn these tricks, read Bradford Angier's *How to Stay Alive in the Woods*. Angier claims you need never starve in the wilds. In a pinch, you can lightly fry insects, which are loaded with fat and calories to keep you warm and walking. Still, it'll serve your palate better just to keep track of where you're going.

There are really few dangers in the wilderness that can't be avoided. Don't use black widows or scorpions for trout bait, and don't play with Gila monsters or rattlesnakes. Rattlers are as anxious to avoid you as you are to avoid them. Staying away from that rare, poisonous critter is simply a matter of watching where you put your hands and feet. Few creatures are ever as aggressive as their legends.

In bear country, however, it's best to keep your food tied up in a tree. Brown bears can get belligerent, although it's your food, not you, that they're after. One such animal ripped up my brother's tent and tore open his backpack just to get its paws on a chocolate bar. If a bear ventures into your camp, beat on tin cans, shine flashlights, throw rocks and, usually, he'll split. If it's a grizzly, though, let him have what he wants, and you go climb a tree.

There are, however, few grizzlies left in America. Most were

wiped out at the turn of the century. The few remaining grizzlies roam well-posted sections of the national parks in Wyoming, Idaho, Montana and Alaska. Still, you're more likely to get struck by lightning than killed by a grizzly, even in these areas. You're actually safer on the trail than you are on skis or roller skates. It's just that bear maulings make such good press.

Ninety-nine percent of your wildlife encounters will enthrall rather than frighten you. I remember waking up to a yellow morning sun on a desert mountain in Eastern Oregon one winter, and sighting a group of grazing antelope. When I tried to get close enough for a photo, their stiffened bodies told me they had spotted my approach. So, I raised the camera above my head and started spinning around, recalling something I'd read about antelope being curiously attracted to weird behavior. The herd crept up to within 20 feet of me, and I shot a roll of film while they all gawked at me with huge, dark eyes.

I'd rate that experience above a gram of good coke somebody laid on me for free.

Insects cause more misery than bears, snakes and wildcats combined. Always carry repellent. The ones that contain N, N-Diethyl-met-tolua-mide are best. The rest are shit. Don't run out! I did once in a Costa Rican swamp forest. At night, the bugs attacked in hordes, each species seeming to have its own dinner hour. In the morning, I counted 100 bites on my right forearm alone.

Still, the itch was forgotten in my awe of the jungle and the strange sights that it holds: crocodiles basking in murky waters, scarlet parrots gliding above trees and troops of white-faced monkeys leaping through the branches. A ten-foot shark jumped out of the ocean and executed a full twist as we rounded a point on the bay.

I retreated into a bat cave one afternoon, when a troop of wild pigs snorted and crunched through the jungle. The bats drew up their wings and exposed their fangs when I shined my flashlight into their vampire eyes. It was real weird to watch them fly at you—the bats veering away sharply only at the last second, as radar rather than vision picked up your whereabouts. Upon exiting, I discovered why people avoid bat caves, though. It's not that bats are so dangerous; it's just that they ritualistically take a dump before abandoning their perch. My clothes were covered.

A fire at night keeps the bugs, beasts and cold away. Flames dance better than Baryshnikov and mesmerize far more intensely than TV. Indeed, searching for wood, building the fire, then gathering around its heat is one of the symbolic rituals of the wilds—a flashback to cave days.

Firewood is usually abundant in the low forests, but frequently scarce at higher elevations, where deadwood is sometimes a necessary fertilizer to keep the sparse vegetation growing. People who hike near the timberline bring a stove, at least for cooking. They don't build new fire pits, either, and they burn their trash and carry the bottles and cans out with them. Wilderness has a way of turning litterbugs into eco-freaks. You'll get that way, too. After you've witnessed the beauty of the wilds, you won't even loan rolling papers to backwoods slob.

I felt such outrage when I hiked to the top of Mount Whitney, the highest in the lower 48 states. At the summit, we beheld an incredible view, spanning some 100 miles in either direction. On one side, a vast desert spread out in waves of rolling dry hills; on the other was a panorama of pine forests, lakes and granite peaks. But on practically every rock at the top of this majesty, someone had scribbled, "Joey was here, 1972," or some other such crap.

Best to leave the place like you found it. Walk out with only memories. Watching the fish jump over an Alpine lake at sunset. Balling on a bed of pine needles by a still meadow. Sitting by a campfire at night. Dozing off to dreams of hairy men squatting around the dancing flames, huddled in fear of the beasts crashing through the undergrowth. Waking to the chill of a fire burned out. Crawling into your sleeping bag to watch the shooting stars streak across the sky.

A few days of this kind of stuff and you can handle life's bullshit a lot better.



The Original Swiss Army Knife by Victorinox, \$19.15.

Better than a Boy Scout. Does everything from opening cans to amputating frostbitten toes.

Personal Kit.

You know what you need. Lip gloss and sun-block shield the ultraviolet light which is especially nasty at high altitudes. Nail clippers keep the toenails short, so they don't jam against your boots on the downhill runs. Water-purifying tablets, toothbrush and soap are essentials. Above all, make sure you bring plenty of toilet paper, unless you prefer to use pine needles.



A Topographic Map, \$1.50.

To find out where you are. An Explorer I-Silva System Compass, \$25.75, to find out where you're going. And about 50 feet of 1/8-inch, 500-pound test rope to hang your food out of bear reach. Approximately \$.33 per foot.

Booze. Take the strongest stuff you can buy, and mix it with a little mountain springwater.

Dope. They say you can live without it. But why experiment when you're 100 miles from the nearest dealer?



Tramp Wallet by Crelco, \$8.

Looks real neat, but they don't take Mastercharge in the forest.



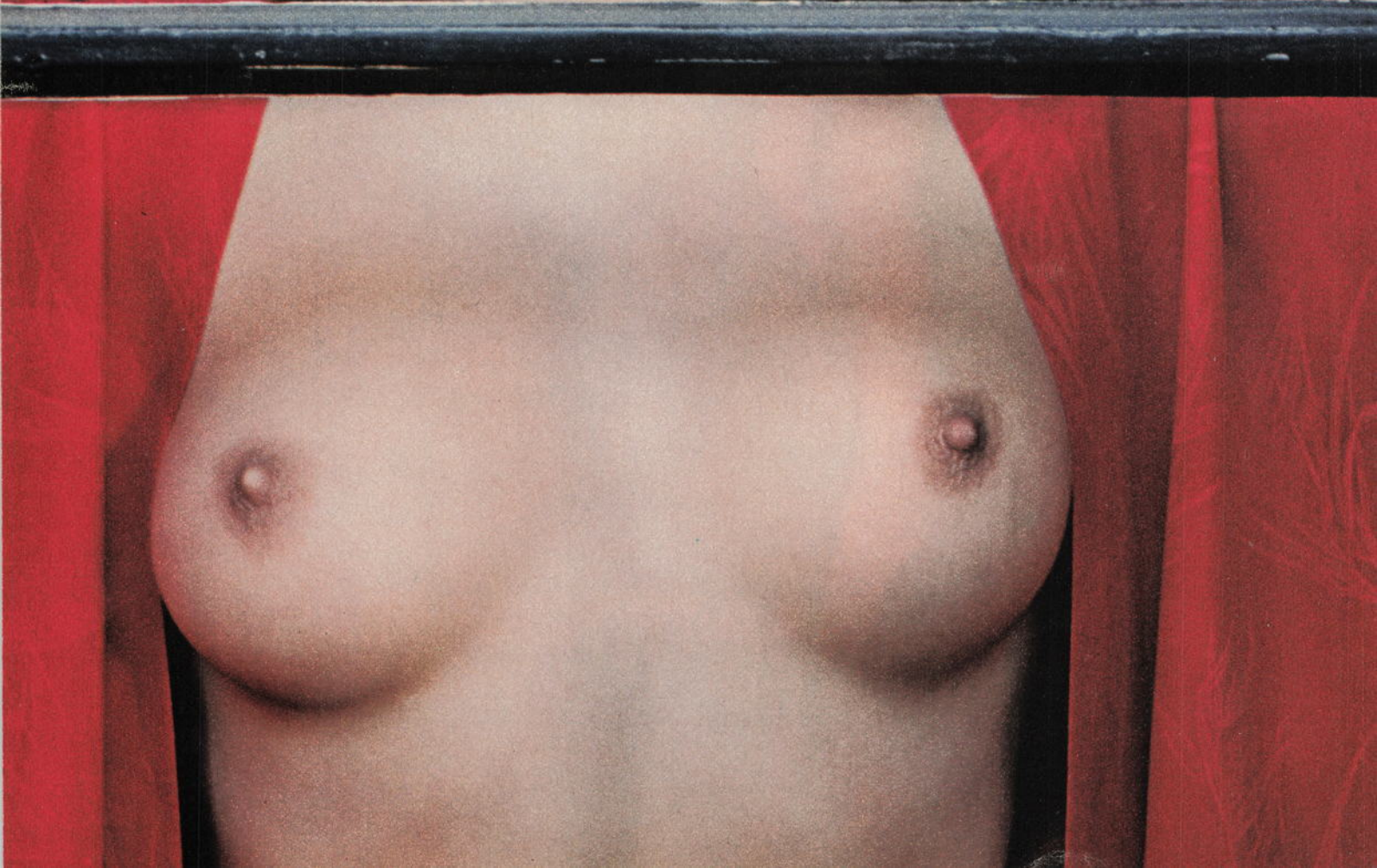


KERRY LOU

Sunshine Supergirl

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS







"It's so wonderful to be back in the islands again!" exclaimed 22-year-old Kerry Lou. "The winters in London get so depressing. For months, ev-

erything is gray—even your skin gets gray. That's why I love to come down here. The world has color, and people look beautiful again."

We met Kerry Lou on the island of Antigua, a notorious Caribbean hangout for the British well-to-do, where she vacations every spring. We

chatted poolside with her at the posh house she has all to herself while she's on holiday. How does a young working girl manage to afford such





a place? "The house belongs to a friend of my father. I think he just holds onto it as a tax shelter, though; he's only been here twice in six years. And that's great for me, because he pays my way down here every year, just to make sure everything is all right."

And what does a beautiful young lady like Kerry Lou do to amuse herself on an island? Does she swim? Scuba dive? Fish? "I don't fancy that sort of thing." Well, then, what sort of thing does she fancy? "Men, partying and dancing—in that order," she told us. "If I come this far for a vacation, I'm not going to waste my time acting like a dolphin. I want to have fun!"

At home, Kerry Lou is an early riser and a hard worker who pushes herself to the limit. "Perhaps that's why I'm so wild down here. I spend fifty weeks a year working so hard in London that I just naturally cut loose here."

In England, Kerry Lou works for a large brokerage firm, where her talents haven't gone unnoticed. Within a year, she has already had two promotions, but she's paid dearly for them. "I never have time for a private life anymore," she





lamented. "Besides, Englishmen are so self-centered that they can't tolerate a woman who thinks her career is as important as his. So, until I find a man who can accept me *and* my job, I'll just have to wait for my holidays to have fun."

What sort of men does she go for? we asked. "Basically, a man who goes for me. I adore men who let their intentions be known. The open, aggressive types. Also, I love the guys who spend their time crewing on boats. They're all so tan and healthy. Since they spend so little time on land, they don't waste it playing games.

They say exactly what's on their minds, and exactly what they want."

Antigua is dotted with bars and night spots, and Kerry Lou is familiar with all of them.

Which places does she frequent the most? "Well, it depends on my mood, but usually I'll go to a club that features live reggae. These are the spots where I can usually find people I know, as well as people I'd *like* to know. In London, I'm always too busy to run around, but I make up for it here. I don't know why, but when I'm here, I'm always trying to









outdo myself. It must be the tropical climate. I've talked to other girls, so I know this doesn't happen only to me. There's something about the Caribbean that really gets a woman hot—and I don't mean the weather."

We wondered if she had met anyone special on the island. "Well, I don't think I would bother with someone if there weren't *something* special about him. But last year, I met a fellow named Keith. He was an American and was he adorable. We met in a club and danced all night. Then he told me that he owned a house

on the other side of the island. I thought this was just a line to impress me, because he was only my age. Well, he finally took me there to prove he was telling the truth. Was I shocked! The house was a palace, and I stayed there with him for a week. We spent most of the time in bed. I really went crazy for this guy. It wasn't until the day I was leaving that he told me he was a smuggler. Now, *that* was exciting. A little scary, but exciting. Of course, that was last year's adventure. With a little luck, I'll have a better one before I leave this year."





oui
JUNE 1980





LOU FERRIGNO

It's not easy being the Incredible Hulk: The fans rip your clothes, the makeup makes you sweat, you're lonelier than Marilyn Monroe and it's a bitch keeping your weight down to 275.

Hollywood has had its share of overnight-star stories, but none quite so farfetched as that of Lou Ferrigno. There he was, a near-deaf kid from Brooklyn, who walked into Universal Studios for a screen test and went

to work the next day in a new TV series. A year later, he was a household name—the Hulk—and when the 28-year-old bodybuilder flew to Argentina last year, he couldn't even get off the plane. Some 10,000 people had mobbed the airport in search of their muscle-monster hero.

At 16, Lou picked up a few weights that his policeman-father had around the house, and by the age of 22, he'd won the title of both Mr. Universe and Mr. America. At 24, he went to play pro ball for the Toronto Argonauts in the Canadian Football League, but left shortly afterward with a leg injury: "I wasn't enough of an animal on the field."

Ferrigno then moved to Los Angeles, the bodybuilders' Mecca. He snared a feature role in the film *Pumping Iron*, in which he lost the Mr. Olympia contest to archrival Arnold Schwarzenegger. Lou came off looking slightly less intelligent than a Neanderthal in that one, but the role did bring him to the attention of the producers of *The Incredible Hulk*.

To play Bill Bixby's rampaging alter ego,

Lou gets up at 6 A.M. every day for a two-and-a-half-hour makeup session. Then he sits in a chilled van, so he doesn't sweat off the green greasepaint. He also wears white contact lenses and a variety of false noses and foreheads. "When people laugh at me," he says, "I tell them that I'm green all the way to the bank."

We sent freelance writer John Calendo (who clowned with Lenny and Squiggy in the October '79 *OUI*) to interview Ferrigno at the modest Santa Monica apartment he moved into after his year-old marriage to a U.C.L.A. coed ended in divorce. Calendo's report: "Unlike most actors, Lou is somehow even larger than he appears onscreen. Those two hundred, seventy-five pounds of muscle on a six-foot-five-inch frame seemed to be totally concentrated in his chest—my God, his pecs are the size of most people's heads. Oddly enough, without the green makeup, Lou has typical TV-actor features; which is to say he looks like a doll from Mattel: big soft cheeks, wide eyes, perfect complexion.

"The bottom line is this: Lou Ferrigno is totally for real. Most actors offer you wine or a joint when you come to interview them. Lou did what I imagine I would do. He offered to show me videotapes of himself on TV, some scenes from upcoming episodes. He wanted me to see how the rips in the Hulk's pants are going higher, as the network markets him for female viewers. It seemed as good a place as any to begin."

OUI: Are you a big sex symbol now?

FERRIGNO: Yeah. The show is getting wild. Every time Bill Bixby turns into me, the rip in my pants gets higher and higher. Last week you could see part of my butt. Jesus, I'm going to have every woman in America masturbating.

OUI: Does the network discuss the rips with you?

FERRIGNO: Sure. It's a reaction to the letters. Women write: "Dear Lou, how come when Bill puts his pants on, the rips hit him in the same place they hit you? Why aren't you more exposed in front?" On an upcom-

ing program, I'll be showing some groin, and I'm dying to see the reaction to that. It used to be that all my fans were kids, but now they're mainly women—they come up to me at carnivals, car shows, wherever I make personal appearances. Like fifty- and sixty-year-old ladies who gape and just want to touch my arm. And these fourteen-year-old girls who get crushes on me and start right in hugging and kissing! I used to have a hard time just talking to girls. Now it's incredible. Some women send me pictures of themselves naked and say they want to marry the Hulk, have sex with the Hulk. It's a security thing: They get swept

away by the size and the power. They write how they'd like to be in my dressing room when I take off my robe. They sound so excited in the letters that I think if they did get a look at my body, they'd come right before my eyes.

OUI: You must have your pick of women.

FERRIGNO: I do . . . but to be honest, not every woman I ask to go to bed says OK. But most times when a girl turns me on, I end up having a relationship.

OUI: Before you were a TV star, when you were just a muscleman, was it very easy to meet girls?

FERRIGNO: The price I had to pay for being

the largest bodybuilder in the world was that I stuck out like a sore thumb. A lot of girls couldn't handle that. A girl would think, "God, if he laid me, I'd break in two!" I'd try to get her past the muscles, because I'm really a fantastic person inside. But if that didn't work, I'd say, "Fine, forget it, goodbye." I don't need anybody, as long as I have myself.

OUI: Just how large are you?

FERRIGNO: I'm six-five, two hundred and seventy-five pounds. My neck is nineteen inches; my chest is fifty-nine inches; my biceps are twenty-two and a half inches.

OUI: Did you use steroids?

FERRIGNO: I experimented with them, but they didn't do much for me. They only make a ten percent difference in water retention. Most guys in bodybuilding competitions take steroids. But I don't recommend them, because they stir up dormant cancer cells.

OUI: Did people ever make you feel like a freak?

FERRIGNO: All my life. But that didn't bother me; it just made me train harder.

OUI: Why did you specifically want to be an enormous man?

FERRIGNO: I liked sports as a kid, but I was a loner. Football was a team sport; baseball was a team sport. I picked bodybuilding because you worked out alone and you went up on the stage alone. I wanted to win all the titles, to be a tremendous hero, a living legend.

OUI: But there were so many drawbacks. Girls were afraid to date you. People pointed you out as a freak. And it must have been expensive: You had to eat more than the average teenager, have custom-made clothes...

FERRIGNO: Now I can afford custom-made clothes. Then, I bought number-three extra-large shirts at big men's shops, and my mother took in the waists.

OUI: Why did you do it?

FERRIGNO: It made me happy. When I was building my body, I was a happy person.

OUI: Do you think your determination to excel at bodybuilding is linked to losing your hearing at the age of three?

FERRIGNO: Writers harp too much on that. If I had perfect hearing, I would still be a bodybuilder. I don't like to elaborate on my hearing problem, because people will think I took a nonspeaking role because I have to talk with my hands. The fact is that I *can* speak. I was not born deaf. At the age of three, I got a cold. One day my parents called to me, and I didn't turn around. Pus was pouring out of my ear. By the time I saw a doctor, the infection had done nerve damage. But let's stay away from this topic, because the public is so easily misled. I

mean, deaf schools all over the country write for promotional pictures of me with a hearing aid, but I won't get involved in that. I never felt sorry for myself... I'm as well as everybody else... even better.

OUI: OK. But is it true that the hearing loss inspired you to excel in life?

FERRIGNO: It motivated me, yes, and I've come a long way. Since I was eleven, my dream was to become Mr. Universe. Nobody thought I could do it. I started training at sixteen, and by the time I was twenty-

day Universal called and said to come down. I had heard they were searching for the biggest bodybuilder they could find. Well, I went down for the screen test, and the next day I was working.

OUI: I read that you went from five hundred dollars an episode to twenty thousand dollars.

FERRIGNO: I wish! I'm lucky if I make half that much.

OUI: How much do you make?

FERRIGNO: I'd rather keep that private.

OUI: Do you get royalties on the Hulk doll?

FERRIGNO: No. Marvel Comics and Universal own all the rights. I'm supposed to get four percent of the producer's net profit, but I haven't seen ten cents, yet. A doll royalty is something you're not even thinking about when you get your first break, but the network knows about it. By now, I would have made a small fortune. You can say the Hulk made Lou Ferrigno, but Lou Ferrigno made the Hulk, too. Last Halloween, the Hulk was the best-selling costume. The comic book is bigger than it ever was. They even changed the Hulk's body to resemble mine. Before, he was just a green mass; now he has stomach definition.

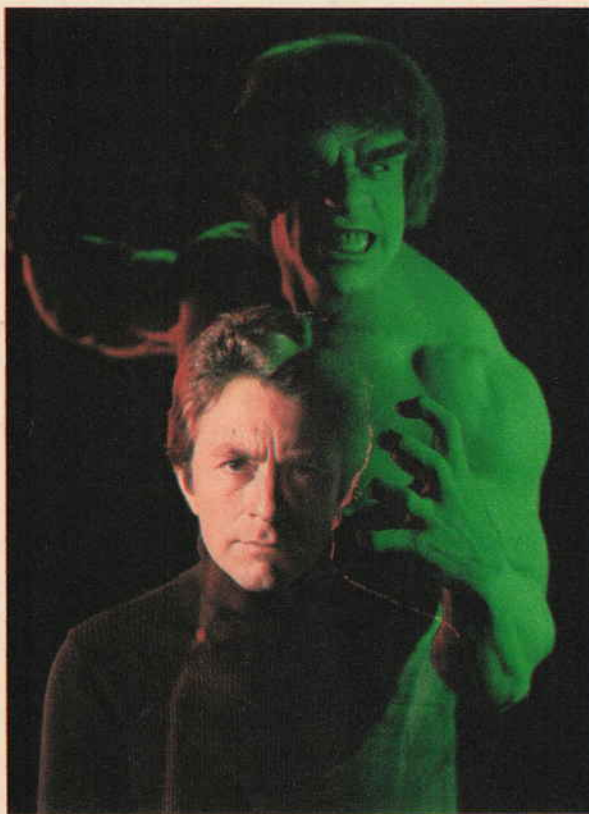
OUI: Didn't Universal threaten to fire you over a financial dispute?

FERRIGNO: Yeah. I had signed a contract and was getting a very low fee—especially unfair, since the job has so many drawbacks. Most shows take only a few days to shoot; ours takes twelve, because of the complicated special effects. Most shows get three months off; ours gets three weeks. Then there's the green makeup. It takes two and a half hours to put it all over my body. I can't nap because it might smear. I can't go out of my super-air-conditioned motorhome, because I might

sweat. So I just sit up and watch TV and read magazines—but how much of that can you take? The worst thing is how the makeup closes all the pores. In fact, I've almost been hospitalized twice. Once, it was over a hundred degrees, and I had to run a hundred yards. The next thing I knew, I woke up on the floor of my motorhome with an oxygen mask on my face and the sirens coming down.

OUI: How long do you usually stay in makeup?

FERRIGNO: Fourteen hours. And when it comes off, I sweat for a half hour before my temperature returns to normal. It's devastating. When I go to work in the morning, it's like I'm going to jail. So, after a year of that, I wanted the pay I deserved. The network said, "If he doesn't like it, we'll get somebody else." I said, "Fine, try." I mean, Schwarzenegger could pump his brains



"Schwarzenegger may have made bodybuilding famous, but as an actor, he has limitations."

two, I had won Mr. Universe twice. I don't believe in the word *can't*. I don't believe in the words *if*, *think* and *hope*. I just believe in *yes* and *no*. I go to the extreme to get what I want. If I don't get it, at least I gave a hundred percent.

OUI: How did you get into show business?

FERRIGNO: Luck. I appeared in a documentary about the Mr. Olympia contest called *Pumping Iron*. Arnold [Schwarzenegger] had done the book, and they used me and him for the film. It was a good movie, but I didn't like the way I came off. Too much of a papa/son relationship. But I found that I loved the camera. I may be shy in public, but when the camera comes on, I turn into an entirely different person. I can be anybody you want.

OUI: How did you become the Hulk?

FERRIGNO: After *Pumping Iron*, I went to a lot of auditions and got very frustrated. One

but he could never take that role away from me.

OUI: Because of his size?

FERRIGNO: Because he couldn't portray the sensitivity that I can. There is only *one* Hulk. They tried everything. They tried my stand-in.

OUI: He's a black guy, right?

FERRIGNO: Yeah, but it doesn't make any difference under green makeup. He does my long shots, but even from a distance, it's obvious he's not as big. They also made a mask of my face and put it on him. He looked like a dead Lou Ferrigno. Nothing worked. So then they sued me. I mean, people in the movie business will exploit you to the limit! Anyway, this went on for three weeks, and at the last minute, they said, "OK, we'll pay you a better fee." Then I felt respected as an actor, not just a bodybuilder who'd been hanging around.

OUI: What do you see for yourself after *The Incredible Hulk* is off the air?

FERRIGNO: I used to wonder about that, but Bill Bixby said, "Don't worry, the show will have a tremendous impact; TV is very powerful." After a while, I decided to break out. I did some publicity without the makeup, as Lou Ferrigno. So, in time, I'll establish myself like any other celebrity. I've got a good start. When people think of physical fitness, they think of Lou Ferrigno. Kids today will hunch over like the Hulk and do the growl, which is the most muscular pose in bodybuilding. It was always considered ugly. I changed the image. Before, a kid would start bodybuilding and his mother would say, "What do those guys do with their lives? They hang out at the beach." Now the kid can say, "Lou Ferrigno has the hottest series on TV. He might be a wealthy man someday." And that kind of respect is always what I wanted in life. I'm not just a big guy named Louie, anymore. I'm Mr. Ferrigno, now. I changed the whole image of bodybuilding.

OUI: Didn't Arnold Schwarzenegger do that first?

FERRIGNO: He made the sport famous, but I brought it into everyone's living room. The public might get turned off by Arnold, but they love me.

OUI: Turned off?

FERRIGNO: Arnold is limited. I'm being strictly honest. He's sort of the Muhammad Ali of bodybuilding, on the villainous side.

OUI: But just last year he played a cowboy hero all in white, opposite Ann-Margret.

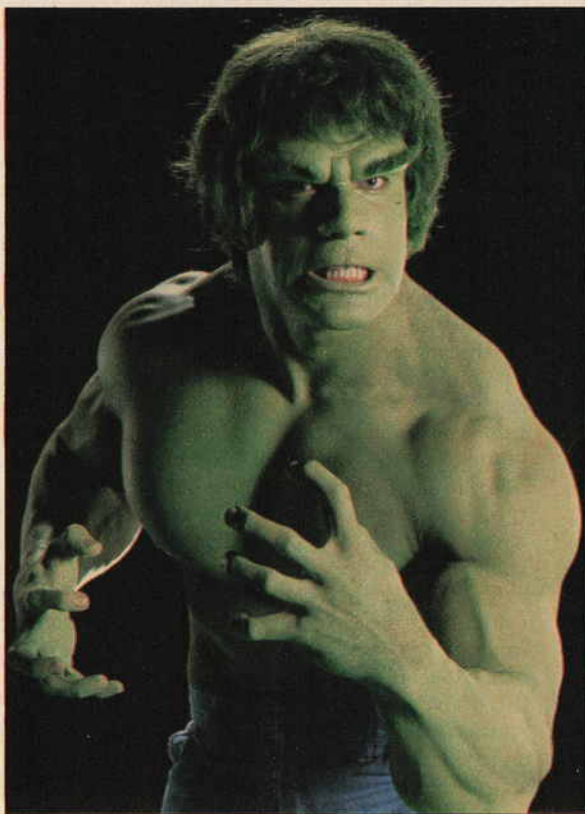
FERRIGNO: It was the wrong role for him, very disappointing. I think he'll be good in *Conan the Barbarian*, though. Arnold can portray a barbarian-type guy, but not the sensitive type, like me. Don't misunder-

stand—Arnold will always be respected, because he made bodybuilding famous. He fought all along to raise the Mr. Olympia prize to a thousand, two thousand, three thousand dollars. He showed people that you could have brawn *and* brains. But as an actor, he has limitations.

OUI: Do you?

FERRIGNO: I may, but I use a tremendous amount of energy to overcome them. I always have.

OUI: What did stardom change most about



"Exercise increases your love muscle, but not the one down there. The one in your head."

your life?

FERRIGNO: I became a sex symbol.

OUI: It's become fashionable for actresses to reject the category of sex symbol. Are you happy with it?

FERRIGNO: Sure, who wouldn't be? I mean, who else is there? Robert Redford, Paul Newman, John Travolta—they're all small. I'm the most popular sex symbol, for a man over six feet.

OUI: You are one of the few men—perhaps the only man ever—to be marketed exclusively as a body.

FERRIGNO: I'm not just a body. I'm an actor. When I play the Hulk, people see the sensitivity behind the role. That's why women fall in love with him. Sure, he gets mad and goes through a wall, but they can see that underneath he's basically a very sweet person...

OUI: With a shyness problem.

FERRIGNO: Right, like me. The Hulk doesn't have to speak; the audience speaks for him. Pantomime is the hardest kind of acting to do.

OUI: What sort of problems have you encountered as a sex symbol?

FERRIGNO: I have to be selective now about dating—and maybe I'll date only once in two weeks—because the turn-off of my life is some woman going around town saying, "Oh, wow, I fucked Lou Ferrigno!" Like I was a prize at Coney Island.

OUI: This, of course, is the classic complaint of all sex symbols, like Marilyn, Raquel...

FERRIGNO: I've read a lot about Marilyn Monroe, and I can relate my situation to hers. Here was a woman people thought of as a dumb blonde, but who really wanted to be recognized as an actress—like Farrah Fawcett, today. She had a lonely childhood, an unhappy divorce...

OUI: Sounds like your life story.

FERRIGNO: Yeah. I mean the day is coming when I'll walk down the street and people will go bananas over my body. But I'll have it worse than Marilyn. She could hide under a hat and sunglasses, but if I were to put on a mask and walk into a packed baseball stadium, even the kids on the other side of the field would stand up and yell, "That's Lou Ferrigno!" My body is unmistakable. In the last six months, everything has gone berserk, wild. I can't go anywhere by myself anymore. And people don't realize how easy it is for all this to make you very, very lonely. I understand Marilyn's situation—how you can get so lonely after a while that the money means nothing, the possessions mean nothing, and one day you put a gun in your mouth and blow your head off.

OUI: Have you ever come close to such lethal loneliness?

FERRIGNO: No. Maybe during my divorce. It was the most painful experience of my life. My only outlet was the gym; I spent a tremendous amount of time training. But I have a lot of friends today, good friends. That's what keeps me going.

OUI: Your marriage seemed ideal. Your wife was a pretty psych major at U.C.L.A., who encouraged you to take correspondence courses in kinesiology, so you'd have something to fall back on. What happened?

FERRIGNO: I got very popular, and she couldn't handle all the women around me. It didn't mean I was going to bed with them. I was very respectful to her. I love her. In fact, she called recently, and I still want to be close friends. But she got more involved in the medical field, and I wanted a film career. I couldn't change for her, and she couldn't change for me.

OUI: But I've read that she was ambitiously

behind your film career.

FERRIGNO: She was at first, but she was holding back.

OUI: She became your agent/manager, didn't she?

FERRIGNO: She wanted to, but nobody controls my life. That is what was happening. When people tried to contact me, they spoke to her, because I didn't have the time to talk on the phone for two hours. I wanted to be at the gym. One time, my wife read something about how she was insisting on being included in everything I did. Boy, did she go crazy—threw a tantrum in a department store. I was laughing. "It's just publicity," I said. "Some people love to see stars split up; some people love to see them drop dead." I never cared what was written. I just enjoyed seeing the picture of myself smiling.

OUI: Does the loss of privacy bother you?

FERRIGNO: Always. People watch me all the time in restaurants. I may just have come from signing five thousand autographs at a car show, but the moment I sit down in a quiet restaurant, somebody will say, "Gee, I hate to bother you, but could I have your autograph?" And they'll throw the paper right in front of me. I'll say, "I don't mean to be rude, but could you wait until after I finish?" And they leave saying, "Goddamn asshole. They're all a bunch of stuck-ups!" And it makes me wish I had taken the extra time. It's like, I always have to behave. If I say, "Son of a bitch!" at the supermarket, people whisper, "See? He's just like he is on TV. He has that sort of temper."

OUI: What sort of temper do you have?

FERRIGNO: I don't rip trees out of the ground and throw pickup trucks through the air. Some interviewers actually ask me about that. Training at the gym is an outlet for me, so I'm more controlled than the ordinary person.

OUI: I've heard how men think it's fun to pick fights with you at bars.

FERRIGNO: It doesn't happen that much. But let's say I'm in a bar with a hundred wiped-out people, and maybe a football player comes in. He might be as big as me, but he is envious. He doesn't have the recognition. So I have a handle on it, and I can walk away. I know me: I could probably put him on the critical list. I came in fourth in the World's Strongest Man competition.

OUI: Do you have a bodyguard?

FERRIGNO: No, but a lot of my friends are Los Angeles policemen, and they'll beat the shit out of anyone with their sticks. Fights are not my problem at bars.

OUI: Are you being offered anything outside of the Hulk role?

FERRIGNO: There's talk of a physical-fitness special, with me giving exercises to celebrities like Jerry Lewis and Buddy Hackett. I'm writing my autobiography, and I'm about to syndicate a two- or three-minute exercise show from Vegas. Maybe tie it in with a golf tournament. I'm being

LOU FERRIGNO

**You can ask me
anything you want,
but I'll tell you that it's
not how big it is; it's
how you use it.**

promoted as the next Jack La Lanne.

OUI: Do you plan to franchise?

FERRIGNO: Not right now. I'd have to make personal appearances at all the gyms, and the show never gives me a break. You can't imagine how long it takes to do those slow-motion special effects. They have to change every light, every camera, all the makeup. *The Incredible Hulk* is Universal's most expensive show.

OUI: Your father has already opened a Lou Ferrigno sporting center in Brooklyn.

FERRIGNO: Funny thing, because he was against me being a bodybuilder. Now he's using my name to make money for him and my brother.

OUI: You sound bitter.

FERRIGNO: In a small way, I feel exploited. You can say they're my family, but I'm the type who'd never go back and say, "Hey, where's my share?" My father wishes he could live his life through me, which he can't. I figure they can have the sporting center, because I can do so much more on my own.

OUI: Have there ever been quarrels with Bill Bixby over top billing?

FERRIGNO: People have tried to antagonize us, saying I was the Hulk, so I was really the star of the show, and how Bill was jealous of my popularity. But Bill has been in the business twenty years, and I'd never want to compete with him. We've never quarreled. Disagreed sometimes about the part, but I respect his judgment. He'll fight with the scriptwriter so that the Hulk is never downplayed as comedy. He's directed the show a few times, and he's the best director I've ever worked with.

OUI: What is the dumbest misconception about you?

FERRIGNO: That I eat four pigs and a cow for breakfast. Actually, I only eat two meals a day. In the morning, a six-egg omelet and juice. At night, a pound of meat. Most bodybuilders my size have to eat six or seven meals, but I have perfect metabolism. In fact, it's hard to keep my weight down. I could get bigger and bigger.

OUI: Why don't you?

FERRIGNO: Well, then I would be out of proportion. A lot of bodybuilders are too top-heavy, which gives them that freaky look. I have a Hercules build. When I was playing football for the Argonauts, I got up to three hundred pounds and really started looking like a heavy, heavy man. But I like the fine lines. I'm light on my feet; that's

obvious from the show. I proved that a big man doesn't have to be muscle-bound.

OUI: Is it easier for a heavy or a thin man to build his body?

FERRIGNO: Thin man. The heavy man has to burn off all the fat first. You can always build size, but you can't turn fat into muscle.

OUI: Must you start bodybuilding in your teens?

FERRIGNO: Baloney. A lot of Mr. Universes began training at thirty and won the title at forty.

OUI: How long would it take the average guy to look like a bodybuilder, from the first day he entered the gym?

FERRIGNO: A year to a year and a half. That's with the right exercises and working out for an hour and a half, three times a week.

OUI: Is having sex a bad thing to do before a competition?

FERRIGNO: Bullshit! Just don't overdo it, because it saps your energy.

OUI: Can you exercise to increase your love muscle?

FERRIGNO: I'll be honest with you; bodybuilding has done a lot for me sexually. Because you spend a lot of time admiring yourself, and you feel you have so much more to give. You have to love yourself before you can love someone else. So, yeah, exercise increases your love muscle, but not the one down here. The one in your head. Exercise has definitely paid off for me, because now I am America's sex symbol.

OUI: All right. Since you are a sex symbol, and this is *OUI* Magazine, I would be derelict in my duty if I did not ask what all America wants to know: How big is your dick, Lou Ferrigno?

FERRIGNO: You can ask me anything you want, but what I say to that is: It's not how big it is; it's how you use it.

OUI: Well, that describes the atom, too, but it doesn't answer the question.

FERRIGNO: What do you mean?

OUI: I want inches, Lou. I want feet. I want yards!

FERRIGNO: You wouldn't ask Laurence Olivier how big his dick is.

OUI: No one cares, Lou. They care about you. That's the price of being America's sex symbol.

FERRIGNO: Well, I'll tell you a story. This girl I once got to know said to me, "You really turn me on, but I don't want to make love with you, because I'm afraid you have a penis *this* big!"

OUI: That's about fourteen inches you're indicating.

FERRIGNO: Yeah, this big. So that pissed me off. It's like saying I wouldn't know how to use my body, like I really was the Hulk on a rampage. The fact is that I'm very, very gentle. But anyway, that night we did end up having sex, and the next day, she could hardly walk. "Boy," she said, "am I sorry I made that remark!"

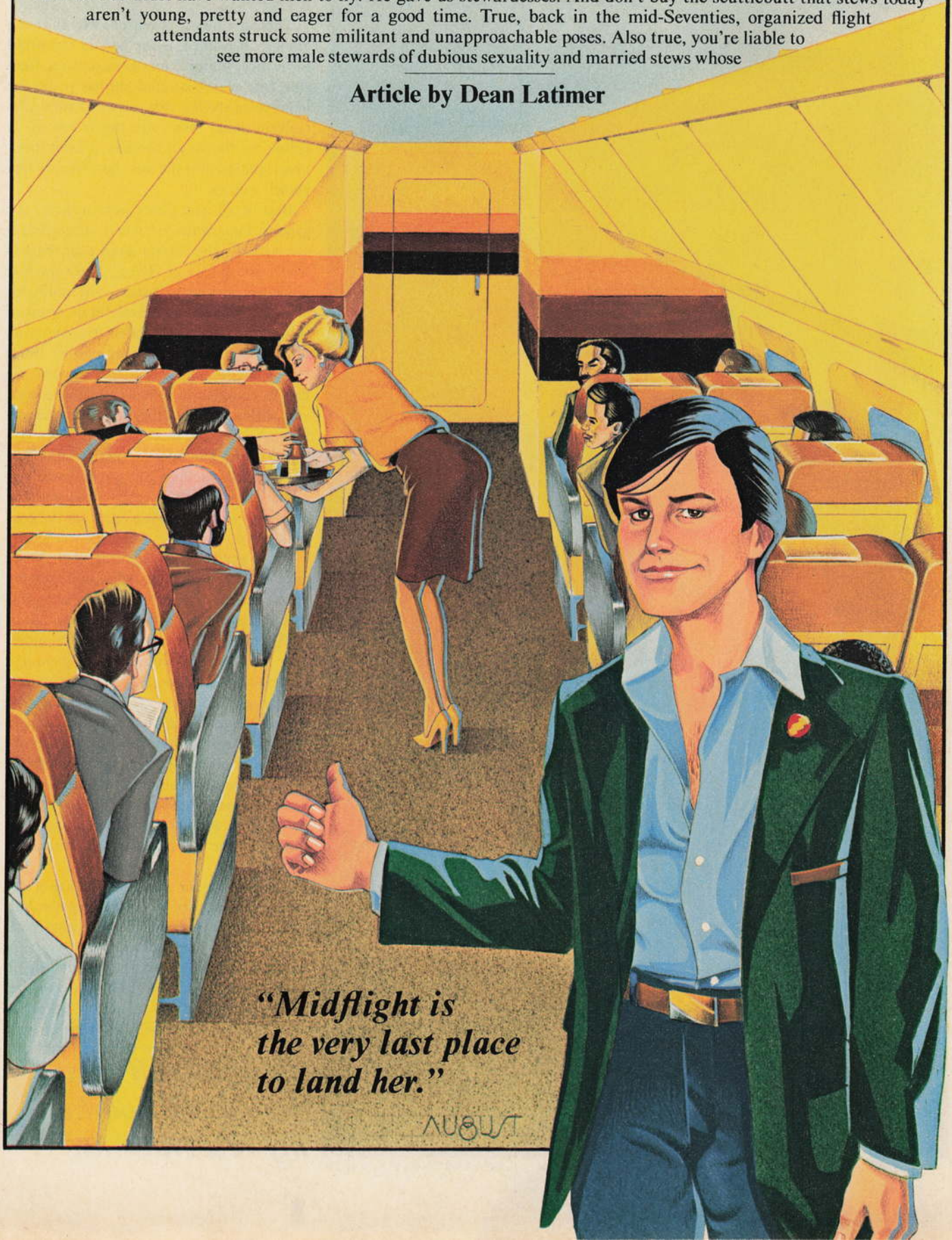
OUI: America, I hope you're satisfied. ■

THE LAYOVER CONSPIRACY

The Best and Worst Places to Connect with a Stewardess

Face it. God must have wanted men to fly: He gave us stewardesses. And don't buy the scuttlebutt that stews today aren't young, pretty and eager for a good time. True, back in the mid-Seventies, organized flight attendants struck some militant and unapproachable poses. Also true, you're liable to see more male stewards of dubious sexuality and married stews whose

Article by Dean Latimer



*"Midflight is
the very last place
to land her."*

AUGUST



ILLUSTRATION BY BOB AUGUST

looks have, to be kind, matured. But use your head, Lothario. There are more airliners in the sky now than ever before—big babies, too, and each one full of lovely stewardesses. To stretch a metaphor: The flying fox is not an endangered species, and you owe it to yourself to learn how to land one. Right?

There are plenty of reasons why the stew, among all women, is the best in the world for a nice, mature, totally sexual relationship. She's rarely around; she has an income of her own; she'll lavish you with exotic gifts (international stews are the *crème de la crème*, by the way); she has at least minimum smarts; and she has stewardesses like herself as pals.

Best of all, you never have to leave the ground. I guarantee it. In fact, stewardesses are virtually the perfect quarry for the guy who's got a fear of flying. The very last place to come on to a stew is in midflight. They get more than a bellyful of drunken sots pulling the old "coffee, tea and you, honey" line on them. This is another situation where no matter how cool you are, the girl is going to automatically pigeonhole you with a million other irritating ding-a-lings, if you come on to her while she's trying to do her job. So pick another situation. Merely approaching her under novel circumstances automatically gives you the chance of really standing out from the general crowd of faceless, would-be Romeos.

Avoid the great silver birds, then, when chasing after stews. Oh, sure, undoubtedly you've read or heard of jet-set Casanovas who hop international flights on Swissair or Lufthansa, just to romance the blondies over six time zones and then nail them in a Geneva or Munich hotel when they're getting groggy from jet lag. I knew a guy who once managed a complete act of passion on the New York-Boston shuttle while standing up in the steward's cloakroom with his eardrums popping all the way, up and down. But let us leave these airborne maneuvers to gentlemen who possess the exceptional funds and the extraordinary determination required.

The best lair for stews is in the bar of any hotel that happens to feature regular limousine service to and from the local airport. Stewardesses don't generally party it up much between flights; they pretty much stick around the hotels. On the average, your typical stew works only a couple of weeks each month. She'll spend six or eight

"A quiet, off-duty drink will soothe my reservations."

days at a stretch flying here and there, within the country or internationally, and then another six or eight days at home, recuperating from the accumulated jet lag. So, during a work stretch, when she knocks off flying for a 12-hour sleep, she's bound to hop into the limo and head straight for the hotel—and straight into the bar thereof. And this is where you come in, hopefully.

Frankly, stewardesses drink as well as you do. Maybe better. Being a flight attendant is not at all an easy job. It requires shepherding upward of a hundred generally nervous, drunk or airsick people across the sky on each flight. So when you see a couple of stews weave into the hotel tavern you've staked out—by the way, stews always travel in pairs; that's how the airlines set them up in hotels between flights—keep in mind that these women have probably just wiped up a quart apiece of airsickness-bag over-spill, soothed a frail little old lady out of a severe anxiety crisis and been systematically annoyed by a dozen extremely fresh lechers. Also, they've probably been up since two o'clock yesterday morning, your time, and popped so many stimulants and tranquilizers that they can't rightly remember if they're up or down at any particular moment. It doesn't seem quite fair to take advantage of this weakness. But put matters in perspective: Is it any less fair to hit up on a stoned stranger in a disco?

So, take your pick and make your move. Whether it's the redhead with the legs right up to her neck (panty hose slightly spindled, sure, but looking *good*), or the wee plumpy with her corn-colored hair haystacking mussily out from under her cute little stew cap, they're both looking for the same thing right now: four quick cocktails, a flat bed, clean sheets and oblivion. Interposing yourself somewhere between the second cocktail and the clean sheets could be child's play. In fact, you could be doing her a favor.

Nothing is more conducive to total relaxation than total sex. Stews know this. Thus, a good line for breaking the ice is always: "I had heard the weather over Podunk was rocky today, but from the looks of you girls, they were having a tornado. Care for another drink?" Or maybe: "Bartender, give my lady friend here a double Rob Roy and a new permanent." The main thing is to be understanding and witty, and just a trace critical of their rumpled postflight appearance. These girls are convinced they look like death warmed over right now. You have to utilize that. Let them know you can see they're not 100 percent up to *Glamour*-magazine form, but let them also know that you know what they went through to make them look this way, and that you appreciate it.

Another great thing here is that the stew will typically be too exhausted to come back with anything more snappy than a groggy smile and a grateful acceptance of your drink. Even if she refuses your first offer on general grounds of propriety, it shouldn't take much prodding to get her to eventually tip one down with you.

A sly tactic that generally pays off, I've discovered, is to switch your come-on to the stew she's planning to room with that night. "Well, if your friend won't have a double," you might suggest in tones of perfect frankness, "can I interest you in a triple?" These

Steer your conversation away from matters concerning her livelihood. A stew finds nothing so boring as stratospheric shoptalk.

girls don't often know each other all that well, y'see, and pretty young women, when they're thrust together professionally, do tend to set up a kind of automatic rivalry whenever a male introduces himself. Your designated stew is bound to feel just a pang of competitive jealousy when she sees you flirting with her comely colleague, and she'll probably soften up somewhat toward you, just on general principle. And what the hell? You might very well wind up with number two by simple virtue of having come on to number one first. Or, it's not at all impossible that you could wind up with both!

In terms of conversation, it's advisable to steer the talk away from matters concerning their livelihood. Stews find nothing quite so boring as stratospheric shop talk. Don't ask them what Biarritz or Curaçao is really like; they've been through there a dozen times and probably never left the airport. Stews generally go into the business hoping to land a dashing pilot for a husband. After the first six months, by which time they've learned that pilots are uniformly the most boring and solidly married men in the world, the whole job's just one big, long grind for them. Talk about movies. Any woman who ever wanted to marry a pilot, for God's sake, *has* to have a passionate attachment to the cinema and its heroes.

Now, it will not hurt your cause, as the conversation unfolds, to gently, almost surreptitiously, correct little odds and ends in this poor girl's disheveled appearance. Tuck

that unruly sprout of maple-brown hair neatly behind her ear. Straighten the misaligned lapels of her rumpled uniform. Dust away the stray cigarette ash she sleepily let drop onto her pert nylon-covered kneecap. Be solicitous for her self-image; smile understandingly; touch her body gently and deftly in the more innocent places, all the while carrying on a string of movie chatter that just happens to be tending further and further toward the really X-rated cinema. When you've got her telling you what she really thought were the more gross and depraved parts of *Deep Throat*, you lower the boom.

"Excuse me, there's just a little speck of eyeliner here," you murmur, and wetting one forefinger slightly with your tongue and tilting her cheek up toward you with the other hand, gently wipe away an imaginary trace of makeup from under her bottom eyelash. She ought to quiver perceptibly at this master stroke.

If the other stew is any kind of good sport, she will excuse herself and head for those clean sheets. Once she's out of earshot, you should immediately tell your girl that you happen to have a flat bed, clean sheets and a potent nightcap at your own place, and a car to carry her thither. With any luck, you should be on your way, her head resting drowsily on your shoulder while she smiles sublimely in anticipation of the finest put-to-sleep action she could possibly get.

She'll set the alarm, for sure. And when it goes off the next morning, be ready to see a whole lot of hasty washing, dressing and scooting around your apartment looking for lost panty hose. She's sure to be bitchy and headachy, no matter what degree of full-body massage she got the night before. This is cool: Just be as affectionate as possible, get her to the airport on time, give her your telephone number and a big last-minute tongue-smooch and a rump-grope at the PERSONNEL door.

One final thought: It's a sad but tantalizing fact that stewardesses tend to disappear for long stretches of time. You might receive a postcard of a zoo or a waterfall with a half-romantic, silly message scrawled on the back, perhaps inspired by her second or third daiquiri at a hotel bar. But when you finally do hear from her in person, it will come as a complete surprise, at an hour like eight in the morning or eleven at night. She's on layover from someplace you've never been and dying to see you again. Don't ever suppose that this is the start of something serious and steady. Most likely, she's just hungry for some good food, pleasant conversation and completely guiltless sex. Consider it a compliment and, by all means, go for it, friend. The sky's the limit. ■

THE SCIENCE OF DRINKING WITHOUT GETTING DRUNK

Since the beginning of time there have been two activities in which mankind has sought to over-indulge without fear of penalty or suffering. The second one is drinking alcohol.

Listen, if there were a way—any medically feasible way at all—to heavily booze it up without getting smashed, then doctors all over this great nation of ours wouldn't be spending Wednesday afternoons embarrassing themselves. The pure, ineluctable fact is that there is no way that you can drink to excess and not (a) get drunk and (b) show it. Notice the operative word here. *Excess*. So the thing to do is to understand just what excess is and where it begins, and then stop before you get there.

Very simply, there are only three stages to consider: *before* you have your first pop; *during* the drinking; and *after* you're bombed. The name of the game here is to try and avoid—or at least minimize—becoming disgusting in public. Or anywhere for that matter. Watch.

B E F O R E

The most popular myth in general circulation about pre-drinking safeguards is that a shot of olive oil (or salad oil or half-and-half or even milk) will coat the stomach, and therefore protect its owner from the debilitating effects of demon rum, demon gin, demon vodka, etc. Such a premise is not altogether horseshockey.

It is true that the ingestion of any of these substances might be of some benefit, but not particularly for the coating process. It's their protein and antacid content entering the system prior to the alcohol that helps to protect both mind and body. But don't be misled. Although there may be some benefit to taking a milk fix before boozing, it cannot possibly overcome overindulgence.

What milk—or anything else high in protein and/or antacids—does is help offset the congeners, which are what you

take into your system along with every single snort. While congeners, including tannic acid, fusel oil, ethyl acetate and acetaldehyde, are not exactly what get you drunk, they're the little rascals that can influence your reaction to the stuff. According to Dr. Robert Linn, author of *You Can Drink and Stay Healthy*, they are natural by-products of the fermentation process and are present, in very small amounts, in virtually all alcoholic beverages.

Bourbon, for example, contains the heaviest concentration of congeners—four times as high as Canadian blends. Then, in roughly descending order, come rum, brandy, Scotch, American blends, beer and wine, gin and vodka. The reason that vodka is so low in congeners (with gin only slightly higher) is, again, the distilling method by which it is produced.

Nobody will dispute the fact that you should never drink on an empty stomach. Furthermore, that which you do ingest should, as pointed out, contain a generous amount of protein and/or antacids. Avocado, for instance, has a greater protein content than any other fruit. So, whether you're hungry or not, it's better to swoop through the guacamole *before* diving into the ol' punch bowl.

Another factor which will affect your ability to handle hooch is physical activity, or the lack of it, prior to indulging. You think that a little pre-party nap before nipping might be just the thing to do, right? Resting up before the big game and all that?

Wrong.

It's not rest but physical activity, *strenuous* physical activity, says Dr. Michael Galligan of the U.C.L.A. Medical Center, that best prepares you for a bout with booze. Working out (or working in, if you're prepping with a close friend) provides arterial and cortical stimulation of those doodads that go to your brain, thus helping your entire system to deal with the alcohol and the severity of its effects.

Another thing: Dramamine, Bonine or any other over-the-counter, patented product designed to combat motion sick-

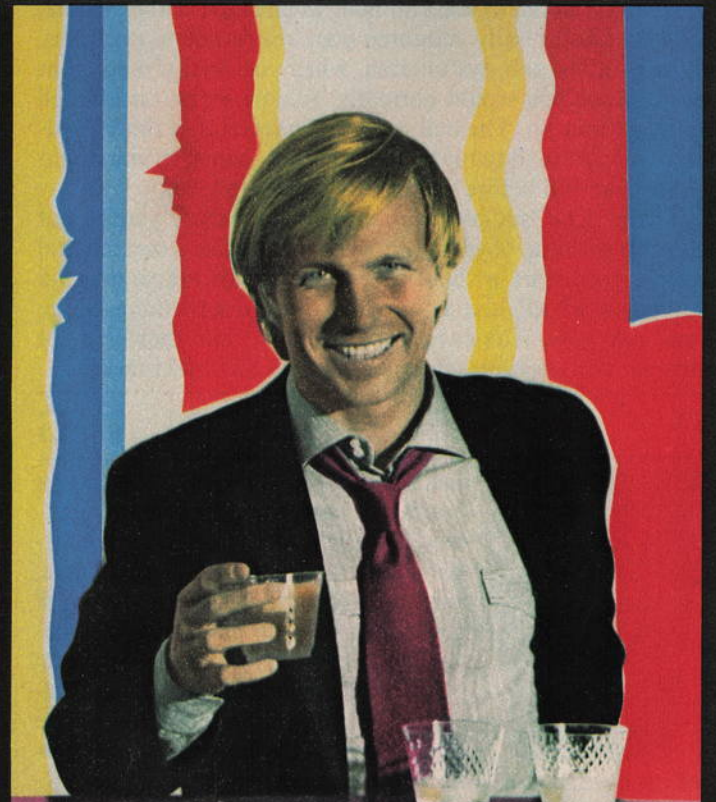
SOBERNETICS

Article by
Michael Price

8:05



10:20



11:36

1:49

ness will, if taken at least an hour in advance of the alcohol, tend to substantially reinforce your resistance to dizziness, disorientation and dysfunction, when you finally reach that point where you would normally become dizzy, disoriented and dysfunct-up. The bad news, however, is that those products will also tend to make you drowsier sooner, so you might fall asleep well before you expect to. Or want to.

There's one last preparation to make before you go out boozing with the boys. If you want to laugh and scratch and have a good time without the worry of blowing your—and maybe somebody else's—life apart, leave something home: your car keys. Taxicabs are expensive, but they're a lot cheaper than lawyers, emergency-room fees and funerals.

D U R I N G

Well, sir, here we are—charming, witty, adorable, convivial, insouciant, generous, jolly and altogether irresistible—clutching a goblet of congeners, dazzling one and all with our vast knowledge, keen insight and swift repartee. We've already exercised, drunk milk, chomped avocado, dropped a Dramamine, hitchhiked to the scene of the festivities and hoisted a few toddies. Now all we have to do is *maintain* this motherglow . . .

The primary thing to realize while imbibing spirits is that the golden buzz you're feeling now has nothing whatever to do with the drink you are drinking now. There's a definite time lag. This particular high is most likely the product of a couple of drinks back, and it is being compounded as we speak. And sip. Keep that in mind, or at least try to, and you won't get nearly as sloshed as that clown over there in the corner who's licking onion dip off the host's sister.

The rules for during are much the same as those for before, except for the motion-sickness pills. They do no good once you're already launched. Eating reasonably endowed foods in reasonable amounts along with the liquor is a good idea, as long as you don't get carried away. It simply just isn't cool to O.D. on Wheat Thins.

Exercise, also, is definitely beneficial while you are drinking, but it's sometimes awkward trying to explain why you're suddenly doing push-ups under the piano. Alone.

It's not a bad idea, actually, to excuse yourself politely and then gallop around the block a couple of times. Drinking's a sedentary sport, and the physical exertion will increase your metabolic rate, get the adrenaline pumping, provide cortical stimulation, help get rid of the alcohol's toxic impurities and provide a wonderful opportunity to skip a couple of rounds of drinks. Not only that, but when you get back, people will ask where you've been, and now you can get off on a whole new set of party lies. Or bar lies, in case you're drinking commercially.

The smoking of tobacco—regular, straight, legal, tax-paying, revenue-producing, government-subsidized, commercial tobacco—does have some small sobering effect on in-progress drinking, but only in the sense that it is a stimulant. And a very temporary one. This is not to say that tobacco will keep you sober, only that the physiological effects of it can be a factor in your relative drunkenness.

Marijuana is another story, but no two authorities agree. The basic problem with assessing dope smoking with regard to drinking is a confusion of the highs. Which is which? On the one hand, *Cannabis sativa* produces the ever-popular dry-mouth syndrome, which leads, naturally, to more drinking. On the other, it produces the ever-popular munchiemia. And this leads, just as naturally, to more eating. And both, at least in my case, lead right back to more doping. God, the problems of modern life . . .

Let us touch for a moment upon cocaine, but not long enough to get busted. Cocaine is a sharp stimulant. Alcohol is a sharp depressant. In theory, then, they should cancel each other out, but that doesn't always seem to be the way it works. Again, there's an eventual confusion, an indistinction between which is doing what to your head. Cocaine, along with other chemical uppers, *can* keep you a little more sober for a little longer, but you'll slam into that inevitable wall a little harder. Or a lot harder, if you can afford it.

One bit of advice: If a police officer should accost you for being drunk in public, do *not* argue that you couldn't be, because you've been tooting blow all evening.

There are other things besides eating and exercise that can help you, to varying degrees, in coping with the cocktails. Coffee, naturally, and cola-based soft drinks are handy sources of caffeine, and so are certain popular brands of aspirin. And then there's concentration.

Right. Intense concentration, oddly enough, is a highly efficient defense ploy against premature drunkenness. Getting your head deep into games or puzzles or other challenges to the wits, like hitting on members of the opposite sex (while you can still identify them as such), can have a definite salubrious effect upon your condition. Concentration and caffeine have in common the fact that they are both stimulants. Alcohol is a depressant. Mental and physical stimulation, then, helps offset the results of alcohol's depressant effect. Simple.

Here's another one. Heat. Heat increases metabolic activity, and increased metabolic activity helps process the booze faster, so that you stay straighter longer. So, a hot bath or shower right in the middle of the party (provided it's not too hot, or for too long) is not only a great way to increase your drinking capacity, it's also a clean, fun way to meet other guests.

If heat's so good, you reason, then why is it always refreshing to step out of a warm roomful of heat-generating bodies into the crisp chill of night air? Shouldn't that make you even drunker?

Not really. All the coldness will do is slow down your metabolic rate, and you'll need just that much more time to clean up your act. It's the *air*, not the temperature, that revives your rum-sodden self. The oxygen, to be specific. And you get it in large doses, since the natural tendency is to breathe deeply. So, as you're standing there in the driveway, noisily inhaling and exhaling with alcoholic relish and pissing off the neighbors that weren't invited, your body is busy throwing off toxicity. And you're also skipping another round. Good.

Pure oxygen, by the way, will have a definite and immediate resuscitative effect, but only on a short-term basis. If your thoughtful host has a tankful of pure O₂ on the premises, however, take a hit from time to time. It couldn't hurt.

YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE GETTING SLOSHED, AND YOU KNOW IT BEFORE ANYONE ELSE.

So, if you've worked out the evening's drinking by munching on avocado-and-aspirin trail mix (food and drugs), while popping into a steaming bathtub (heat) and doing yoga breathing (oxygen) with a nymphomaniac (exercise) on a floating Scrabble board (concentration), you might figure you're 100 percent set for the night.

Not quite.

Absolutely the best way to drink without getting plastered is simply to pace yourself. It may sound candyassed, but skipping drinks—or drinking plain chaser without the chasee—every third round or so will make all the difference between pleasantly high and shitfaced drunk. Guaranteed.

Body weight, incidentally, has a great deal to do with how smashed you get. All other things being equal, a larger person can handle more booze than a smaller person, simply because there's more of him to absorb and process the alcohol. Besides, who's going to tell that big son of a bitch he's had enough?

One widely debated theory holds that your basic build, your body *type*, will determine your behavior pattern after you've had a few belts. This theory says that if you're an *endomorph* (roly-poly, baby-faced), you'll tend to become more sociable and far less aggressive than usual under the influence of alcohol. Also, more sentimental. Even maudlin.

But if you're a *mesomorph* (muscular, football-player build), you will become more aggressive and argumentative, since the liquor will release those tendencies you have been conditioned to hold back under normal sober conditions.

If you're in the third group, you are an *ectomorph* (slender, small boned), and the theory is that alcohol will simply make you depressed.

A F T E R

Some people claim that aspirin or plain water or both will bring them from drunk to sober. Many of them are incoherent while making this claim.

If you're not sure whether you're drunk or not, you probably are a little bit. If you're sure you're not, you probably are a lot. If in doubt, however, the best thing to do is to test yourself before the police do. And you can even use their test: Stand up straight, feet together, with arms extended straight out to the sides. Tilt your head back ever so slightly. Close your eyes. Now, with the index finger of one hand, slowly touch the end of your nose. Return your hand and arm to the original extended position. Now touch the end of your nose with the index finger of the opposite hand. Return to position. Now do them each again. Now do them both together. The idea, of course, is not to miss your nose.

Try that when you're sober and alone, and you'll find it's a snap. Try it when you're drinking in public, and you'll find it's

a lot more difficult—both to do and to explain. Try it in a crowded elevator, and you'll *know* you're blitzed.

True, standing in a semi-swan-dive position and finger-touching the end of your nose may not look like the coolest move in the world, but it'll tell you very quickly, and a lot more accurately than you might really want to know, just how boxed you are.

Another police field-sobriety test in general use is the ol' heel-and-toe walk. Again, put your feet together and extend your arms straight out. (Notice the consistency of the crucifixion position.) One foot should be placed in the middle of a straight line, like along the tile pattern of a floor. Place the heel of the other foot against the toe of the foot on the line. Now bring the rear foot around and place it, same way, in front. Walk a few steps like that. (It's OK to look down at your feet while doing this one.)

If you want to test yourself but are embarrassed, get everybody together and tell them both tests are new party games. Then you can choose up sides and see which team gets to drive the other one home.

OK, it's too late. You're already adrift. It slipped up on you. Never mind why or how, the fact is that the goddamn room is spinning, you can't say "cirrhosis" without splattering the wallpaper and nobody wants to join you for a swim in the birdbath. You're *drunk*, hotshot.

Now what?

Well, if you want to stay at the party, there *is* something you can do. It's no fun, and it ain't pretty, but it worked for the ancient Romans. They even had a special room for it. It was called a *vomitorium*.

Sleep, of course, is what you need, but that isn't always so easy, whether you make it home or not. Even if you do manage to find a place to crash, there's always the danger that whatever you're lying upon will begin whirling like a carnival ride. You know how it goes.

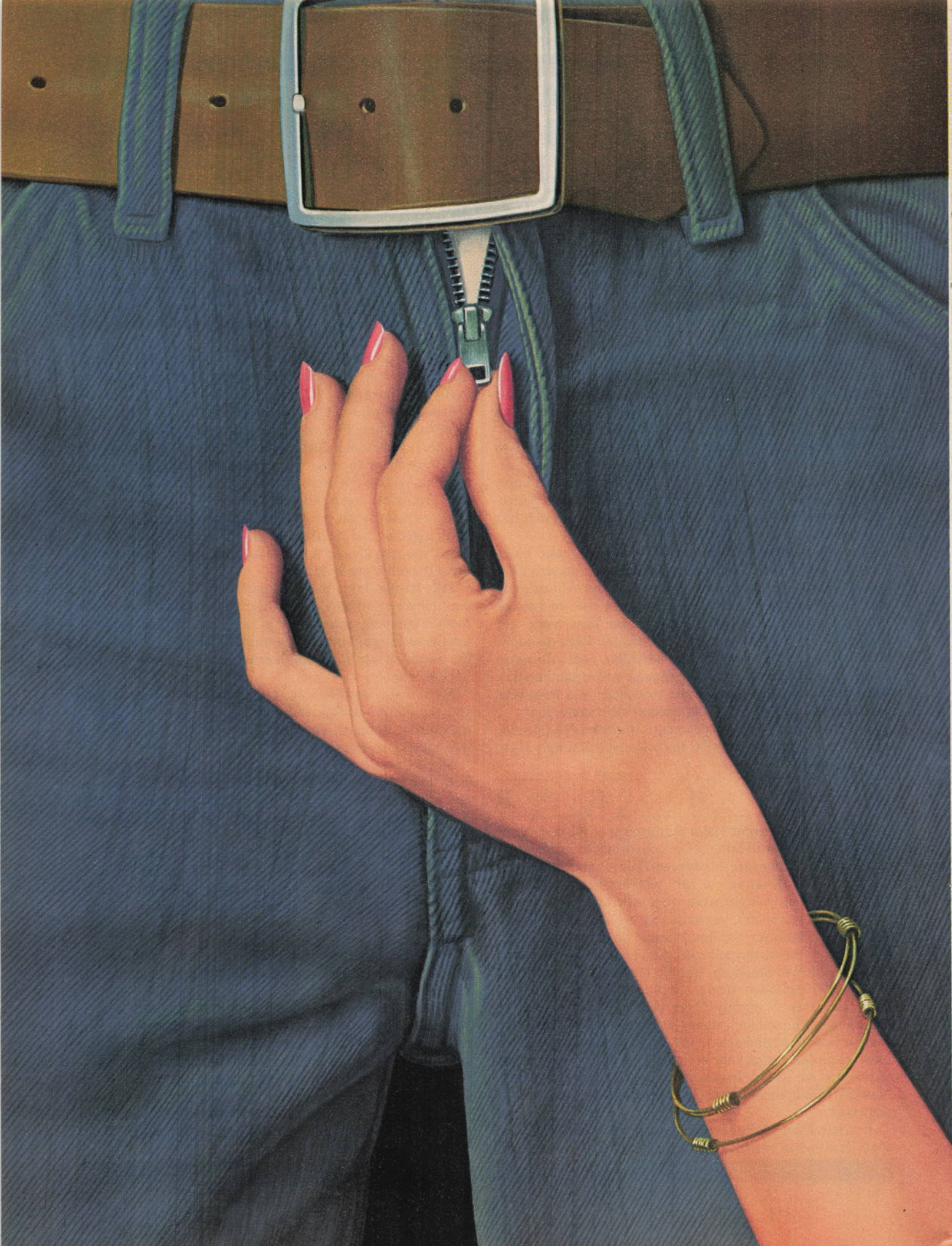
Try this: Lie on your back near the edge of the bed. Stick one leg out, and place your foot flat on the floor. For some strange reason or obscure law of equilibrium, this will make the room stop spinning. Maybe. All I can tell you is, it works for me.

Sometimes.

The point is that you really don't want to reach this point, and the trick is to recognize it early and deal with it immediately.

Let's cut out the bullshit. *You* know when you're getting sloshed, and you know it before anyone else. The problem is, you don't want to recognize it. Besides, you're having too much fun. And if you feel this good from that much booze, you'll feel even better from a little more booze, right?

Just remember the sip-to-hit time lag. Remember to eat. Remember to skip drinks and pace yourself. Remember to stay aware of your condition. And then maybe, maybe, you'll remember the entire party. ■



THE OUI SEX SURVEY:

*Plumbing the depths of
modern female sexual attitudes,
we found some
surprising answers to a
little-discussed
topic.*

Fellatio

Article by Chris Weygandt

WHEN it comes to blow jobs," explains a man I know, "Murphy's law clearly applies: Because you want them, you won't get them, and because you don't get them, you want them even more."

Collegetown, U.S.A. We're sitting at a table in a bar crowded with sexy young men and women. My cynical friend eyes them affectionately and ruminates: "A guy can't win. On one hand, these girls think that liberation means you begrudge a man for having a cock and, on the other, they think that sucking cock is going too far—nice girls don't do that." I ask when he last got laid. He says he's talking theoretically. I'm not sure what to say, because where I grew up, liberation is something that happened in Paris at the end of the Big War.

"Nice girls don't do that"? I'm a nice girl and, personally, I spent the bulk of my adolescent years waiting for a fellow to explain the mysteries of the penis to me, or at least offer his up for my inspection. I was far too shy and uneducated to go browsing on my own. When I finally met a man willing to initiate me into the wilderness of oral sex, I was fawningly grateful. That I might be abnormal never occurred to me. I share these thoughts with my companion. He shakes his head at me, the bimbo.

"Films and magazines only perpetuate the myth that women love to give head—it's just a male fantasy. I'd wager a week's pay that if you were to ask fifty women what they honestly think about it, you wouldn't find more than ten who can tolerate it—and that's a generous figure."

Always one to rise to a challenge, I race home and start dialing.

Several weeks have passed since that con-

versation, and I haven't found those ten women. Thanks to an anonymous, informal questionnaire that I concocted and distributed to friends and friends of friends, I found several *hundred* "nice" girls who more than tolerate giving head: They savor it. In fact, a mind-boggling 100 percent of the women who participated in our survey said that they enjoy fellatio—at least when indulging is their own decision.

Good news. But it must be qualified before some well-meaning and ecstatic young gentleman dashes out to inform his reluctant lady love that she's out of step with the rest of female humanity. There is a term tossed about by those who study human behavior with live subjects: volunteer bias. Very simply, if a person believes a particular topic is distasteful, he or she is not likely to volunteer much effort toward an examination of that topic. Ergo, the women who found our survey in poor taste—for whatever reasons—didn't bother to contribute their two-cents' worth.

The average respondent to our survey dwells in an urban area (Los Angeles, Seattle, Denver, Boston and New York), is employed in a professional or white-collar capacity and has an average age of 26, though individual ages range from 18 to 48. Our 100-percent-in-favor-of-fellatio score may seem high, but it deviates little from the results obtained by more official surveys.

In 1965, the erudite Mr. Kinsey announced that approximately 60 percent of the young wives and college-educated women in his study were going down on their partners. Ten years later, Morton Hunt, working in conjunction with the Playboy Foundation, discovered from a ran-

dom poll that 90 percent of married women under 25 years of age were regularly making room for fellatio in their sex lives. And when the staff at *Redbook* tabulated the 100,000 responses to a survey published in the magazine in 1975, it found that 85 percent of the ladies were making oral contact with their mates' nether parts. It stands to reason that in the last five years the number of oral-sex naysayers should have dwindled even more.

AS a woman—and not just because he owes me a wager—I'm thrilled that such surveys prove my barroom buddy wrong, wrong, wrong. His cynicism slanders my gender by insinuating that we find cocks either disgusting or frightening (we don't), that our sensibilities are offended by the mention of oral sex (they aren't) and that we'd just as soon bite that tool as suck on it (we wouldn't). While a certain feminist fringe may have found a target in the male genitalia, by far the vast majority of us like penises. We think they're wonderful. Most of us are flattered by the way they spring to attention with just a flick of the tongue. And we love to talk about giving head, investigate the various techniques and hear suggestions from our men. The women who shared their opinions with us were of one mind about this. "I love to watch my lover lie there, all aquiver, while I feel the pulse of blood in his swollen cock as I hold it in my mouth," one enthusiastic respondent wrote. "And I love it when he comes, moaning and spurting. I get so turned on when I'm sucking him off, though, that I often can't let him come—I have to hop on and share it with him."

Some women even find the idea of suck-

ing cock sufficiently arousing to incorporate it in their masturbatory fantasies. In Nancy Friday's collection of sexual scenarios, *Forbidden Flowers* (all written by real-life women), more than one-third of the fantasies involve fellatio: "In the firelight, with him standing, I would slowly pull off his underwear," reads a typical entry. "And when his enormous, engorged, erect penis burst forth, I would kiss it gently and tenderly up and down the shaft, cradling his balls, gently pulling on both occasionally. I would lick the ticklish spot underneath and then around the tip, caressing the 'eye' with my tongue. He begins pushing toward me, and I allow it in my mouth, sucking and swallowing as much as possible. He moves to and fro in spasms of pleasure. . . ." Blow jobs aren't just sexy for men.

I have yet to talk to a woman who didn't derive great satisfaction from inducing those spasms of pleasure in a man. I'm referring here not to ejaculation—there are many women who prefer not to take their partners that far—but to tremors of the moaning and shuddering type. One of the critical questions in our survey asked the ladies whether they found fellatio to be sexually stimulating, distasteful or something in between. For 60 percent, giving head means getting turned on; for the remaining 40 percent, it is pleasant because of their partners' reactions.

ONE can safely assume that mere magnanimity doesn't move a woman to take her partner's penis in her mouth. Most often, she's motivated by a genuine desire to reduce him to putty with the art of her tongue—any woman with lust in her heart knows that the most efficient means of creating a frenzy in her lover is via her mouth. Even when she's not playing the part of a female Lothario, his response is a compliment to talents uniquely hers (or so we all prefer to tell ourselves when we're down there). Our egos relish the power we wield over that blissfully happy member. How sublime to watch it vibrate while our tongues play hide-and-seek. In coupling, the show's not wholly ours to run. With our heads tucked between our lovers' legs, it is.

Any discussion of the rapture in giving head prompts men to ask an intelligent question: If it's so much fun, why doesn't it happen more often? In the first place, women believe that blow jobs already occur regularly enough. In the second, this type of lovemaking can be very lonely for the woman who doesn't find it a satisfying sexual outlet. And finally, women are extremely sensitive about the emphasis a man places on head. We regard it as a favor, not a right—and woe unto the guy who *demand*s it, for his crotch shall be ignored.

A certain passage in a marriage manual entitled *Advice to Men* caught my attention recently, because it illustrates perfectly the type of mentality that's sure to turn a woman off to giving head. "There exists—

and women should know this, recognize it and accept it—what is known as fellatio libido," says its author, Robert Chartham, who also wrote *The Sensuous Couple*. "That is to say that very many men have a strong sexual desire to be fellated. . . . I find that the letters from men whose fellatio libido is strong and whose partners refuse their help are among the most distressing I receive. . . . I wish that any woman who reads this, whose husband asks her to fellate him, will overcome her objections and cooperate. She will if she really loves him, and her reward will be immense. Believe me, I have recently seen two men whose fellatio libido is thwarted and who, as a consequence, have honestly and truthfully been almost reduced to nervous wrecks by it."

The picture of a man driven to distraction because he's compelled to have his cock sucked doesn't arouse much pity in me; rather, it inspires something close to revulsion at such an unhealthy approach to sexuality. I was relieved to find no mention of a phenomenon known as cunnilingus libido.

When I showed the passage to my female friends, I got responses ranging from hilarity to outrage, but nothing even remotely resembling the cooperation Chartham calls for. As she handed the book back to me, one friend remarked, "If my boyfriend ever gave me a line of crap like that, I'd kick him out of bed before I'd go down on him. It sounds a lot like 'You've given me blue balls; so if you love me, you'll relieve me.' A man who'd say that is no man for me." The idea that we owe men blow jobs because of some psychological hang-up they suffer is hardly an attractive one. When fellatio is reduced to a duty and an expectation, it ceases to be pleasurable for the woman to perform and is no more fulfilling sexually than washing dishes or scrubbing floors. We're no more inclined to let our mouths be used as receptacles than we are our genitals. As long as we go down on a whim, cocksucking is delightful, and that's the way we want to keep it—our choice, not his expectation. The overwhelming majority—85 percent—of the women we interviewed believe that giving head is a special treat, bestowed out of affection and generosity and with some assurance that like begets like. Far more effective than threatening nervous breakdown is doing unto others, if head is what a man wants. It is not, by the way, a good idea to attempt pushing your lover's head in the direction of your cock. A typical reply when we asked for reaction to such a deed was: "I hate it! I know where his cock is, and if I want to put my mouth there, I'll find it."

Sometimes, however, a sense of duty does call a lady to action, usually when she's committed to her lover's well-being. When we inquired whether or not they'd ever felt obligated to go down on their men, half the women in our study replied in the affirmative, and included among their reasons an inability to copulate because of pregnancy

or lack of contraception, a desire to satisfy a partner but avoid intercourse, a sense of debt because the partner had given her head, and a need to accommodate a lover whose ego insisted on it (this was rare).

The other half of our sampling felt no such charitable compulsion. Either they never perform on demand ("Nobody intimidates me and gets away with it," one secretary remarked) or they never feel unwilling. Yes, Virgil, there *are* women who are always willing, but don't dump Faithful Fran and go hunting. The typical woman who's ever ready is also involved in a steady monogamous relationship with a man who keeps her sexually satisfied and who is himself always eager to take a dive.

VAGUE though it may be, it's possible to sketch a profile of the woman who's made fellatio a regular part of her sexual portfolio. If she's past her teenage years, she usually has some college education and holds down a job that offers her either satisfaction or a place to bide time while she pursues a more meaningful career. Generally, she's a gregarious person, naturally curious, and comfortable with members of the opposite sex. She's often assertive in her relationships with people and liberal in her opinions. And for the most part, she likes herself.

"High dominance" is what Abraham Maslow called it 30 years ago in a paper he published in *The Journal of Social Psychology* about the relationship between self-esteem and sexuality. He didn't use the term in the B & D sense, but as a measure of empathy, vitality and ego. His study results indicated that the higher a woman's self-esteem, the more likely she was to experiment with what, at the time, were regarded as deviations, fellatio included. She was also apt to describe the male genitalia as beautiful or, at the very least, interesting. Middle- and low-dominance women viewed the same organs with, at best, indifference, and at worst, disgust—which also happened to be their view of sex in general (such an attitude pretty well precludes oral sex from the marriage bed).

Redbook's study supports Maslow's theory. In its much broader survey, *Redbook* discovered not only that the great majority of American women go down on their mates at least occasionally, but that those who do are twice as likely to rate their sex lives as excellent. The magazine concluded that an openness to experimentation makes for a better sex life. We knew that all along.

However unified we are about the benefits of cocksucking, one finds a variety of techniques and preferences in the way an individual woman goes about it. Favorite position? Kneeling while he stands. Kneeling while he lies down. Sixty-nine with him on the top. Sixty-nine with him on the bottom. Sixty-nine sideways. Everybody does it differently.

Even the seemingly simple matter of

what to call the activity isn't so simple. There's a name for every occasion. Depending on mood and partner, a woman might refer to it as eating, tasting, fellatio, oral sex, blow job, going down, giving head and sucking cock. The majority favor the terms going down and giving head. Whatever's appropriate at a given moment. For example, over a candle-lit feast of squab and Rothschild's, a woman won't likely look at you with dusky eyes and murmur, "Want a blow job, dear?" The situation demands something with more delicacy, such as, "I'd just love to eat you up."

There is likewise disagreement in the issue of first-date fellatio: Do they go down the first time they make love to a new man? Some do. Some don't. And some let the circumstances decide. Of those who don't, we asked when they'd consider it appropriate. Most said they'd hold off until the second or third tete-a-tete, when they felt more at ease. Caryn, one of the more forthright women, answered, "I'd do it after he proved he could make me come." Lisa, a buyer from New York, was of divided mind: "Sometimes you know there won't be a second time, and you go for the gusto. Other times, for the same reason, you skip it."

The logical assumption is that the women who don't go down the first time consider blow jobs more intimate than a straight fuck, and to some extent this is true. "Swallowing a man's semen is a rather personal activity," explained a 28-year-old teacher, who also rated herself uninhibited, "and it doesn't taste too groovy unless you love him." Because a lot of us consider blow jobs to be special favors, it's only natural they should be reserved for those for whom we bear more than a passing fancy. But there's no hard-and-fast rule here. A slight minority of the women who talked to us feel that blow jobs are less intimate than intercourse because only one person—the woman—is actively involved in the situation, and because the act—no matter how pleasant—leaves her unsatisfied. Many of these women usually feel like going down the first time. And to further confuse you, some of the ladies said they couldn't make a distinction about intimacy; it is interesting to note that these are primarily the women who like to perform fellatio in a sixty-nine position, which might have something to do with their own satisfaction.

MINDFUL of Linda Lovelace, we also asked the women if they'd ever tried to "deep throat" their lovers. Most had given it at least one shot and, of that group, the majority had found it, if not exquisite, at least memorable. A few were entranced by it, but most couldn't avoid the natural gag reflex, and therefore shelved this particular technique. One woman suggested that men respect this reflex by not thrusting. Another, married to a deep-throat fanatic, had

(Continued on page 127)

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

The following is a condensed form of the four-page questionnaire we used to determine women's attitudes about fellatio—otherwise known as giving head to, or going down on, one's lover. We talked with or sent questionnaires to 286 women in six cities. Of our respondents, 72 percent were between the ages of 22 and 35; 67 percent were unmarried; 68 percent listed their occupations as professional. We do not pretend that these results reflect the opinions of the average American woman, but they do indicate the feelings of young, city-bred women whose boyfriends are likely to read OUI Magazine.*

	% Yes	% No
1. Have you ever performed fellatio?	100	—
2. Is it a regular part of your sex life?	80	20
3. Do you go down on your lover without being asked?	92	8
4. When performing fellatio, do you usually try to make your lover come in your mouth?	45	45
5. Have you ever been complimented on your technique?	68	32
6. Have you ever tried to "deep throat" your lover?	72	28
7. Was your reaction positive?	48	52
8. Is fellatio more intimate than intercourse?	40	44
9. Do you usually give head the first time you make love to a new man?	32	44
10. If your lover comes in your mouth, do you swallow it?	56	44
11. Do you see fellatio as a treat for your lover?	56	44
12. Are you upset if you go down on your lover and he doesn't go down on you in return?	28	72
13. Have you ever felt obligated to give head?	48	52
14. Has your lover ever told you what turns him on?	76	24
15. Has the subject of oral sex ever caused a fight between you and your lover?	20	80
16. Is your attitude about fellatio the same as your mate's?	64	36
17. Is the primary difference in your attitudes that he doesn't reciprocate?	75	25
18. Have you ever met a man who didn't like fellatio?	20	80
19. In general, do you think giving head is a highly intimate act reserved for someone special?	49	51
20. Do you consider yourself uninhibited?	59	41

*Results do not always tally 100 percent due to variable answers.

Small Talk: Patti D'Arbanville

Sudsy Blather with the Ivory Soap Baby

Patti D'Arbanville, the model. A photographer's dream. At the age of three, she was famous as the Ivory Soap Baby. Francesco Scavullo considers her one of the world's greatest beauties and has immortalized her in his book *Scavullo On Beauty*. Photographer-director David Hamilton agreed and featured her in a series of stunning nudes.

Patti D'Arbanville, the actress. Two Andy Warhol flicks; a couple of European movies, including *Bilitis*, a cult fave; *Rancho Deluxe* with Jeff Bridges; *Big Wednesday* with Jan-Michael Vincent; *Time After Time*; *The Main Event* (if you've seen the flick, you can't forget her cough); and an upcoming leading role in *Hog Wild*, in which she straddles huge Harleys to prove she's just as crazy as the gang leader she consorts with.

As if she needs to prove her craziness. Patti was born to be wild. Her totally unorthodox childhood in Greenwich Village during the hippie hiatus prompted her to drop out of school in the eighth grade and to do dope at 13—and that was in 1964, when grass was the stuff you mowed. Yeah, there's something about her that demands your attention.

A precocious child, Patti's now an outrageously outspoken young woman. She loves sex (another point in her favor), and she loves to talk about sex (make that two points), as *OUT* Contributing Editor Robert McGarvey soon discovered. She says she talks about sex so much that she expects her family to disown her. But that's cool. In that event, Lady D'Arbanville will be one orphan who won't have any trouble getting adopted.



OUI: In the movie *Time After Time*, you played—

D'ARBANVILLE: First, let me tell you that when I went to see that movie, halfway through I had to pee sooo badly! But I couldn't tear myself away from the movie. I waited until I got out of the theater. "Head for the loo and open the floodgates!" [laughs] I'm going to get disgusting here.

OUI: Go right ahead. . . . Anyway, in *Time After Time*, you played one of Jack the Ripper's victims, a prostitute—

D'ARBANVILLE: No, no. She's not a prostitute. She's just very forward and outgoing. She's a modern girl. [Patti reaches for a raw scallion but abruptly puts it back] That's all I need, scallion breath. Sounds like something Johnny Carson would say to Ed McMahon: "Beaver breath! Scallion breath!" Has Johnny ever said "beaver breath" on the show? To get back to your question: Yes, I played a loose woman, by Mr. Ripper's standards. You want to know if I'm really like that? Yeah, I did a lot of research.

OUI: Then, in *The Main Event*, you played Ryan O'Neal's floozy of a girlfriend.

D'ARBANVILLE: She wasn't a floozy—just a very tough young lady. She wasn't loose. The only bad thing about her was her consumptive cough.

OUI: And now you're starring in *Hog Wild*?

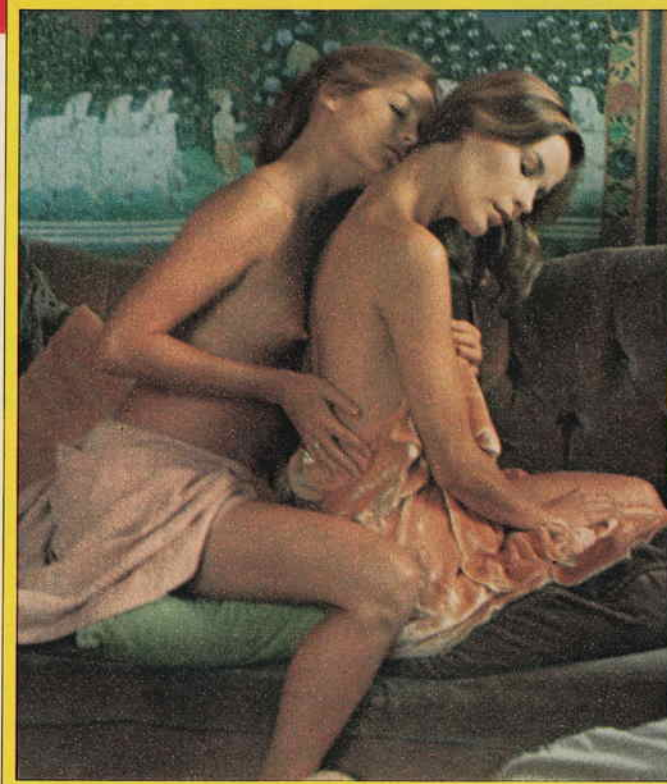
D'ARBANVILLE: Yes. It's a parody of the biker films of the Sixties. I'm the gang leader's old lady, and I get to ride my own bike, a 900-cc Harley. When they were casting the film, I told them I could ride. I was pretty sure I could. . . . I mean, I've been on the back of a bike enough times.

OUI: What did you do when they plunked you on a Harley and said go?

D'ARBANVILLE: Some of the guys in the film couldn't ride, and when they were getting lessons, I sat and watched. When it was my turn to get on, I really put myself to it and just did what I saw the instructor do.

OUI: Would you have gotten the part if you hadn't lied about knowing how to ride?

D'ARBANVILLE: Yeah. 'Cause I told the producers eventually, and they said, "We had a feeling you were telling us that just to



Hamilton's *Bilitis*: "It shows an awakening."

get in the picture." I thought I'd pulled a fast one. But they knew all along.

OUI: Let's get down to the nitty-gritty. Did you get a sexual thrill out of riding a motorcycle?

D'ARBANVILLE: Definitely! The first time, of course, because I'd never done it before. The adrenaline was rushing through me. I was scared, but it felt good. It was exciting. You straddle the bike and it vibrates. You're controlling it. It's an amazing feeling of power. It's said men like bikes because they're an extension of the penis. It really is a powerful feeling—not that I have any penis envy, of course.

OUI: Besides getting off on biking, we understand you also lift weights.

D'ARBANVILLE: Pumping iron. A real rush. Not that I lift incredible amounts—right now, I leg press seventy pounds. But I'm going to be working out with Bill Grant [a former Mr. World]. I don't want an enormous build—I just want my body tight. I want definition. That's attractive in a woman. My pecs are *real* tight, you know.

OUI: Your pecs certainly look, well, tight in the nude photo study David Hamilton did of you in 1977.

D'ARBANVILLE: I love those pictures. There's a feeling, a

mood in them. A sense of purity. It wasn't just showing a body. It didn't bother me that I was pictured naked. It was tastefully done. Not just tits, ass and beaver.

OUI: What mood were you trying to evoke?

D'ARBANVILLE: In *Bilitis* [David Hamilton's movie], I had to become a [fifteen-year-old girl]. That's what I played. The pictures are done in the same way. I think they show an awakening—a feeling of the transition from childhood to womanhood. That's what was in my mind.

OUI: What reactions did you get from other people?

D'ARBANVILLE: A lot of compliments. But my grandmother was horrified. She was beside herself: "His head is just in your lap, isn't it?" In one of the pictures, it looked like Roger [her husband, French actor Roger Mirmont] was not simply resting his head on my lap, but rather *in* my lap . . . as it were.

OUI: Are you still married?

D'ARBANVILLE: Separated.

OUI: Do you plan to get a divorce?

D'ARBANVILLE: Eventually. The bureaucracy and red tape—it boggles the mind. I'm fine, right where I am, for now.

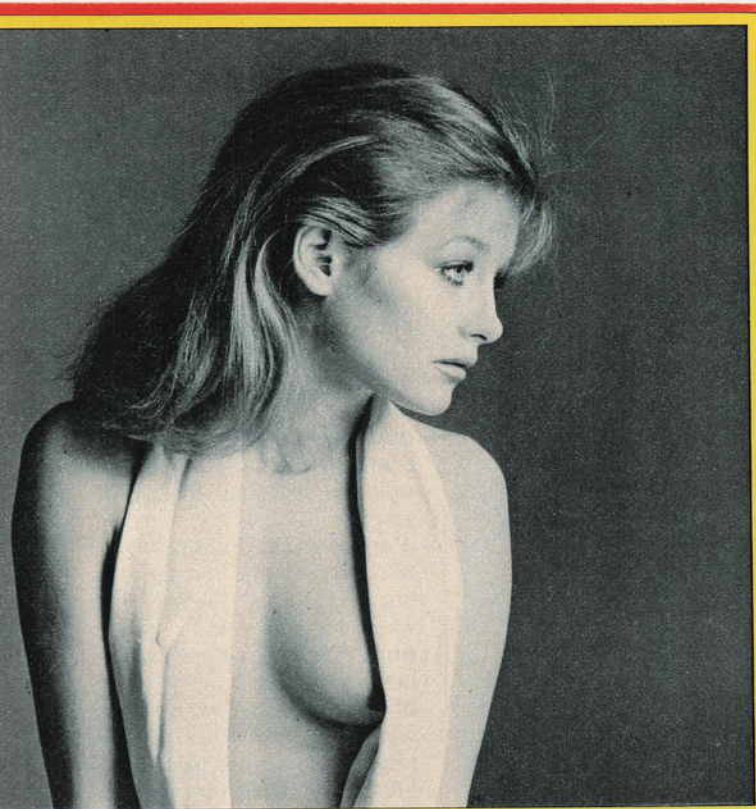
OUI: Why did you get married in the first place?

D'ARBANVILLE: I wanted the security. I wanted to feel protected and, at that time in my life [1975], I felt very vulnerable. I married a strong, very normal man, who had a structured life. All the pieces of the puzzle fit for him. I was having trouble finding the pieces, let alone putting them together. So I clung to someone who would be my invincible protector. My thinking now is that marriage is fine. If you want to do it, do it. But to share things with someone, you don't need marriage. My mother and father were together fifteen years, sharing and building, and they had two kids without that piece of paper.

OUI: That's not all that is unusual about your childhood. Didn't you do Ivory soap television commercials at the age of three?

Hog Wild: "When I rode, I was scared, but it felt so good."





FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

D'ARBANVILLE: Yes. My grandmother took me with her to buy stockings at Bloomingdale's, where they were having a beautiful-baby contest. She entered me in it and I won. Then Ivory booked me. I did four commercials. I remember one vividly; I had to wear underwear in the tub, which I thought was really strange.

OUI: But a decade later, the quintessential American kid up and quit school—in eighth grade. What happened?

D'ARBANVILLE: I was fourteen and having nothing but problems. I was fighting a lot. I was interested in older people. Across the street from where I lived, at Bleecker and MacDougal in Greenwich Village, was the Café Figaro. I'd go there and play chess and talk with people... musicians, people who had something to say about life... not some bullshit coming out of a history book.

OUI: Did you formally quit, or just not go?

D'ARBANVILLE: I just didn't go. You can't quit when you're in eighth grade. They threatened to take me away from my parents. They threatened all kinds of things. But, when push came to shove, it was too much paperwork for them.

OUI: You're certainly not a tes-

timonial to the necessity of a high school diploma.

D'ARBANVILLE: Well, I had a feeling I wouldn't need a diploma. I knew I was going to be an actress. Entertaining made me feel good.

OUI: So you quit school and jumped into Greenwich Village's sophisticated environment—

D'ARBANVILLE: It wasn't *sophisticated*, as we understand the word today. But for me, I guess it was at the time. It was artistic. People creating things. That's what intrigued me. And eventually, I got a job spinning records at Café Figaro. That's where I met Andy Warhol. But you're right; mine was hardly your typical adolescence.

OUI: Definitely not. How old were you when you first smoked grass?

D'ARBANVILLE: Well, I was about thirteen.

OUI: Then you plunged into the flash world of Warhol, Scavullo, modeling, art movies?

D'ARBANVILLE: My parents were always very understanding. Like, when I went to France to model for *Vogue*, I was only fifteen. It was fine with them; they trusted me. It turned out, however, that I was too small to model any of the clothes. So I decided to leave Paris and go to

Patti by Scavullo: "My pecs are real tight."

London for the weekend. That weekend lasted three years.

OUI: Is that your philosophy of life? An unstructured existence, in which weekends can last years?

D'ARBANVILLE: I did what I wanted to do. I went to Italy for a week to model and wound up staying three months. It's spontaneity... letting go and doing what you want to do.

OUI: Are you still the spontaneous type?

D'ARBANVILLE: My life has taken another route. Right now, my work is very important to me. It makes me feel good—makes me feel whole. I'm having a love affair with my work. It might sound corny, but it's true.

OUI: It's said that you have another love affair—with outrageousness.

D'ARBANVILLE: There was a time when we were doing Andy Warhol's *L'Amour* in Paris [1972], and we'd go out every night to restaurants and have these crazy eating contests. Like, who could put the most food in his mouth. It was pretty disgusting. But I was nineteen and it was what we were doing. We'd take apple pie, for example, and shove it in our mouths as fast as we could. Whoever finished first won a prize. And we'd chug-a-lug champagne. A little hedonism. Whatever made

you feel good.

OUI: Perhaps because of that hedonism, you're associated with the avant-garde, even the weird...

D'ARBANVILLE: I don't think I'm weird. Certainly not all the time. Maybe to your normal American people. But I've met some normal Americans who are totally out of the box. They have to let them out to eat... I mean, basket therapy. Out of their minds! But nobody's ever come right out and said I was weird before. Unique, maybe, or outrageous. I think there's a new wave of young American and European actresses who are, er, different. A new school. Because there's a new woman emerging. That's where I am.

OUI: Because of your performances in a number of recent movies, you're getting a good deal of attention. But your first real brush with fame came when Cat Stevens recorded *Lady D'Arbanville* [1971], and the song became a huge hit.

D'ARBANVILLE: That really turned my head around. I suddenly started getting all this acclaim... but I hadn't *done* anything. I felt inadequate. That wasn't the kind of attention I wanted. I was a vicarious celebrity. But the song was one of the most beautiful compliments anyone's ever paid me.

"In *Bilitis*, I had to play a fifteen-year-old girl. I think the pictures show a transition from child to woman."



Stevens and I were very close. It was a moment between us that became public. So it didn't feel right. There was more between Stevens and me than that. Now when people ask me about the song, I just say it was a very special moment in my life. And it was.

OUI: You resent that the song made public a feeling that was private?

D'ARBANVILLE: It made me uncomfortable.

OUI: OK, here's a "comfortable" question: What kind of car do you drive?

D'ARBANVILLE: I just bought a brand-new convertible. But I used to drive an orange, 1975 muttmobile. I had this dog. It was *his* car—it smelled like him. But I bought that car with ninety-five thousand miles on it. It must have belonged to a salesman or—

OUI: A drug runner?

D'ARBANVILLE: Could very well be. Once, someone left a note in my mailbox offering to buy the car, as is—just name the price. Isn't that strange? You know me: I immediately checked under the seats, the glove compartment, everywhere. I have no idea what was in it. Maybe the guy was just freaky for beat-up orange cars.

OUI: Do you like outrageous men?

D'ARBANVILLE: I like strapping, healthy, well-fed American males.

OUI: That's why you married a Frenchman?

D'ARBANVILLE: He was strapping, all right... big, virile. I like quarterbacks best. Full-backs. Big, *big* men. I'm quite fond of men.

OUI: Women?

D'ARBANVILLE: Well, they're different. I like small, diminutive, bearded women. No... I like men. That's one of the reasons I joined Gold's Gym—the Los Angeles weight lifters' Mecca. I like to look at them, you know. I like the male body. It's exquisite.

OUI: You go to the gym to ogle the lifters?

D'ARBANVILLE: It's unavoidable, really. I don't go specifically for that. You know how women get all upset about going by a construction site where the men whistle at them? Me, I drive by on purpose. To watch construction workers with their

shirts off and the sweat glistening on their torsos, strands of hair in their eyes, and wiping back a strand with this *huge* forearm the size of my thigh, kinda makes my blood boil.

OUI: Do you drive up to likely looking construction sites and talk to the men?

D'ARBANVILLE: They're always so busy, and they're three stories up. It's hard to carry on a conversation. I just look. Imagine if I actually *attacked* them on the beams! Like the construction-worker murderer!

OUI: While you're attacking

"We're all sexual animals. But I'm more of an animal than most!"

these workers—

D'ARBANVILLE: Wait! I like tall men, too. I met this boy at a party the other night. He's about six-five. In my bare feet, I come up to his—er—waist. It's easier on the knees, know what I mean?

OUI: Your image—based on the David Hamilton pictorial, such movies as *Bilitis* and *Time After Time*, and certainly this interview—is that you're very sexual. Are you?

D'ARBANVILLE: Isn't everybody? We're all sexual animals. [her voice gets breathy] But I'm more of an animal than most! Oh, my, that was for you, Grandma! They'll disown me!

OUI: You're more of an animal?

D'ARBANVILLE: But of course! I enjoy sex. When you get to the bottom, you know, it's an important part of my life.

OUI: How so?

D'ARBANVILLE: It's a release—from tension.

OUI: Like aspirin?

D'ARBANVILLE: I said release, not relief. But it could be a relief, too, depending on how long it's been between... you know. With sex, you can abandon yourself, and it's a freedom I don't feel most of the time. Boy, how can I say that tastefully?

OUI: Don't worry about that. We'll get you into the gutter.

D'ARBANVILLE: Or give it a good try, at any rate. Those moments of passion give me the freedom I need to just get out of myself and get into somebody else and let go. I like to abandon myself to my sexuality, to my feelings and to the other person. It's very satisfying. [giggles] *When it's satisfying.* ■



Working for an S.O.B.

*How to succeed in business
without really crying*

Article by Chris Barnett

Just read a book that scared the hell out of me. It wasn't a sci-fi scenario or a murder yarn, but a textbook for managers and bosses entitled *Why S.O.B.'s Succeed and Nice Guys Fail in a Small Business*. It's a nice little tome, packed with reasons why a business owner, or any boss, has to be a total animal to survive.

If you earn a regular paycheck, or if you're about to plunge into the working world, just listen to the wisdom this book dispenses. Chapter I talks about power—"where it is, how to get control of it, how to use it to roll over every obstacle in your path to gain your own ends." Chapter II spells out "how to screw your employees first (before they screw you). How to keep them smiling on low pay; how to maneuver them into low-pay jobs that they are afraid to walk away from; how to hire and fire so you always make money."

Another chapter promises to teach the reader "how to be a first-class son of a bitch, while dealing with second- and third-class s.o.b.'s." It vows to help you discover "how to win every ass-kicking contest you get into, by outsmarting and out-bullshitting them every step of the way." In short, it claims that any boss who is called a "no-good son of a bitch" behind his back is probably running a very successful enterprise. And anyone who's called a nice guy is "probably getting screwed."

Well, now, it's terrifying to think that these preachings could be the holy writ for decision makers in today's business world—those who either sign your paycheck or see to it that you get one. But that might be the case. Larry Di Ruscio, president of Financial Management Associates, Inc., the San Diego firm that published this book, says more than a quarter-million copies have been quietly sold to everyone from the corner druggist to the most powerful corporate chieftain. Ambitious junior execs are shelling out \$21 for the text, he adds, so they can plan counterattacks or plot the precise time they will bail out, taking the boss's secrets and customers with them. Says Di Ruscio: "A smart employee empathizes with his boss, and knows where he's coming from. Knowing his boss's problems—or weaknesses—he can crawl up the ladder quicker."

Consider this bizarre stat: According to last year's report by the President's Commission on Mental Health, one out of seven Americans suffers from some sort of mental illness. Dr. Harold Frank, former professor of management at the prestigious Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, and now vice-president in charge of human resources at Harte-Hanks Communications, Inc., and member of the President's commission, says: "When you've got thirty million people walking around with some form of mental illness, a percentage of them are going to be in corporations."

If that's true, and sheer numbers tend to substantiate it, these questions arise: How

do you work for an s.o.b. and survive? How do you preserve your sanity and self-respect, and protect your paycheck? Should you make a dash for the door if the boss repeatedly climbs on your back?

OUT talked to dozens of people who either now work for, or have previously slaved under, a certified s.o.b. Some carry scars, and allowed their bosses to gnaw on their self-esteem, even as they slinked out the door for the last time. Others triumphed because they turned a tough job into a learning experience and didn't crack under pressure. All agreed that there is a great variety of s.o.b.'s; hence, no one survival strategy works. It's up to you to spot him (or her) early in the game, and build yourself an impenetrable defense. What follows are profiles of some of the corporate barracudas you are likely to meet during your career, and some suggestions on how you might successfully deal with them.

EDGAR THE EGOMANIAC

Terry McIntyre works in the advertising department of a giant conglomerate headquartered in Atlanta. Edgar the Egomaniac is president; he built company sales from \$200 million to \$1 billion, and lusts to be accepted by his peers—other chief executives. Edgar hates anonymity. He once stormed into McIntyre's office after a luncheon conference and screamed, "I worked for three years to get up to that head table. The man next to me [chairman of a Fortune 500 company] said, 'I've heard about your company, but what do you make?' I don't ever want anybody to ask me that question again."

McIntyre believes Edgar's ego is what makes the company go, but he's convinced it can also destroy people if they let it. Edgar's the type who gives directions, then changes the ground rules midway into the project. He expects people to do an instant about-face and follow his new lead. He won't listen to reason, even when he's wrong. "I'm the president," Edgar often explodes, "and you're going to do it my way."

Edgar has other traits that make him a card-carrying s.o.b. He publicly humiliates employees, often in meetings, and will berate a person or committee who may have spent a lot of time and a bundle of research dollars to come up with a finding that conflicts with his gut reaction.

However, McIntyre says Edgar can be defused if you have some courage. "Never argue with him in front of other people," he advises. "When I once wanted a raise and he asked me if I had any kids, I knew he was trying to make me grovel; he was trying to win any way he could. It made me mad, but I kept quiet." McIntyre waited until they were alone and then told him to "take the job and shove it." Later, Edgar told him, "You got away with that because you're valuable. But if there had been anybody else in the room when you popped off, I would have had to fire you. I can't have anyone defying

me." McIntyre, fortunately, knew that.

Edgar the Egomaniac types are consistent—you *know* how they're going to react, so you can plan for it. These types respect self-confidence, because they don't really have any. Says McIntyre: "If you're weak, they'll go for your jugular."

JERRY THE GENIUS

This employer can be one of the toughest taskmasters you'll ever work for, but it's worth the anxiety because you're going to learn a helluva lot—before you either quit or get fired. Frank Flanagan worked for Jerry for a year before he split, and he's still licking his wounds. Flanagan quit an ad-agency job to become a marketing manager for a small, Midwestern home-building company where Jerry the Genius was the CEO.

Recalls Flanagan: "The guy must have had an outrageous I.Q. He did everything his way, because he knew he was right." His way is working until 7 P.M., and expecting you to do the same—to be ready night or day for a phone call. He'll give you an assignment, then reject your first solution, because he, purposely perhaps, gave you the wrong input or changed his mind. "He feels he can't approve your work right off; there's got to be something wrong with it, because *he's* the genius, and is the only person in the company who could come up with the correct plan so quickly."

The genius as boss is always looking over your shoulder, trying to find out specifically what you do, even though you may be a fourth-line cog in the wheel, claims Flanagan. "He can harass you on every little decision, and once he understands what you do, you're replaceable. As you go up the salary ladder, you become more expendable to him. In his mind, he figures he can replace you with a trained monkey he can pay with bananas."

He's also obsessed with details. The wrong word on an internal memo can send Jerry into orbit. He'll break the chain of command—ignore your boss—to harangue you, says Flanagan. He feels he is the ultimate power, not because he's president, but because he's the smartest person in the company.

How do you handle a genius like Jerry who holds sway over your life? "Be cool and think before opening your mouth," suggests Flanagan. "Go into a meeting with three alternatives to any one problem, and save the best for last. Match your work schedule to his—it's a must. And double-check even the tiniest details. The genius hates loose ends that might trip him up."

Hang in for a while. If you don't clutch in a crisis, and are able to subtly show that you aren't afraid of him, you'll be on firm footing and will get some invaluable experience in long-range planning. Geniuses, despite their personal idiosyncrasies, run profitable companies, rarely scrimp on salaries (subconsciously, they figure they own you if they

The Egomaniac

constantly changes the ground rules, publicly humiliates employees and won't listen to reason, even when he's wrong.

The Cobra

is political and highly manipulative; he's learned how to play the game, after getting his own tail booted around for years.

The Genius

is obsessed with detail; he's always looking over your shoulder, and he feels there's got to be something wrong with your work.

pay well) and are concerned with their image. What's more, notes Flanagan, when you do leave, you're likely to be snapped up by a competitor. "The competition knows what a hard-ass he is to work for, and figures if you lasted for a while, you've got to be talented."

TED THE TYRANT

Just pray you never run into this character. He'll tromp all over your self-worth and possibly scar you for life. If you suddenly find yourself working for him, get out quick. So what if three months doesn't look good on your résumé? It's better than trying to stick it out for a couple of years and winding up an emotional and unemployable zombie.

So warns Bob Trowbridge. He sold his home in Los Angeles and moved his young family to Boston to head up the catalogue-design department for a small, but highly regarded, direct-mail outfit. He was trading sun for snow but, more importantly, he had full creative command. And the owner, Ted, seemed like a great guy.

"He was charming, quite bright, energetic and had a clear idea of where he was going," recalls Trowbridge. He also went first class; he flew Trowbridge in from L.A., wined and dined him and was with him every minute. The perfect host. "I was flattered from the very beginning."

It was a short honeymoon. After he moved east, Trowbridge quickly noticed a change. "I walked in at eight-forty-five one morning, and he started screaming at the top of his lungs: 'Our hours are eight-thirty to five. You're late and I don't like it!' I thought, Christ, I just relocated to another city. What am I going to do?"

Things got worse. Ted bullied everyone—artists, secretaries, printers—anyone he came in contact with. "He was a total tyrant," remembers Trowbridge. "The only people he wouldn't initially scream at were women. He'd try to charm them. But when they were sophisticated and could look at him and say, 'You're full of shit,' he'd get violent." Worse yet, you could never predict his mood swings. "One minute, Ted would be charming; the next minute, he'd go nuts. He was the most threatening, intimidating person I've ever met, and I was at his mercy."

Looking back, Trowbridge realizes he shouldn't have jumped at the job offer so quickly. He figures he should have talked to some former employees (he later found that the turnover was staggering) and spent more time with Ted to see how he acted in different social situations. Failing that, he should have had the balls or brains to quit the second day. "Getting out isn't a cop-out when the boss is a total bastard," he says.

CHARLIE THE COBRA

Larry Cassle works for a snakelike s.o.b. in the shipping department of a Houston oil-field-supply company. Cassle, fresh out of school, thought he could spring out of

MONEY

The bullying boss is usually a social klutz who can only prove his worth in the office, at the expense of others.

shipping if he proved that he were capable of handling bigger things. After just four months on the job, he developed—on his own time—a comprehensive plan for cutting "hotshot" costs by 25 percent. (A hotshot is an instant messenger to a drill site.) Charlie, his boss, praised the plan but never presented it. Worse yet, he started a rumor that Cassle was bucking for a promotion and would do anything to get it. "All of a sudden, things started to get cold at work," says Cassle.

Charlie is the typical cobra. He's political and manipulative, and he learned how to play the game after getting his own ass booted around for years. He feels his own job is hanging by a thread and that any bright upstart like Cassle could expose him for the managerial drone he really is. He can't afford to be unmasked.

Cassle claims he has forged a personal survival scheme that has worked well thus far. He has defanged Charlie by making it perfectly clear that he doesn't want Charlie's job but thinks the two of them could pool their brainpower to gain new recognition for their department. In essence, Charlie has been convinced that Cassle is a valuable asset and an ally, rather than a threat. Moreover, Charlie the Cobra, looking for someone to prop him up, figures it was his own cunning and manipulative prowess that convinced Cassle to team up with him rather than torpedo him. Very smooth, Larry.

SURVIVING THE S.O.B.

Now, admittedly, these examples are extreme, and some of the survival strategies may seem simplistic. But then, there is no way to adequately arm yourself with enough behavioral bromides to cope with every deviant (and devious) character you'll meet in the business world. Meanwhile, here are some guidelines from a pro.

Wharton's Dr. Frank, who was also an associate professor of clinical psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania, contends a manager's abnormal behavior is an expression of his personality problems. Usually, these are kept in check by social controls—friends, co-workers or other peers. But the absolute boss, the chief executive, says Frank, "has no peer group. There is no one to say, 'If you act that way, we'll reject you.' So what he often expresses is naked behavior."

Frank has his own list of corporate

culprits and ways to co-exist with them:

The Bully. He attacks you when you can't fight back; he knows the job market is tight and you need the job. He tends to humiliate you in front of others.

How to fight back? Be cool, be rational, don't let yourself be shaken. Point out to the bullying boss his lack of control. "Joe, get control of yourself. You're losing your temper." Frank calls that throwing cold water on him, and says it protects your self-esteem. Plus, it gives co-workers new strength. Another tactic: Accept responsibility for a mistake, and find out immediately what happened and how it can be corrected. "You're showing that you are a full person and not intimidated." The bullying boss, adds Frank, is usually a social klutz, who can only prove his worth in the office, at the expense of others. Don't reject him, but direct his attention on the problem, not on the person he feels caused it.

The Machiavellian Manager. Thoroughly ruthless, he relishes manipulating power centers, not people. While the bully is trying to express emotion, Frank says, the Machiavellian has no emotion, nor any qualms about trying to undermine you.

The only way to survive is to ally yourself with someone he respects or fears. "Put someone between you and him," says Frank. "You need your own power base." Never try to strike a bargain with him directly or attempt to cultivate him. He'll annihilate you.

The Genius. Frank agrees with Flanagan that you can learn a lot from the genius in a short time. If you can last. "They're able to destroy people, or weaken their power, by finding better solutions. Their anger is really frustration and impatience, because others can't understand things as quickly."

The Incompetent. Frank feels that this type is probably the most dangerous of all managers, and a first-class s.o.b., because you won't learn anything from him. "The incompetent stifles growth, which is the life force in all of us. He can't give you anything." Instead, the incompetent is defensive; he rationalizes, procrastinates, fails to explain clearly what must be done and doesn't defend his employees.

To cope, become a surrogate. Do the work for him, says Frank. "He robs you of recognition, but you can demonstrate your leadership and catch the eye of someone above him. As long as you don't grandstand, he's so incompetent he probably won't realize what you're doing."

The Heartless. His sensitivity has been burned out by the corporation or past jobs, and he sees you as a peon. Frank says that this one simply can't understand other people's feelings. If someone quits after a run-in, he usually responds with a "we didn't need him anyway" attitude. Never trust him or seek him out as a friend. And remember, he lasts because his superiors think he is doing a wonderful job. In a word—split.

La Dame FRANCAISE



*Frenchwomen are cold, nasty, dependent,
unapproachable, unliberated, juvenile. And very sexy.*



Article by Jeffrey Robinson

Has it really been 20 years since she burst onto the scene? At 40, she's still a good-looking woman, but when she drops her jeans these days, it's more curiosity than carnality that gets her picture in the paper. Way back in the late Fifties, however, when

Brigitte Bardot took it all off, the world went wild. After all, you couldn't show *that* on the same screens as Walt Disney. But Brigitte did—she showed every luscious inch—and the only explanation anyone could give was: “She’s French. You know

about the French. They always have sex on their minds.”

And who were Willie and Joe to argue with that? Remember World War Two, when Willie and Joe spent two weeks in Paris liberating the place? And celebrating

with Mimi or Fifi or—jeez!—both of them. And, by God, Frenchwomen wore black underwear! What kind of American woman would do that? Holy key-ryst, Joe, did you see that one over there on the corner? I mean, Cleveland was never like this, eh, buddy?

But then, what could they expect? After all, France is the country that gave the world the Marquis de Sade, naked babes on playing cards, banned books and such suffixes as -kissing, -postcards, -ticklers, -toast and -letters (that's what the British call condoms; the French, however, refer to them as *capotes anglaises*—a little one-downmanship, to say the least).

Naturally, if you ask a Frenchman, he'll



*Mme. de Pompadour:
Louis XV's mistress and
lifetime confidante*

claim his ancestors invented sex—and even if they didn't, they certainly act like they did. They had Pigalle and the Follies and the Crazy Horse and the Riviera and the cancan long before any bar owner in San Francisco found he could charge clients four bucks a drink to gawk at silicone strippers. Frenchmen have even gone so far as to make cheating on their wives a national institution. They call it *cinq à sept* ("five to seven"). That's what the French do while the British are taking tea and the Americans are shaking martinis. The mistress is free for those two hours because her husband is with his mistress, whose husband is with his mistress, ad infinitum. The French claim it's a very civilized way of making a marriage work.

France is 90 percent Catholic, and that means there are lots of churches and lots of priests who usually have a lot to say. France is also one of Europe's most agrarian nations. That means lots of farms and lots of





farmers' daughters—Catholic farmers' daughters. Given this combination, you wind up with a frustrated but pure 16-year-old girl, who wouldn't dream of having sex before her marriage to the pure but frus-



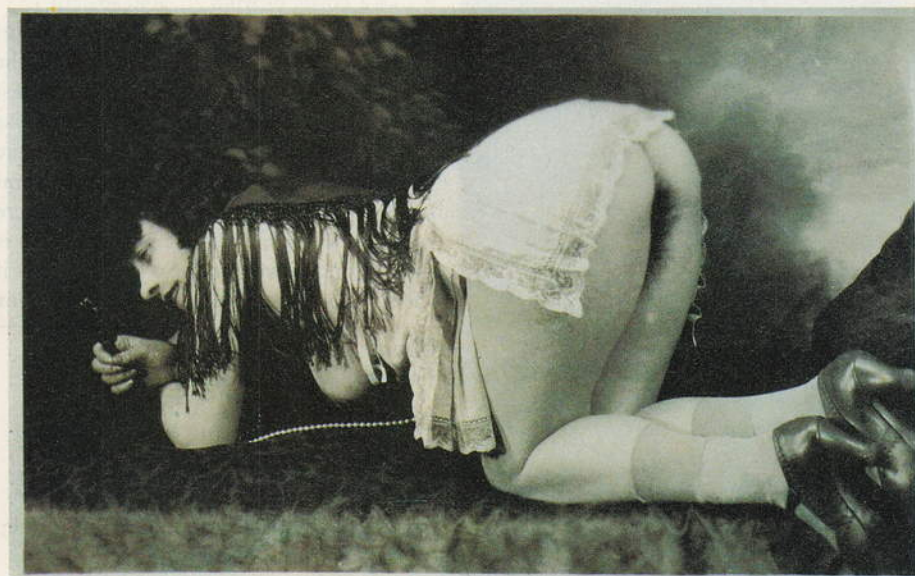
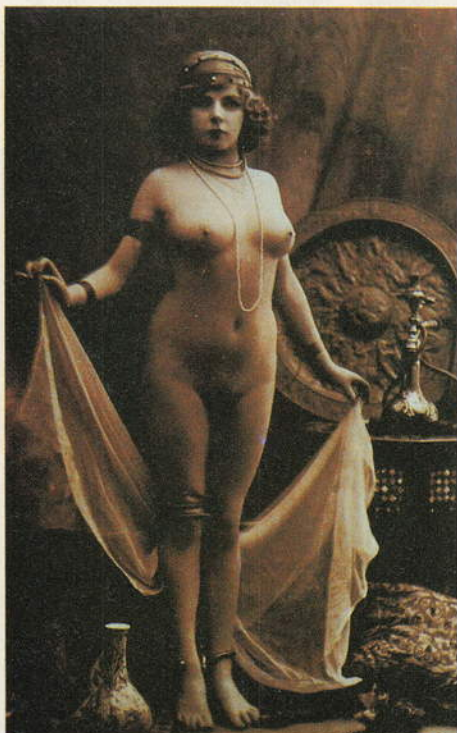
Marie Antoinette: After seven years of boredom, she became a hedonist.

trated 17-year-old guy next door. They get married, and their prize wedding gift is the right to mess around together. Had the two experimented before the wedding (the French verb in this case is *pratiquer*, "to practice"—as in practice makes perfect), their priest guaranteed that their ears would fall off and they would be cursed for life with idiot children and circles under their eyes. Put in very French terms: "A girl is like a bottle of wine . . . sold sealed!"

Life in urban France is different, of course, but only about 20 percent of the population lives in the country's five largest cities: Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, Toulouse and Nice. It was the French writer Balzac who once said, "In Paris there are several kinds of women, but in the provinces there is only one kind, and that poor creature is the provincial woman." So you can bet it wasn't a provincial woman who said, "Sex

Country Girl

France is one of Europe's most agrarian and most Catholic countries. That means, naturally, lots of Catholic farmers' daughters. In their case, *pratiquer* ("sex before marriage") is strictly frowned upon. To the French: "A girl is like a bottle of wine . . . sold sealed."



French Postcards

The first photograph was taken by a Frenchman in 1826. So, it's not surprising that the early masters of nude photography were French. While Americans were busy snapping family portraits, the French turned their attention to their favorite subject—women. By the late 19th Century, they were hawking mass-produced postcards like these on every corner of Pigalle. American tourists—although shocked—succumbed to temptation and bought as many as they could hide in their waistcoats and smuggle past customs. French postcards, however, rarely got mailed. No matter. The French developed a mystique that would endure for over a hundred years.



is better than a good Camembert."

The reputation of the French girl—the one *with* the reputation—can easily be traced through history. In medieval days, women were completely subservient. Knighthood during the 12th and 13th Centuries began the slow process of idealizing women. Women were pursued to great lengths, and troubadours sang of their favors. But in the 14th Century, the aristocratic women in France invented women's lib. They formed "courts of love" to legislate relations between the sexes. In one case, for example, the court ruled that a married woman who had refused the advances of a former lover from her youth was wrong in doing so. The court said, "The marriage bond does not exclude the rights of first love, unless the lady has decided to abstain completely from matters of love." Not bad for 14th-Century philosophy. The court also ruled that in matters of arranged marriages (a common practice of the day), real love cannot exist. Thus, they encouraged, and perhaps greatly widened, the gap between romantic love and marriage . . . which goes back to what *cinq à sept* is all about. In fact, under the circumstances, that becomes the only logical answer.

See, despite their religion, the French have decided that a little nookie on the side makes marriage more bearable. Not long

ago, one Parisian magazine found that most women in France—that means more than 50 percent—label marriage dull and boring. This same group also stated that they



*Napoleon to Josephine:
"The little black forest, I
send it a thousand kisses."*

could understand their husbands' infidelities. One out of five then admitted to playing around themselves. How convincing it is to listen to a Frenchman explain

that this little marital safety valve prevents divorce. No one seems to get upset about it, except perhaps those people whose privacy has been breached. This was the case with Mme. Caillaux, wife of the French premier in 1914. *Le Figaro*, a Parisian newspaper, printed some letters the premier had written to his mistress and, in a noble gesture, Mme. Caillaux quietly walked into the editor's office and shot him. "Leave my husband alone," she said.

The French loved it.

They also thought it was great fun to hear a well-known police commissioner announce publicly that he only made love to married women, and then only when they were clothed, because that way he could imagine them to be more beautiful than they really were.

The newspapers had a field day a few years ago when a small-town mayor in the Lyons region was arrested for leasing his office to prostitutes at night and then watching them in action from a secret vantage point. They also had quite a good giggle when Andre le Troquer, as president of the National Assembly, was named ringleader of a gang that recruited teenaged girls for orgies. (Those are called *Ballet Rose*, in French . . . the "Pink Ballet." Poetic, no?) Even President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing hasn't disappointed his public. For months



following his election in 1974, he chased lady friends all over the country—at least, that's the way the story goes.

Don't think that the late Georges Pompidou escaped without scandal, either. It seems Mme. Pompidou once fancied herself a film star (the 8mm variety), and copies are supposedly still floating around the country. Meanwhile, the president's name was linked to a scandal involving a photographer who took pictures of well-known people being "otherwise occupied." De Gaulle didn't hurt Pompidou's reputation when, upon the return of Pompidou from a state visit to Rome, the general asked, "Did you go to confession?"



France had Pigalle and the Crazy Horse long before we had topless bars.

Napoleon—who was Charles de Gaulle long before Charles de Gaulle was—also helped develop the French image when some of his letters to Josephine turned up as collector's items. In his ardor, he wrote, "A kiss for your heart and then lower, much lower." And "You know very well that I can't forget the little visits; you know very well: The little black forest, I send it a thousand kisses." Then, when he finally divorced Josephine, he won the hearts of every Frenchman by telling the world: "She had the prettiest cunt ever, but she lied too much."

The fact that French presidents spend time trying to get laid is not in itself signif-



icant. One assumes that even American Presidents do, too. What is more important is that French presidents are a big target for Frenchwomen, who turned to politics years ago as their only source of power. The laws in France forbade women to vote until 1946. They couldn't even have bank accounts without their husband's permission until 1965. Women therefore found control in mixing politics and bedsheets.

While the rest of the world makes heroes of center fielders and soccer players, the French adore their more infamous women. A few summers ago, a French gasoline station, instead of giving away dishes with each liter, offered small medals, historical



*Ask any Frenchman:
He'll tell you his ancestors
invented sex.*

sketches of the greatest French lovers. And why not? Mme. de Pompadour controlled Louis XV. As the king's mistress for five years, Mme. de Pompadour's influence grew with each romantic encounter.

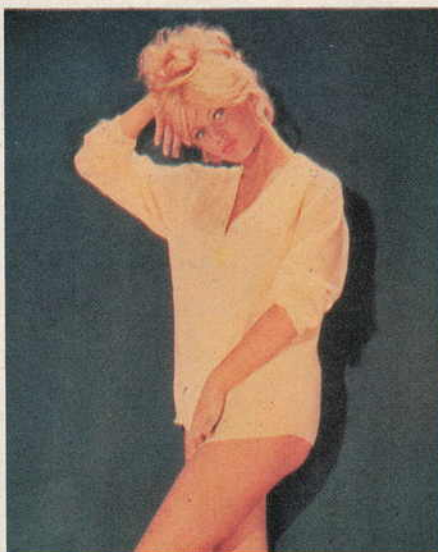
And who could forget Marie Antoinette? Born in 1755 and beheaded in 1793, she married France's King Louis XVI, not for his money, position or good looks, mind you, but to strengthen the alliance between France and Marie's home country, Austria. But even though Marie was not born French, she quickly adopted—or rather, was forced to adopt—its ways of thinking. After all, her marriage to Louis was unconsummated for seven years (what Louis was

doing all that time, we're not quite sure), so Marie merely did what came naturally—*cinq à sept* with a number of officers of the guard. After seven years of boredom, she threw herself into a purely hedonistic life, and enjoyed it until the day she died.

But the grand prize for faithfully serving a French head of state must go to Meg Steinhill. She was the *petite amie* (little friend) of François Félix Faure, president from 1895 to 1899. Faure was a terrific aficionado of *cinq à sept*. He frequently said of Mme. Steinhill: "She could shake any man's loins." And he became proof positive. During one of their evening rendezvous in his office, a passing secretary heard strange noises coming from behind the door. He peeked inside. Faure was bare-assed, flat on his back on the couch. Mme. Steinhill's head was buried deep in his lap; his fingers were clutching her hair. She was very active. And he was very dead. Faure is spoken of these days in glowing terms. Most cities have named streets and high schools after him. But Meg is the true hero of this story.

So, urban French girls of 1980 have been brought up with a great awareness of the sexual culture that is their heritage. As a result, they do not necessarily associate skin with sex. Just watch them at a swimming pool or at the beach. The Riviera is lined with topless women of all ages. It's great when they're 17 and pretty; it's another thing when they're 77 and not so pretty. Frenchwomen will sit topless on the sand all afternoon. They'll get up and walk into the water topless. But if you approach one of them to try to make small talk, the first thing she'll do is put her top back on. It's almost as if it were a rule of social decorum on the beach.

To put it bluntly, whereas American women can be straightforward and generally



Brigitte Bardot:
Still dropping her jeans,
20 years later

sure of their liberated status, Frenchwomen today are a potpourri of contradiction. There is sex and there is sex; the two can be very different. One is a prize; the other has to do with love. Many foreign visitors may never notice it, but in most of the better French hotel rooms, there's an armoire with a mirror that can be turned to face the bed. It's there if you know about it. It isn't there if you're not looking for it. And that's what French girls are all about.

They may say hello to you in a café, or dance with you in a disco or tell you all about cubes in an art museum, but they're not going to do it simply because you ask them to. After all, they're French. They've got to be courted. They're the queens of the chessboard, and they can't be taken without a battle. They need to be the prize. It's

amazing to watch a Frenchwoman instantly change her color from the seductive, elusive, mysterious prize to a totally inconsiderate, nasty bitch, simply because she failed to become the object of your attention. She'll sulk. She'll call you names. She'll slam doors. All very childlike. She does it most likely because she doesn't know any other way to defend herself. An American woman, sure of who she is, will probably not hesitate to punch you in the mouth. A Frenchwoman will simply take the prize out of your reach.

During our adolescence in America, we all had to play a lot of games. We had to meet her parents, take her to the movies, take her to dinner. Then we would plot and connive to get her into the backseat for an hour's grope, or worry if there were still time to take her to a friend's apartment, mess around and get her back to her dorm before curfew. Life as a youth was complicated.

With the French, the difference is that while they also play games during their adolescence, they continue them into their adult lives. French girls won't talk to strangers (no matter how good your French) unless you can do something outlandishly silly that makes them crack a smile. Being seated next to one in an airplane might force her into small talk, or finding yourself in a train compartment with one for an afternoon might get you the

City Woman

These girls do not necessarily associate skin with sex. In fact, although they'll sun topless at the beach, when approached, the first thing they'll do is put their tops back on. Contradictory? Ah, the essence of the Frenchwoman.





story of why the railroads are going bankrupt, but meeting one at 5 P.M. and falling in love for a night? *Bonne chance.*

No, getting to a Frenchwoman takes time. And effort. And skill. The first thing in your favor is the fact that you're *not* French. If Frenchwomen are the way they are, it's because of Frenchmen. The three most important things in a Frenchman's life are his car, his food, his dog. In that order. Then come his clothes, boasting about how well he knows wine, getting good seats to the soccer game and, finally, boasting about how terrific he is in bed. Frenchwomen know this about Frenchmen and figure that when one asks them out, he's bored with the first six items on his list and he's looking for new ammo when it comes to number seven. True. That's the way Frenchmen think. Ask any American woman who's ever had an affair with a Frenchman—and pity any American woman who's married to one!

So Frenchwomen are coming from a society filled with Frenchmen, and the fact that you're not French is a definite advantage. *Je ne suis pas français, moi.* A very handy expression. And every time she responds to you by saying you're pleasant, by saying you're funny, by saying you're sensitive, by saying you're very nice, remind her that you're not French. It's just one way of saying that the most important thing in your life is not your car.

Now, if you want to avoid playing her games, set your own rules. Don't rush in; you'll scare her off. In fact, the most intriguing thing you can do is to pretend that you're not at all interested. Sooner or later, she'll come running. Guaranteed. No Frenchwoman can stand the thought that there is a man on earth who isn't at her beck and call.

I know it's rather difficult to pick up a lady and at the same time pretend not to be interested. But the trick is to pretend that you're something else, like lost or very much in need of help. "I'm looking for someone to send a wire. . . ." "Why can't I buy a pound of tomatoes in this town without all those people at the market trying to cheat me?" "How come every time I ask directions to the Louvre, people send me in the opposite direction?" You've got to be a good enough actor to convince her you really mean it. Once you've got her attention, make her giggle, test her English, tell her you're a retired brain surgeon, lead her to believe you're filthy rich (that one works all over the world), ask her opinion of Jimmy Carter, hint that you once ran in the Olympics. . . . In short, do and say anything except, "Hey, sweetie, wanna screw?"

Make no moves toward her at all. That

LA DAME FRANÇAISE

No Frenchwoman can stand the thought that there's a man on earth who isn't at her beck and call

will put the ball in her court (excuse the expression). If she's interested, she'll suggest that you have coffee somewhere or that you dine together at a wonderful restaurant while you're in town, or she'll tell you that she'd love to visit whatever town you said you were from. Tell her that if she ever gets to Provo, you'd be delighted to show her around. In fact, give her your name and address. If she's interested, you'll get hers in return. Then *you* can suggest dinner at that restaurant she knows, and so forth. But the trick is in not coming on to her.

Once you get her out, make her think that the next step is a first-class trip to Tahiti, or even Cincinnati—anyplace, as long as it's foreign. Convince her that you can go as friends, separate rooms and all. No problem. Promise to phone her the next day; then don't for two or three days.

Isn't it too bad that you've got to play all these games? But wait, now it's her turn. You probably won't get invited into her apartment: "It's such a mess. No, really, I'd be much too embarrassed. The maid has been on vacation, and everything is thrown everywhere. Another time." Nor will she come straight home to yours. "It's late, and I have to work tomorrow." Don't, however, give up there. Even if she wants to come back to your place, she won't admit it straight off. Hotel rooms in France can be a problem. If it's the Ritz, great. But if it's some small pension on the Left Bank, the typical French girl will tell you it's suited only for prostitutes. Solution: "Tell you what—I'll rent a car on Friday night, and we'll drive down to the Loire Valley and see if we can spend the weekend haunting a castle."

Being willing to shell out the francs is one of the sad parts of the game. Suggest that you go Dutch, and she'll explain, "This is France, not Holland." Try asking, "Instead of spending money tonight, why not come up for a toke?" and all it will get you is an introduction to the French judicial system. Remember, France is not only a very formal society; its drug laws are at least 20 years behind most other civilized countries.

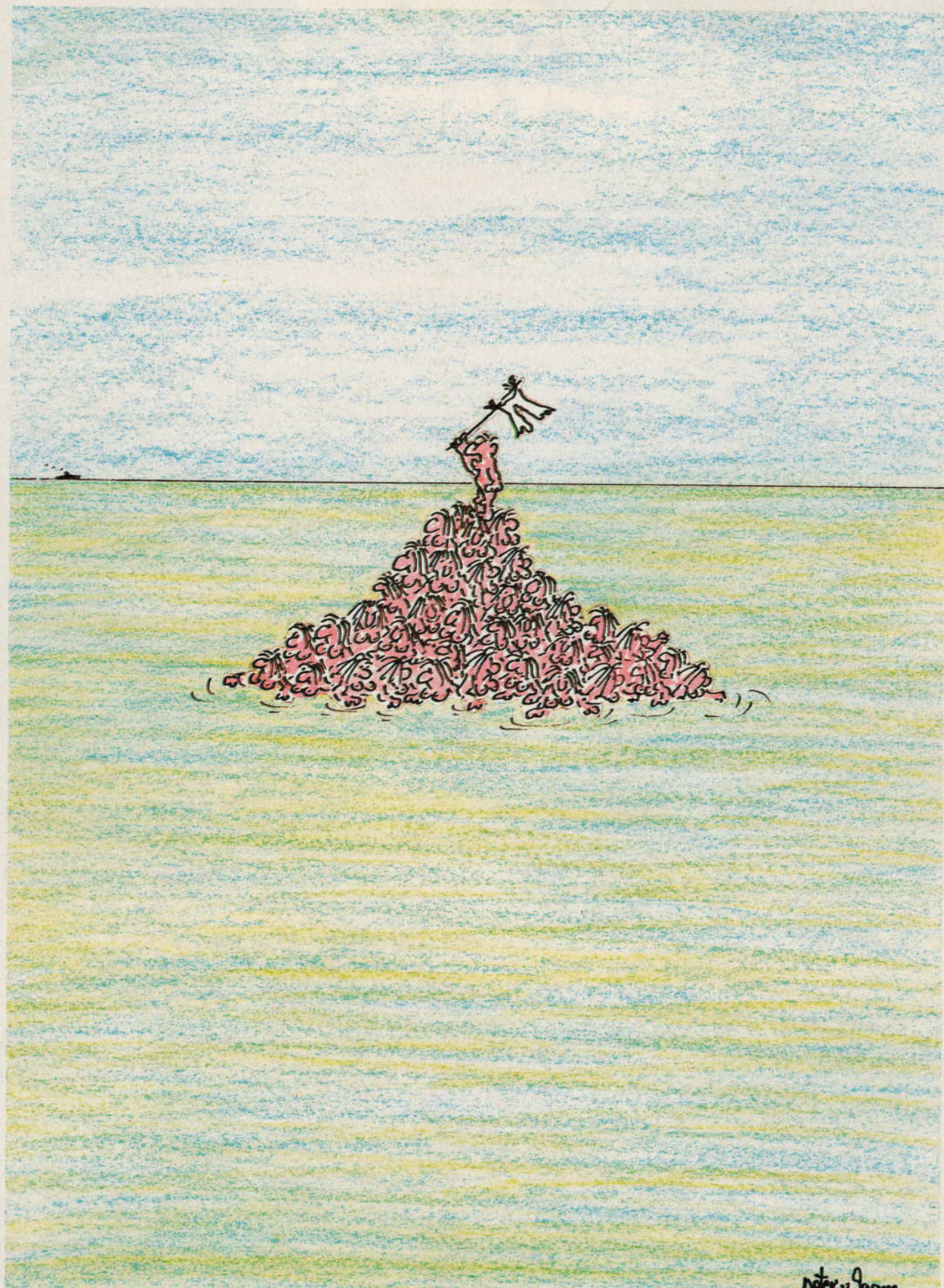
If you can somehow manage to get into her place, you now face: "I don't do this on a

first date." "I believe in love." "I've got a boyfriend." "If I spend the night with you, it's just as a friend, nothing else." "You promised we wouldn't do this." "May I come back tomorrow with my suitcase?"

Dealing with her duality is not easy. The *woman* wants to be cuddled and held and made love to with all the romantic ardor you can muster. She wants poetry and candles and moonlight. The *girl*, however, is all French. She knows all you want is to screw and, by God, if that's all you want, you'll have to make it worth her while: St.-Tropez, presents, nightclubs, the best wines, Tahiti, even Provo.

This is where a lot of foreigners decide to get off the bus. If *she* can't understand herself, how the hell can you? But wait! Being involved with a Frenchwoman does have its advantages. Her vanity is so strong that she'll never permit you to dump her; she'll be the one to dump *you*. For instance, once she senses the end is near, she climbs into bed, but won't let you get within three feet of her. "I'm not in the mood." "No, I don't think so." "This is all you want, isn't it?" "No more sex until I decide you've been nice enough to me." The more you try to convince her, the better the victory tastes to her. If you act cold, she'll say, "See, I told you so." Either way, you can't win. And both ways, she'll go away. One thing you shouldn't do, for your own sake, is get angry. If you do, she'll tell you how childish you've been right from the very first day you met. As long as you want out anyway, why not let her go away thinking that she's won? All you have to do is give her a little hint that you're thinking of ending it, and she'll take it from there—fast.

I know you're all waiting for the answer to the big question: Are Frenchwomen any better in bed than other women? Do they know any tricks that are so closely guarded as to be national secrets? Sorry to say, the answer is no. Women are as good in bed as the man they're with, and that has nothing to do with the country you're in. They may wear tighter jeans than American girls, and they may be more willing to take off their tops at the beach, but that's only the wrapping. Granted, packaging is what sells in the supermarket, but smart shoppers still go for the product. Frenchwomen, however, do know one trick in particular that makes them a very special breed: how to be French. Their brains bubble with centuries of contradictions. They can be juvenile, silly, nasty, cold, unapproachable, mysterious, unliberated, dependent, brooding. . . . but, by God, they do it with so much inbred style. And that, at least, makes the prize seem worth the game. ■



peter v. leone

The BRIDLINGTON RECTANGLE

PROFILE BY JAN GOLAB

For Undersea
Mystery Writer
Clive Cussler,
It Wasn't Enough
to "Raise the
Titanic." Now
He's Raising Hell.

It was the summer of '79 when I finally reached death orbit. I was already in the reentry stage, starting to split apart and burn up like so much Skylab debris. I was bouncing off walls like the Martin Sheen man-beast in "Apocalypse Now." I rolled over in my London hotel bed late one morning and began to stroke Lorelei gently on the thigh, as I fumbled with the empty champagne bottles on the nightstand. Lorelei, who did the album art for the





It didn't surprise me that Cussler was planning to spend a month off the coast of England searching for a worthless wreck. But I didn't buy the eccentric-but-harmless media image he cultivated.

rock band I had just chronicled, stared into my bleary eyes.

"You need to get away from all this," she said. Her eyes darted around the room.

An hour later, she bundled me onto a train bound for Bridlington. "A quiet fishing village and holiday resort for families and pensioners," the ticket agent had said. "Nothing ever happens there."

"That's just what he needs."

2

Bridlington looked like one of Winslow Homer's harsh-but-colorful fishing villages. Outside the train station, vacationing senior citizens queued up for magical mystery tours up the Yorkshire coast, shopped for curios in seaside promenade shops or chatted with friends on the park benches along the beach. A cabby—a man of about 50, dressed in a blue uniform—approached me abruptly.

"Good afternoon, sir. You must be here to write about the American expedition."

I was wearing jeans and a black-satin, rock-'n'-roll jacket. I hadn't thought I was quite so obvious.

"Expedition?" I asked.

"Yes, Clive Cussler and his merry men. They're searching for the *Bonhomme Richard*, the ship commanded by John Paul Jones. You know, the American who cried, 'I have not yet begun to fight!' I took the correspondent from *Time* to their quarters yesterday. Pleased to make your acquaintance, sir; my name is Jefferson."

I shook the man's hand. "Did you say Clive Cussler?"

"Yes, of course." Jefferson picked up my bags and walked over to his cab. "You Yanks have such a way with being mysterious. You couldn't possibly be here for any other reason. They're out at Boynton Hall. I'll be glad to take you there if you like."

3

Clive Cussler. I knew the man. I had interviewed him once, a few years back, after he'd hit megabucks with his best-seller, *Raise the Titanic*. He wrote undersea adventure spy thrillers. His protagonist, Dirk Pitt, is like James Bond in a wet suit. Pitt snorkeled through two other novels, *The Mediterranean Caper* and *Iceberg*, before Cussler struck offshore oil with *Titanic*. The bidding war that erupted for various rights to *Titanic* left him afloat with three million bucks. His next effort, *Vixen 03*, cleared another million, and he wasn't going to talk film deals on *Vixen* until after the \$30-million production of *Raise the Titanic* hit the screen.

After *Titanic* sold four million copies, Cussler's earlier books began to sell, and the spy genre suddenly had a popular new anthology. His stories, all set in the 1980s, are spun from the Alistair MacLean—what-if? formula of adventure writing. What if the *Titanic* went down holding the world's only known quantity of a mysterious radioactive mineral called byzantium, which could now enable either Russia or America to dominate the world? What if a Boeing Strato-cruiser, flying a top-secret mission in the 1950s, and carrying 36 canisters of a vile organism called Quick Death, disappeared into oblivion, and then was discovered 35 years later at the bottom of a mountain lake—but some of the canisters were missing (*Vixen 03*)? Cussler swings the action from place to place, juggling a number of seemingly unconnected jigsaw pieces, until he snaps them all together at the end with a quick twist and a climactic showdown. It's the type of intrigue-filled storytelling in which each numbered chapter ends with a foreboding revelation that evokes arched eyebrows and has the reader muttering, "Hmmm, I wonder how *that* fits in?" Sometimes, Cussler just plops these ominous chapter breaks right into the middle of a conversation.

4

"Personally, I think the man's a bit of a loon," said Jefferson, as we drove through Bridlington. "It says in the papers that Mr. Cussler is spending eighty thousand quid on this expedition. Yet, he claims that he's only interested in the *Bonhomme Richard* for its historic value, and that he doesn't expect to find anything more than some rusty old muskets and cannonballs to give away to museums."

"I'd venture that it's something more than history he's after," Jefferson continued. "Everybody knows that John Paul Jones, 'Father of the American Navy,' was nothing but a bloody pirate. Why, he probably had the *Richard* stuffed to the bulkheads with treasure he plundered from his raids along our coast. Muskets and cannonballs! Well, I'd be daft to believe that lot of rubbish. Of course, you Yanks do have a way for being fools with your money."

5

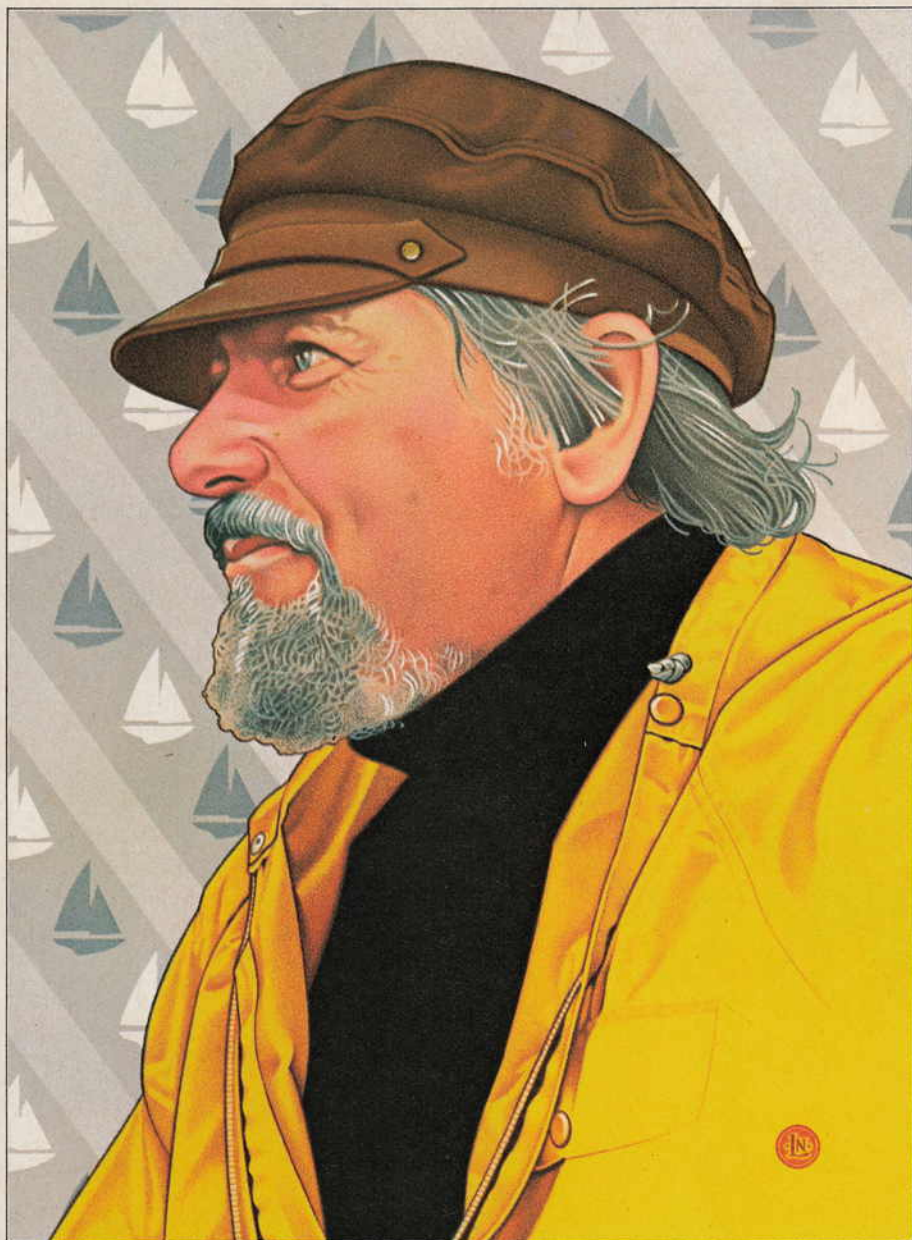
Cussler was known to be capricious. He used the bucks that rolled off *Titanic* to purchase a string of extravagant antique cars. The giggling adventure writer with the silver Vandyke could be found shouting bids at car auctions across the country. He bought 13 of them, including a '26 His-

pano-Suiza, a '37 Bugatti, a '21 Rolls Silver Ghost, a '25 Isotta-Franchini and a Phantom III—a sparkling bevy of beauties, which he locked up in a warehouse near his home in Denver, Colorado. Meanwhile, Cussler would cruise around town like a kid playing hooky, a man-child gone berserk in a world full of new toys. The press dealt with him like your basic nouveau-riche eccentric, which suited Clive just fine. He was crazy long before he got rich.

Before making it as a writer, Cussler had always lived like a mad inventor, jumping in and out of one harebrained scheme after another. He trudged around California deserts looking for lost gold mines. He dove for sunken treasure. He started businesses in order to manufacture "amazing" new products that never amazed anyone. He was a first-degree prankster, always up to something nuts—like chartering a yacht in L.A. and towing it to Las Vegas with his buddies, so they could moor it in the desert and spend all weekend playing cards and hassling the Coast Guard for an update on the Nevada tidal conditions.

His primary source of income came from temporary bouts of near sanity when he held onto one of his many positions as a creative director for various L.A. ad agencies. The ad companies *paid* him to be nuts. Among his claims to ill fame is the Ajax White Knight, one of advertising's all-time greatest hits. Cussler created the kitchen-cleanser charger during a drunken evening spent in a bar with a team of copywriters. It was supposed to be a joke. His proposal consisted primarily of conjecture on the phallic symbolism of the knight's lance probing into the American housewife's kitchen. Cussler expected the humorous send-up to get him canned. Instead, they dubbed him a genius. For years, trade publications praised the "heavy psychological research" that went into the White Knight campaign.

It was one of Cussler's pranks that finally turned his adventure writing into a new career. When the manuscript of his first book, *The Sea Dwellers*, was rejected by every major publishing house, he decided that perhaps the title wasn't catchy enough; so he sent it out again as *Rape of the Sea Dwellers*. After six months, when that didn't work, he tried *Rape of the Perverted Sea Dwellers*. The book has still never been published. Then, when he finished his second novel, *The Mediterranean Caper*, Cussler decided that he needed an agent. He didn't know any, so he made one up. He printed up some stationery under the name Charlie Winthrop Literary Agency, and was so convincing in his letters that he liter-



CUSSLER: While he always denied that Dirk Pitt was his alter ego, he was never very convincing. Both are obsessed by the sea.

ally bluffed his way into his first book deal.

It didn't surprise me, then, that this whimsical author was planning to spend a month off the coast of England searching for a worthless wreck. He'd always been a diver and was a frustrated marine archaeologist. His greatest joy in life was researching old sea mysteries. Indeed, that interest inspired the ongoing Dirk Pitt anthology. But I didn't buy the eccentric-but-harmless media image he'd cultivated. I was convinced that, lurking beneath his infectious giggle and crazed-genius eyes, there was a man with a firm grip on reality. Cussler reminded me of the shrewd poker player who acts the buffoon, lets everyone think he's not playing with a full deck, then walks away from the table with all the chips.

"Are there many wrecks out there, Jefferson?"

"Why . . . does the bloody Queen wear

knickers? This is the North Sea, lad, one of the roughest in the world. It's a veritable junk heap. Viking ships from before the time of Christ. Pirates' and smugglers' galleons from every age. Just one storm alone in the Eighteenth Century took down sixty of the king's very own ships. British and German warships and aircraft from two world wars. Why, it's a wonder that our fishermen can still cast a net."

6

Jefferson drove up to Boynton Hall, a 16th-Century Palladian mansion, and pulled up alongside a navy-blue van with the letters NUMA emblazoned on the side.

Cussler really had some nerve. NUMA, the National Underwater and Marine Agency, was the name of the organization he had created in his books. Dirk Pitt was the special-projects director for NUMA which,

basically, was nothing more than a front for top-secret CIA-type activity. When NUMA was officially doing plankton studies in the Arctic, they were actually searching for military secrets in a downed Soviet jet. When NUMA was supposed to be studying ocean currents or searching for historic wrecks, it was actually raising the *Titanic*, which had a ton of byzantium locked in its vaults. Now Cussler had named his real-life organization NUMA, and he expected everyone to believe he was searching for history. He no doubt figured it would be accepted as "just another loony Cussler prank."

While Cussler always denied that Dirk Pitt was his alter ego, he was never very convincing. Now that he had established a real-life NUMA, the question seemed academic. Both he and Pitt are men obsessed by the sea. Both of them have military backgrounds (Cussler was in the air force, Pitt still is). They both collect antique autos. Physically, if you shaved ten years off Cussler's 48, he could pass for Pitt; he is tall and still quite lean. Like Cussler, Dirk Pitt is the down-to-business type, with a sort of Clint Eastwood macho, as opposed to the jet-set-supercilious, vodka-martinish-shaken-not-stirred savoir faire of James Bond, or the brains-and-gadgetry overkill of Derek Flint.

Cussler, of course, couldn't scowl stiff lipped through any episode in life, so he didn't cheat Dirk Pitt out of a sense of humor. After all, it's essential that a secret agent be a wise ass and cocky—able to deliver a few one-liners during a life-and-death struggle with an adversary, to dazzle eternally with his Sherlock Holmesian ability to discern all at a glance and, of course, to make women melt at his very presence.

"Muskets and cannonballs," I mumbled, alighting from Jefferson's cab.

7

The door to Boynton Hall was answered by a friendly character named Peter Throckmorton. As we chatted, he struck me as being scatterbrained but lovable, a long-winded-but-interesting storyteller. His name seemed familiar, but it wasn't until a few hours later that I realized he was perhaps the dean of American marine archaeologists, that he had written numerous definitive works and had spent most of his life in watery corners of the planet searching for, examining and identifying marine wrecks. Cussler, I discovered, had spared no expense on the personnel for Operation John Paul Jones.

I also met Jean Jordan, the expedition's publicist. Jean was a vivacious blonde in her middle years, who was both glamorous and sexy. An adventuress at heart and photojournalist by trade, she had a high-gloss history that included major photo exhibitions in Belgium and a three-year stint as a lady bullfighter in Mexico. I'm seldom attracted to an "older" woman, but had it not been

(Continued on page 112)



UPPER CRUST

**A slice-by-slice rating
of America's best—and worst—frozen pizzas**

Survey by Michael S. Lasky

It never fails. You have a late-night craving that won't quit, and your favorite pizza joint is closed. In fact, the only Italian eatery that's open is 40 miles away. And they don't deliver.

Well, gather round the table, *paesanos*, and give a listen. According to this saucy survey of frozen pizzas, the latest batch of ready-made pies contains at least a half-dozen entries worthy of sinking your *denti* into. Finally, after years of experimentation and refinement, precooked pies *can* be a tasty (and economical) way to satisfy that most dreaded of munchies—the pizza munchie.

Sì, supermarket pizza used to be about as Italian as Lt. Colombo. Missing were all the glorious things that made the pride of your neighborhood pizzeria America's favorite fun food—thick, nourishing dough, all crusty on the edges; rich, tangy sauce; three kinds of savory cheeses; and generous mushroom, pepperoni or anchovy toppings. In their place was a cardboard-and-catsup jobbie, prepared on a conveyor belt by a mad chemist. Still, a whopping 300 million pounds of the Frisbee-shaped convenience stuff are consumed annually and, as the boys in Brooklyn will tell you, the odds are good that *some* of the 40 regional and national frozen-pizza companies will produce a pie that comes close to meeting the quality of the parlor variety.

Americans laid out close to \$500 million for frozen pizzas last year. That's a mere drop of sauce compared with the \$3.4 billion in sales rung up yearly by more than 30,000 pizzerias in the U. S. That figure is expected to shoot even higher this year, for reasons that have absolutely nothing to do with taste. First, there's the gasoline

crunch, which makes a drive to Tony's almost as expensive as a trip to Rome. Then there's the inflationary spiral, which has turned a visit to a pizzeria from a cheap feast into an expensive production number. Why, the average city slice now costs 65¢, and it's usually cooked by Greeks. Suddenly, it makes sense to find out which frozen pizzas are worth their crust, right?

So our taste-tested the goods turned out by the top names in frozen pizza. Our impartial jury applied three criteria when tasting the candidates: Was the crust too thin or too thick, too cardboardy or too doughy, or just right? Was the sauce watery and runny like tomato soup, thick and bland like spaghetti sauce, or just the right balance of ripe-tomato flavor and Italian spices? Finally, were the toppings skimpy and unimaginative, or plentiful and pizzeria tasty?

Each pizza was subsequently assigned a rating on a scale of one to six slices. Roughly speaking, a pizza that scored six slices is as good as any parlor pizza you can buy in the big pizza-loving towns—Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston or New York. A one-slice pizza, we wouldn't feed to Aldo Moro, if you catch our drift.

By the way, all pizza is not only high in calories (about 1000 calories a slice), but rich in nutrition, especially protein. So, *mangia, mangia!*

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE DOUBLE-TOP PIZZA DELUXE, \$3.00

Face it—any chef who would put spaghetti and meatballs in a can is a traitor to his profession. Now Boy-Ar-Dee's namesakes at American Home Foods have gone one step farther and cloned this concoction. Sure, they truthfully can brag about loading it with twice as much topping as crust,

but they can't hide the crust completely. It has the consistency of plywood and is covered with a sauce that tastes like instant tomato soup made from dry mix. The pepperoni is as chewy as recycled car-seat upholstery. Our compliments to the chemists.

ELLIO'S PIZZA, \$2.59



How's this for inventive? Unlike our other contenders, Ellio's doesn't use any mozzarella cheese; instead, they opt for American cheddar! Prepared by a division of the Purex Corporation (Clorox and Ays), Ellio's arrives in nine precut slices, which are packed one on top of the other instead of in the customary pie formation. Unfortunately, the slices taste more like a grilled-cheese-and-tomato sandwich, on white to go. The sauce is good for teaching your pet anchovies how to swim, and the crust of medium thickness is actually a raft of bread. A piss-poor slice of pizza, but not a bad cheese sandwich.

CELESTE SAUSAGE & MUSHROOM PIZZA, \$3.39



Their "regular" deluxe pizza is nothing to write about, so we won't. This one, however, is a surprisingly well seasoned pizza, with a halfway decent crust and a hearty supply of toppings. The sausage is a bit sweet, but it blends well with the generous helping of mushrooms. The sauce has a pungency like marinara and, like the cheese, it is spread evenly—an accomplishment in this industry.

SALUTO PARTY PIZZA, \$3.99



At last, some old-country honor in packaging. The Saluto Party pie arrives in see-through cellophane, not a wax-paper

FROZEN PIZZA



carton festooned with bogus photos of super-looking pizza. What you get is what you see. And what you get is *buonissimo*. Easily the most expensive and heaviest (over 2 lbs.) pizza in the freezer case, Saluto party size features a grand profusion of sausage, peppers and pepperoni on top of a rich spread of mozzarella. The crust is thick, yet has a Melba-toast crispness. The pizza sauce, which is prepared from fresh tomatoes, three cheeses, olive oil and garlic, has an honest-to-God pizza-parlor taste. Saluto proclaims on the wrapper that this is "the pizzeria pizza in your grocer's freezer." This time, believe them.

CELESTE SICILIAN STYLE DELUXE PIZZA, \$3.29



Abbondanza, my salami! This pizza alone could give Sicily a bad name. We suspect that Quaker Oats—the conglomerate behind Celeste—cornered the oregano market and is making us suffer with this pie. The crust is thick, but turns too crispy; there's not enough doughy middle as in genuine Sicilian-style pies. The toppings are so-so, except for the mushrooms, which are awful. However, it's the oregano seasoning that's a puzzle. It burrows into your taste buds on the first bite, and overpowers everything that follows. What's really scary is that the ingredient panel does not mention any oregano. What is that stuff?

JENO'S ITALIAN BREAD PIZZAS, \$1.69



The package reads: "Pizza designed with microwave in mind." *Exactamundo*. This mess is manufactured with more thought for the machine that will cook it than for the people who will eat it. The individually wrapped river rafts of gloppy Italian bread are covered with little-purple-polka-dot pepperonis, arranged in a ring-around-the-rosy pattern. There are a couple of green pebbles that might be peppers—who the hell knows? And some Gravy Train-type pellets, closely resembling sausage, finish off the topping. Tasteless red sauce and part real, part ersatz cheese blanket everything. It doesn't look good, smell good or taste good, but machines love it.

VAN DE KAMP'S THICK CRUST STYLE COMBINATION PIZZA, \$2.59



From a regional California division of General Host Corporation comes this "natural" pizza to end all "natural" pizzas. You know, the kind of pizza Mamma used to make for the est meetings. What the hell is whole wheat germ doing in the crust, anyway? Pizza is nutritious enough without turning it into a bazaar for sprout heads. There are lots of great ingredients included—olives, peppers, mushrooms, white cheddar, Swiss, mozzarella, yellow cheddar, provolone, Romano and sausage, without

obligatory preservatives. So, what could be wrong? Well, aside from gummy consistency and a cracker-thin crust, baking the pie according to instructions had us cleaning the oven into the wee hours. What a schtinking mess! This is the type of food that gives artificial flavors a good name.

CÉLENTANO PIZZA "ELEGANTE," \$1.79



Proof that a name ending in *o* does not a pizza chef make. This pizza arrives in a foil pan drenched in a soupy sauce. When you part the red sea, you find bits of pepper and mushrooms and a paltry amount of mozzarella. The ultra-thin crust suffocates in the aluminum pan and ends up either burned or soggy. If this pizza is—as the manufacturer claims—"just like Mamma used to make," Mamma should hand in her apron.

LA PIZZERIA CHEESE PIZZA, \$2.25



Ore-Ida Foods, Inc., famous for potato products, are to blame for this mess. Its crust turns up thin and even, but the pizza sauce has a warmed-over-catsup flavor. And you'll need a magnifying glass to find the decidedly stingy amount of cheese. Ore-Ida is owned by Heinz, which might be why the taste of catsup lingers. La Pizzeria pie is not a total loss, though: When it's cold, it congeals quickly and can be used as sealing wax. Definitely *not* allrighta.

BEL-AIR PEPPERONI PIZZA (Safeway Stores, Inc.), \$2.39



Here's a surprise. A supermarket off-label pizza with a generous and tasty topping. Lots of sweet, red bell peppers, as well as cheddar, Romano, provolone and mozzarella, make this a swell bargain—but not a particularly better pie. The crust is what blows it. The stuff has the taste and consistency of wet chalk and overwhelms the promise of the topping. That's a shame, since the pepperoni has a zesty quality that could have made this a superb treat.

BUITONI CHEESE PIZZA, \$1.39



This East Coast pizza is one of the best frozen pies available anywhere. It's not surprising, since Buitoni has been making quality pasta products for years. The crust has a healthy thickness, the tomato sauce is seasoned nicely, and Buitoni's mozzarella is slapped on evenly and thickly. This pizza measures in on the package as one of the most nutritious of the frozen, making it a good buy if you can find it.

CASA DI PIZZA, \$2.29



This is one regional (Northeast) pie that should go national. It is the only pizza in the survey to resemble a fresh pizzeria pie, with

a golden-brown crust that starts thin in the middle and thickens at the puffed-up edges. The manufacturer assures skeptics that Casa Di Pizza is all natural and that it is "really cheese." That means there's plenty of whole-milk mozzarella—most other pizzas in this survey use only part-skim mozzarella. The well-slathered tomato sauce is pungent and zesty. There is not one suspect ingredient in this pie; in fact, there are only ten ingredients altogether. Quite an achievement. Quite a pizza.

STOUFFER'S FRENCH BREAD PIZZAS,

\$2.59



Sounds like something from the corporate kitchen, and what could someone named Stouffer know about pizza, for Christ's sake? But one bite dispels all qualms. The varieties with cheese and a single topping (we tried pepperoni) were bland and tasteless—sort of WASP pizza. However, the deluxe delivers a savory mix of flavors. The cheese is a combination of mozzarella, brick and Romano. Plus, there are mushrooms, onions, green peppers, sweet basil and oregano in the sauce. Add a cold bottle of Heineken and you've got a six-slicer. The only problem with Stouffer's is its outrageous price for two 6-oz. slices.

OUR CHOICE PIZZA, \$2.79



A cat in the bag, Minnesota style. From the picture of this pie on the package, it would seem to have everything going for it. It looks loaded down with sausage, mushrooms, green and red peppers, onions, olives and mozzarella. Open it up, and the cheese is skimpy; the tomato sauce is anemic. What's even more of a bummer... the cheese doesn't melt evenly, and the hearty supply of topping extras are next to flavorless. Oh, yeah, the crust bakes to the texture of shirt cardboard. This is the top-of-the-line pizza from Tony's (the mother company), which should give you an indication of what the cheaper pies taste like. Yuk!

TOTINO'S REVOLUTIONARY CRISP CRUST CLASSIC PIZZA, \$2.79



Totino's (Pillsbury) Classic is 1 1/4 lbs. of the best frozen pizza available on a national basis. Unlike the small Totino pies, the Classic uses real mozzarella and big pieces of meat, green peppers and cheddar cheese. The crust is perfection, and the topping is the tastiest and best-seasoned around. So what if they *do* use sodium stearoyl-2-lactylate and beet powder? So what if the pepperoni is loaded with sugar? So what if there is enough BHA and BHT to preserve a mummy? This pie is the best alternative to pizzeria pizza since freezers were invented. Sing it while you slice: "Nothing sez lovin' like pizza from the oven, and Totino's sez it best."

(Continued from page 107)

necessary for me to develop a purely professional relationship with the lady, I might have had the pleasure of listening to her unfold the colorful anecdotes of her life, while propped against a headboard smoking our afterglow cigarettes.

"Who's here from *Time* magazine?" I asked her. "My driver told me he brought somebody."

"*Time*?" Jean puzzled. "No one's arrived from *Time*."

8

An hour later, I was at Bridlington Harbor to meet Cussler and crew when they returned from their daily outing on the North Sea. Cussler had hired the *Arvor III*, a 70-foot motor yacht, along with its captain, Jimmy Flett, out of Aberdeen, Scotland.

"Gee," said Clive, surprised, but seemingly glad to see me after a number of years. "I can't see what interest this would have for a popular magazine like *OUI*. This is nuts-and-bolts stuff, highly technical and scientific. It's more like what you would find in *Marine Archaeologist*. Actually, it's very boring."

"Yeah, well, I guess I'll have to find an angle," I said.

"I could see a story here, if we were looking for sunken treasure or something really exciting," Cussler continued. "But all we're after are the junky remains of a two-hundred-year-old warship."

"C'mon, Cussler," I scoffed. "You can feed that line about preserving the important artifacts of history to *Time* and *Newsweek*. They might buy it."

Cussler giggled.

"Besides, I would think NUMA could use the publicity. I understand you're trying to attract contributors for future NUMA projects—that Confederate submarine, the *Hunley*, and the Loch Ness monster."

Cussler saw I found it curious that the nonprofit organization he had established was called NUMA.

"The name was really just an innocent coincidence," he explained. "Somebody suggested NUMA, and I thought, 'No, that's preposterous.' But then, the more I thought about it, I figured, 'What the hell? So what if somebody has a field day with it?'" He giggled.

Just as I'd suspected.

Cussler, with his tall frame, piercing green eyes, salt-and-pepper Vandyke and wavy, silver-edged head of hair, has the stern, chiseled features of a sea warrior. But there is a disconcerting aspect to his exterior character: that ubiquitous giggle. No, it's not a giggle; it's more like a whinny. He ends every statement he makes with a throaty, high-pitched whinny. If he tells you the time of day, he whinnies. If he explains a NUMA project, he ends up on the same whinny. It could mean "I don't take anything seriously; I'm really a madman." Or

BRIDLINGTON

I discovered that, almost to a man, the crew of Operation John Paul Jones had military backgrounds.

simply, "Gee, this is so much fun." Or it might be something as meaningless as a nervous habit, like somebody who ends every sentence with "you know?" But combined with that twinkle emanating from his eyes, you're frequently left scratching your head, wondering if what he just said should be taken seriously.

9

Jean Jordan gave me a packet containing résumés of the NUMA crew members. There was no room for me at Boynton, so Walt Schob, the expedition's diving director, drove me to the Monarch Hotel, only a few blocks from the harbor.

Schob was robust, athletic, brimming with laughter and good-time vibes. While he drove the van to the hotel, I quickly eyed his dossier. Lt. Colonel Walter Schob, Jr., retired, U. S. Air Force. It didn't seem that he could be over 40, so I asked him about his retirement. He explained that he had ditched his air-force career a few years short of regular retirement because they cut back his flying time. He'd flown every plane in the air force and had been Director of Aircraft and Missile Test Forces. When they tried to shuffle him behind a desk, he decided he could find more interesting work as a civilian.

"It says here you spent three years studying Soviet jets. What for?"

Schob looked at me cautiously. "I wrote up reports for our pilots, so they would know as much as possible about what to expect, performance-wise, if they encountered a Russian aircraft. You know, standard air-force stuff."

Perhaps there's nothing unusual about a diving director who is a retired air-force stunt man with an expert knowledge of all aircraft, and Soviet jets in particular, I assured myself, while checking into the Monarch.

10

Perusing the rest of the dossiers, I discovered that, almost to a man, the crew of Operation John Paul Jones had military backgrounds and histories of working on special projects. The operation's stateside historian, Norman Rubin, an expert on the *Bonhomme Richard*, even listed a three-year stint with the CIA. What did he do for them? "Estimate performance and production rates of Russian jet engines, aircraft and missiles."

Coincidence, I assured myself again.

11

Expedition navigator Willy Williams was also staying at the Monarch. He introduced me to Bridlington night life—which means, he showed me the town's half-dozen pubs.

Willy was another character right out of an adventure novel. He'd been hopscotching around the globe for 20 years, ever since he'd left his West Virginia family one night to go to the store. Instead, he wound up joining the navy, got into exploring for offshore oil and just never went back. He was a good old boy with a drawl sweet and smooth enough to distill into liquor. "I went out lookin' for a pack of cigarettes," he told me. "I still ain't found 'em."

Willy now made his home in Spain during the few months of the year he wasn't steering ships around Thailand, Iceland or Argentina. "Hell, they arrested me in Africa once cuz they thought I was an agent. I'm always getting into places where I shouldn't be with my two-way radios. That makes a lot of governments nervous, especially if there's a war goin' on. But, shit, if ya wait for clearance, they have ya sittin' around forever."

Still, I figured Willy was clean. He was a free spirit, not an organization man. Besides, I knew he had to be all right, because he already knew every barmaid in Bridlington. Those British girls just loved his smooth drawl and charming Southern ways.

The friendly Bridlington townfolk treated the American crew like celebrities. Frequent accounts of the expedition's progress appeared in the local papers, usually on page one. Cussler had put "Brid" back on the map, and everyone seemed grateful.

At the Grecian Rooms, Bridlington's disco, I spied two beautiful birds. They were in their early 20s, a blonde and a brunette. They were so hot, everyone seemed afraid to approach them. Naturally, I had to make their acquaintance.

"God, am I glad I found you. I thought I was the only tourist in Bridlington. Are you holding?"

"What makes you think we're not from Brid?" the blonde replied, a bit snooty.

"Don't you think that's a bit elementary, my dear? Pretty girls get married or leave Bridlington five minutes after they turn eighteen. Not only are you the two finest I've seen here all day—you're the only two I've seen wearing makeup, and it's so masterfully applied, no less. Your clothes are stylish and, from the way you both dance, it's obvious you've escaped Bridlington's Fifties time warp. My guess is London."

The two of them looked at each other as I eased into their booth.

"We live in London, but we're from Bridlington," the brunette offered. "We're visiting family."

"Perhaps. But I'd wager you're here to



*"All animals are equal,
but some animals are
more equal than others."
—George Orwell*

Aslan

...I can't give you anything



but love, baby!

Give her a LoveBag® and you've got it made!
You won't regret it, she won't forget it!

Genuine mother-of-pearl love stone — 1" actual size.

LoveBag® is filled with 'love saturated' cotton, the love stone and a love poem. Red print on natural, red tie and gift tag. Boxed in expressions of love in 16 languages. Size: 5" cube.

A honey of a gift for only \$5.95.

Luzanne's

602 East Sahara, Las Vegas, Nv. 89104

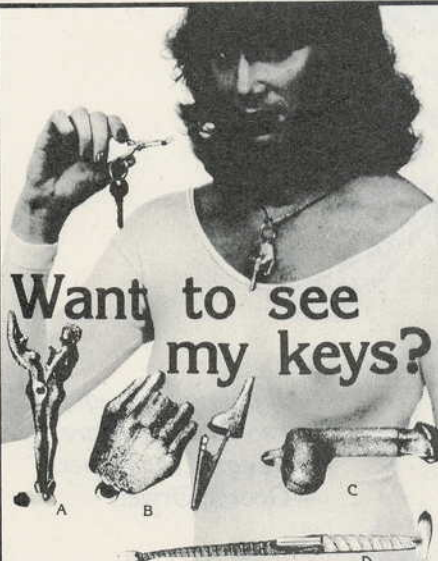
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____



Want to see my keys?

All Hide-a-Clips available in gorgeous 22K gold electroplated, or sleek silver color finish. Chain not included.

#	Quantity		Price
	Gold	Silver	
A			
B			
C			
D			

TOTAL

Post. & Handling

6% tax (RI residents only)

TOTAL

\$4.95 each, 3 for \$12.95, plus 50¢ each for postage & handling.

Name _____

Address _____

Make check or money order to A-line Products, Inc.,

233-A Harris Ave., Providence, RI 02903.

BRIDLINGTON

compete in the Miss Yorkshire beauty pageant at the Spa Royal Hall." I had read about the coming event in the papers.

"I could use the scholarship," the blonde replied, as though she needed to apologize.

"I know, you're studying to be a dancer."

"How did you know?"

"I'm psychic. I read minds. You know, you should really try to stop thinking about sex all the time."

The blonde's name was Amanda. She made a point of telling me she didn't like Americans because they were so arrogant. I didn't have to tell her I was with Operation John Paul Jones.

"I understand you Americans, even with all your fancy electronic gear, can't seem to find the *Bonhomme Richard*," she smiled teasingly.

"That's true," I said. "Assuming, of course, they are indeed looking for the *Bonhomme Richard*. You see, my job is not to help them find her, but to *uncover* the truth about their mission . . . to *lay bare* the facts, *strip* the story down to its *naked* essence, then *probe deeply* into her illusive core." I peered into Amanda's eyes. She ran her pointy tongue across her teeth, unable to squelch the smile breaking across her lips.

"You Yankees think you're so hot!"

12

"Amanda, you've got to stop jiggling your breasts." I was sitting in bed, reading *Vixen 03*, sipping my morning coffee. Amanda, wearing only her lace panties, was doing her dance exercises in front of the bed.

A coy look flashed across her face. She arched her torso forward and started bouncing her marvelous globes in an even more obscene manner. "Does seeing my titties wobble make it difficult for you to concentrate?"

"Hey, is the Pope Polish? No, that's not the problem. It's just that every time I reach a scene in one of Cussler's books where Dirk Pitt is getting up in the morning, there's always some chick flouncing around wearing a flimsy little apron, and bobbling her tits over a frying pan."

"It sounds normal enough to me," Amanda said.

"Maybe, but the way these adventure writers write about sex is so corny. Listen to this description of Pitt waking up in a Rocky Mountain love nest:

As the last strands of sleep receded, Pitt found himself with his first decision of the day: whether to allow his eyes to bask in the majesty of the scenery, or to feast them on the smoothly contoured body of Colorado Congresswoman Loren Smith, who sat naked on a quilted rug, engrossed in yoga exercises.

Pitt discerningly opted for Congresswoman Smith.

She was sitting cross-legged in the lotus position, leaning back and resting her elbows and head on the rug. The exposed nest between her thighs and the small tautened mounds on her chest, Pitt decided, put the granite summits of the Sawatch [mountain range] to shame.

"Yeeeech!" I screamed.

Amanda, now completely naked, undulated to the middle of the room, the vigorous sweep of her hips sending her ample white bottom cheeks quivering into a dazzling boogie of lewd female flesh—a dance with a music all its own.

"I could show you an exercise that would make Congresswoman Smith's yoga look tame."

Amanda spread her legs and arched up on her toes; then she bent over from the waist all the way down until her head peeked out from between her legs, her chin resting against the tip of her now beckoning womanhood.

I tossed my copy of *Vixen 03* across the room . . .

13

My first morning in Bridlington, and I missed the boat. Well, I rationalized, I needed to do some homework, anyway.

"There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of World War Two ships in that area," the Bridlington librarian told me, "but very little information is published about them. The government put quite a clamp on it. I don't know why. For public morale, perhaps. Even during the war, the only way we found out that some of our ships had gone down was from enemy broadcasts."

14

The editor of the weekly *Bridlington Free Press* allowed me to go through the paper's files. Although they only went back to the early Fifties, an afternoon's search turned up some interesting clips.

- At least two RAF jets had crashed off the coast in the past two years. One of them was described only as a "low-level training flight from RAF Binbrook," with no other explanation.

- A historian's account reported that smuggling was so rife in Bridlington in the 1770s, a special task force of 50 men was formed to stem the flow of illicit goods that were delivered through hidden quayside-inn passageways. The most recent smuggling bust in Bridlington was in 1970, when a trawler was captured with a cargo of 40 illegal aliens.

- A number of UFO sightings had been reported over Danes Dyke, a prehistoric earthwork just north of Bridlington at Flamborough Head. According to archae-

ologists, the origins of the dike remain a mystery. The structure was named after the Danes because they discovered it when they conquered Northumbria in A.D. 547.

- The most intriguing item came from an article in the October 17, 1958, issue. It concerned the disbandment of the RAF's Marine Craft Section, which had been stationed in Bridlington for 30 years.

Aircraftman T.E. Lawrence (Lawrence of Arabia) was one of the first airmen to come to Bridlington. He was stationed in the town from 1929 to 1935, to carry out extensive trials with the new power boat which he had been instrumental in designing and developing. He was killed in a motorcycle accident shortly after he left Bridlington.

Like myself, the three editors of the *Free Press* were all men in their late 20s. They enthusiastically answered my questions about crashed jets and UFOs, while they worked their phones and knocked out stories on things like a city-council proposal for curbing stray-dog attacks. It was impossible for me not to reflect on my own dues-paying years. I knew what they were thinking, and I believe they knew what I was thinking.

"Did you say an American magazine sent you all the way from Hollywood to do this?" one of them asked.

"Yeah," I smiled.

16

The next morning, I was aboard the *Arvor III*. As we pulled out of the harbor, Cussler drew me over to his nautical charts, which were laid out on the table at center cabin, so he could explain the operation. The *Bonhomme Richard* (named after *Poor Richard's Almanac*) battled with the British frigate *Serapis* in 1779, in the most famous naval engagement of the Revolutionary War. John Paul Jones was actually victorious, having grappled with and taken the *Serapis* before his own badly damaged ship drifted for 36 hours—to nobody knows where. After 200 years, her watery grave site was still a mystery. Cussler and Throckmorton had spent the past year examining such data as tide patterns, weather and wind reports and the numerous recorded eyewitness accounts of the battle, and tracing fastners (wrecks discovered by fishermen) to determine the *Richard's* most likely location. Drawn onto the nautical charts were numerous zigzagging lines, indicating possible drift patterns. The end result of their calculations was a rectangular search area that covered 150 square miles of ocean.

"There it is," said Cussler. "I call it my exercise in futility."

I peered across the charts and fixed my eyes on the penciled-in box. "Ah, the Bridlington Rectangle," I mused.

The crew eyed one another cautiously. Cussler, of course, giggled.

17

A few hours later, Cussler was back at the table, fiddling with his charts. It was something he would do incessantly throughout the mission, er, expedition. He jabbed his compass at the chart and measured something, then calculated some figures, drew new lines, erased them and started all over again. At one point, he pounded his fists on the table in frustration. "This is like an Agatha Christie novel," he exclaimed. "Somewhere there has to be a key."

I couldn't have agreed with him more.

18

Cussler had outfitted the *Arvor III* with the most sophisticated hardware available. The ship's cabin was an array of blinking electronic gadgets, familiar only to Jacques Cousteau aficionados. The side-scan sonar system, provided by Klein and Associates, employed a metal "fish," which was dragged just above sea bottom, 200 feet below the surface, and could send back nearly picture-perfect etchings of the ocean floor. Anything as big as a cannonball would show up clearly on the graphs. The proton magnetometer, constructed and manned by Bill Shea of Brandeis University, also engaged a "fish" to determine the presence of ferrous metals. Since virtually all that was

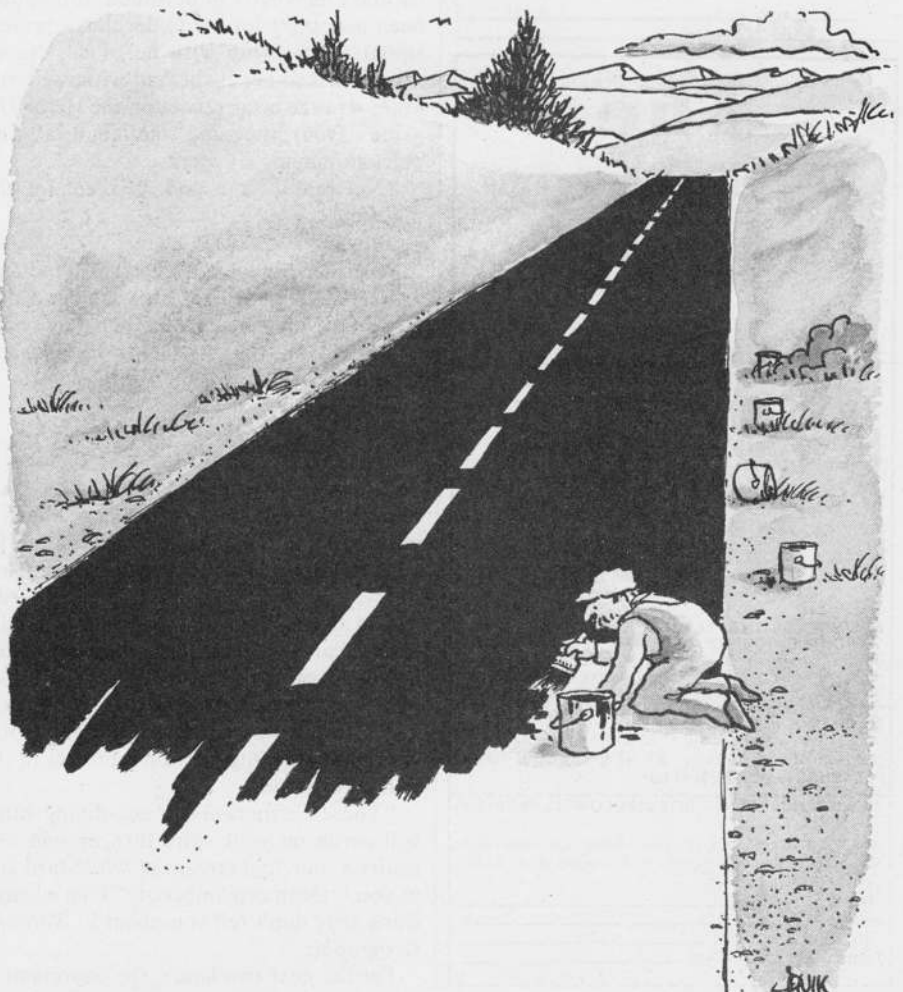
certain to remain of the *Bonhomme Richard* would be an 80-ton mound of ballast, composed of cannon shot and iron ingots, the "mag" might spot the wreck before the sonar did, particularly if it had become buried in the shifting, sandy sea bottom. The ship's navigational system, operated by good ol' Willy Williams of Off-shore Navigation Systems, Inc., employed three radio towers that had been constructed onshore. The system could pinpoint and return the ship to within six feet of any find.

I asked Cussler if he worried about all the money he was spending. "Nah. My wife, my agent, my lawyer and my accountant all think I'm nuts. But hell, you could spend as much money climbing Mount Everest."

19

After an hour at sea, we were buzzed by helicopters. Two Royal Air Force Rescue Patrol choppers flew right up alongside the *Arvor III*. Three men, dressed in full khaki marine-rescue gear, stood in the open bay-side door, making hand signals toward the ship. I looked over and saw Clive gazing up at them. He was twitching his cheek, pulling his ear and shuffling about like a third-base coach. Then the choppers left as quickly as they had appeared.

"What in the hell was that all about?"



FANTASEX!



THE JOYS OF ORAL LOVE
Discover the many ways of giving pleasure by using the mouth to express love. Explore openly and freely with your partner. There is no limit to the joy and beauty possible in human sexual relations. Dialogues, techniques and explicit lilt photos show you new techniques for oral love. Over 200 pages. Just \$6.95 with money-back guarantee.

SAPPHO THE ART OF LOVING
Master photographer J. Frederick Smith has captured the essence of the Sapphic fantasy in "Sappho-The Art of Loving". Two exquisitely beautiful women make love to each other and are captured in a series of breathtakingly beautiful color photographs. A fantasy delight! 160 pages. \$11.95 (money-back guarantee).



HOW MEN REALLY FEEL ABOUT SEX
Some men like a young nubile body in bed; others will take an experienced woman any day. Some want cuddling affection; some just want to get right down to it. See what men have to say about everything imaginable: oral sex, foreplay, bondage, fetishes, and other sexual pleasures. Their frank and often raunchy comments will surprise you! 55 pages of color and black & white photos. Just \$7.95 (money-back guarantee).

FREE GIFT OFFER

If you order all three of the above items, we will send you absolutely free, the all new Adam & Eve Guide to Sexual Pleasure bursting with over 100 explicit black and white photos of a beautiful nude couple who really get into it! A \$4.95 value is yours FREE. Act now! Just check the "All Three" box below and get your free Guide to Sexual Pleasure!

Adam & Eve Dept. 005-C, Box 900
Carrboro, NC 27510

Please rush me in plain package under your money-back guarantee:

☐ #663B Joys of Oral Love	\$ 6.95
☐ #805B Sappho The Art of Loving	\$11.95
☐ #827B How Men Feel About Sex	\$ 7.95
☐ #829B All Three (plus Guide to Sexual Pleasure FREE)	\$23.25

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
© A&E 1980

The Pleasure Store



NEW TRENDS—THE PLEASURE STORE THAT COMES TO YOU! FEATURING: The World's Largest selection of lover's toys & sophisticated sexual aids; the latest, most relevant photo-illustrated Books & Manuals (at discount prices); erotic lingerie; sensuous creams; tantalizing lotions; condoms to please him & her **PLUS MUCH, MUCH MORE!** Send today for our Fabulous illustrated catalogs, only \$1.00. Rushed discreetly in plain unmarked envelope. **AT NEW TRENDS, YOUR PLEASURE IS OUR BUSINESS!**

NEW TRENDS OU6 BOX 2124, LOWELL, MA 01851

Yes, I wish to receive your Fabulous Illustrated Catalogs of Pleasure Products. Enclosed is my \$1.00, please rush.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
I am over 21 years of age _____
(signature)

BRIDLINGTON

I asked Cussler.

"Oh, I don't know," he giggled.

"What's really scary," magnetometer-expert Bill Shea told me later, "is when they buzz us at night."

20

Later, a fishing trawler approached, heading directly toward us. Jimmy, our captain, signaled the ship. Still, the boat made no sign that she intended to alter her course. By the time the trawler was a few hundred yards away, it appeared we had entered into a game of chicken. Jimmy slowed, then killed the engines of the *Arvor III*, allowing the ship to pass, less than 20 feet from our bow. The crew was puzzled and disturbed by the incident. A young man named Geoffrey, a Bridlington resident and member of the Reserve Coast Guard, was aboard ship that day as a guest of one of the crew members. "There was no reason for him to allow his ship to come so close," he chided. "There was absolutely no excuse for that."

21

Later, I talked to the ship's provisioner, or cook, in the galley. Elaine Friedman was a cute, petite brunette in her early 20s, whose past adventures included filming a documentary on whales in Bermuda. If it hadn't been necessary for me to develop a professional relationship with her, I... Never mind. I asked her if she had witnessed any other strange occurrences on the *Arvor III*, aside from buzzing helicopters and chicken-playing trawlers.

"Not really," she said. "Except for the pigeons."

"Pigeons?"

"Carrier pigeons. We've had frequent visits. It's very strange. They land and stay aboard for a few hours, and then they're off. Clive told me that whenever I see one, I should feed it."

22

The *Arvor III* returned that evening in darkness. In the brightly lit cabin, surrounded by windows shrouded in black, a bottle of Scotch was produced and the storytelling begun. Project director Eric Berryman, who was responsible for coordinating all functions on the *Arvor III*, finally had a chance to relax. Berryman and Nick Dean, a seafaring freelance photographer who was shooting Operation John Paul Jones for *National Geographic*, had previously worked together on a project in the Falkland Islands.

"Those cormorants [a sea-diving bird] will perch on your ship, turn around and squirt a four-foot stream of white bird shit at you," Dean remembered. "That's something they don't tell you about in *National Geographic*."

For the next two hours, the conversation

drifted to shipwreck stories, service and war stories, World War One and Two dogfight stories, whorehouse stories, sunken- and buried-treasure stories, lost-gold-mine stories and mysteries like Loch Ness. Cussler, as usual, provided the hilarity with his mental storehouse of the unusual—such as his story about the seaman who set out to disprove the superstition that Friday is an unlucky day for sailors.

"He built a ship doing everything you're not supposed to do. He cast the hull on a Friday. He set the mast on a Friday. And, of course, he christened her the good ship *Friday* on a Friday. The next Friday, he launched her. And guess what? She *sank*."

I absorbed this scene quietly, realizing that for the next ten days I would be shadowing these characters. They were the real thing: rugged, bearded, seafaring adventurers—men whose thirst to explore the mysteries of the world could never be quenched. Cussler and Nick Dean, who sported a long flowing beard, both had the same mad twinkle in their eyes when they excitedly raged to the conclusion of some adventurous tale. With a few guns and daggers on the table, and a half-naked broad tied up in the background, I reflected, this scene could make a cover illustration for one of those old *Men in Action* magazines.

23

The next day I stayed ashore. Geoffrey arranged for me to speak on the telephone with a friend who was an officer in the British Coast Guard. I hoped that he could provide me with some information that hadn't appeared in the press.

"One of our Phantom jets went down about five weeks ago off Hornsea. The navy's already recovered most of it, however."

"What do you mean, *most* of it?"

"Well, I'm not sure. Sometimes these things scatter a bit."

"Why wasn't there anything about it in the papers?"

"They reported that it went down, but nothing else. The air force won't release any more information. It's top secret."

"Have there been any other incidents like this one?"

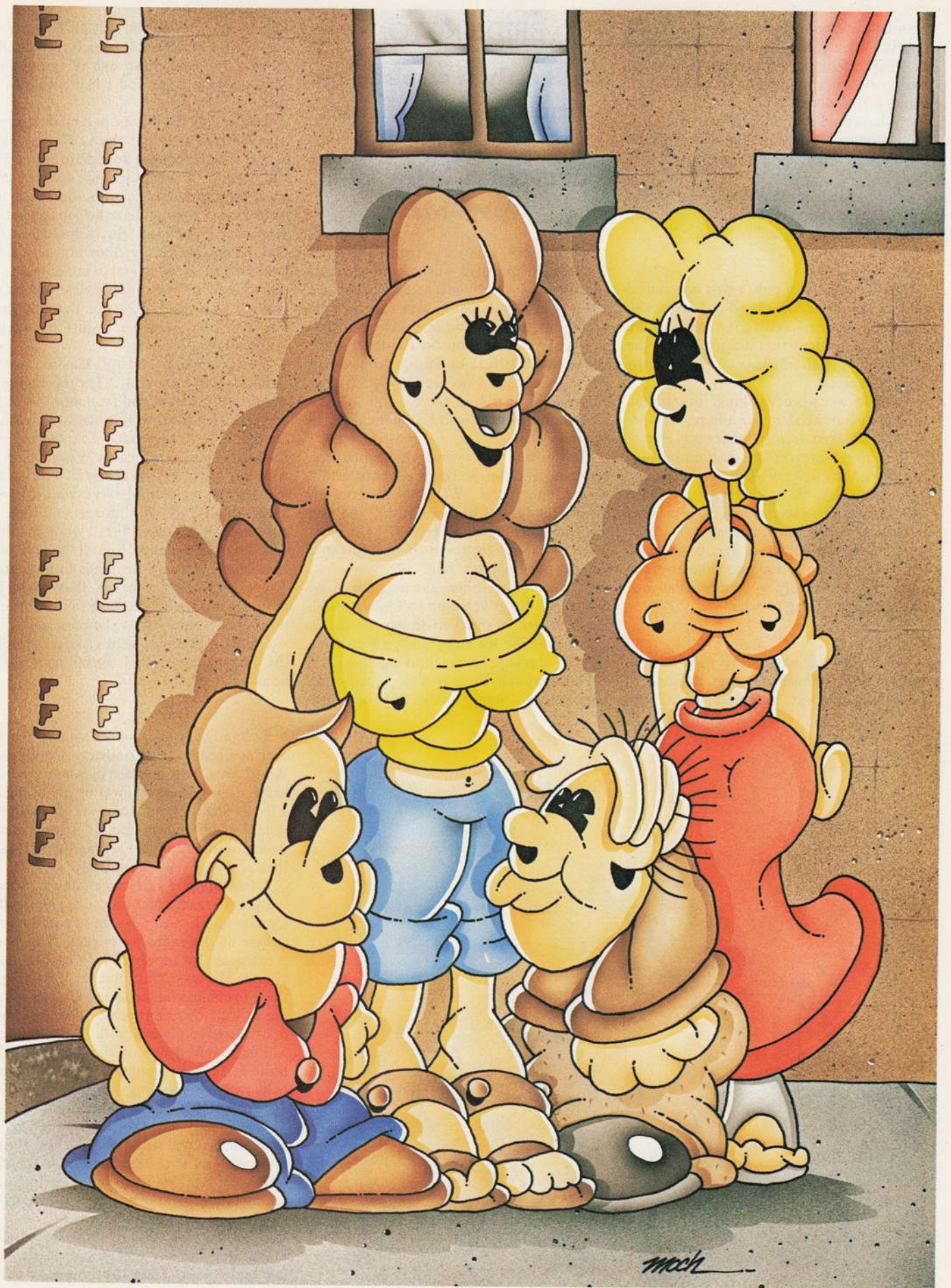
"Well, there was another Phantom I heard went down two or three years ago. Some American general or colonel or something was supposed to be on that one. She went down somewhere off Flamborough Head."

"Jesus. Did they find her?"

"No. They never found that one. Not that I've heard, anyway."

24

I met the *Arvor III* when she returned early that evening. Bill Shea had detected a pattern of metal readings on his graphs. He



"After watching 'Fantasy Island' last night, I got this incredible urge to go out and pick up two midgets."

pointed to a line he had drawn on one of the charts. "I get readings every time we cross it. There seems to be a continuous metal bar—or something. But nothing at all shows up on sonar."

"What could it be?" Cussler asked.

"I suppose it might be a huge vein of iron ore, but it would be unusual to find one here."

Unusual, indeed, I thought, for a "vein of iron" to be so nice and straight, and aimed directly at Danes Dyke.

25

That evening at a pub, I was introduced to John Rooke, a local hard-hat diver who had been retained to dive for NUMA. John related an incident that occurred while he was diving off an offshore oil rig near the Yorkshire coast.

"While we were working, my buddy tapped me on the shoulder and pointed behind us. I looked over, and there was a team of four divers, attached to their umbilicals, filming our activity with movie cameras. They were only thirty meters away. Once they knew we had seen them, they surfaced to their ship. We found out later that they were Russian intelligence agents trying to learn our drilling techniques. They were in a ship that, outwardly, was made to look just like a British fishing trawler."

26

With only a week left to find the *Bonhomme Richard*, Cussler decided to bring in a psychic. Karen Getsla, a "cre-

BRIDLINGTON

With only a week left to find the *Bonhomme Richard*, Cussler decided to bring in a psychic.

ative-imagery analyst" from Durham, North Carolina, had worked on other archaeological expeditions, helping to locate a lost city in Honduras, hidden passageways in the Egyptian Sphinx and man-made undersea stone formations in Bimini. I knew about the Institute of Parapsychology in Durham. Some of our country's top psychics have gravitated there—and so have headhunters for the world's top intelligence agencies.

Getsla was just what the expedition needed—another walking adventure tale with a funny bone. "We nicknamed our pilot in Honduras Captain Crash," she told me the morning she arrived. "He went down in the jungle seven times." She and Cussler got along just fine.

Cussler stayed ashore the next day, so he could take his psychic up to Flamborough Head. Getsla wanted to sit on the rocks, gaze out at the sea and try to pick up some vibes. Naturally, I decided to tag along.

Flamborough Head is a large peninsula famous for its rugged chalk cliffs and smug-

glers' coves. A white-brick lighthouse from the 16th Century still stands there. Our psychic rambled down one of the gentler slopes, and Cussler and I had a chance to talk.

Cussler told me how he had made a number of attempts to get the U. S. Navy involved with Operation John Paul Jones. He had hoped they would provide a ship, some equipment, personnel or, if nothing else, information that might have helped locate the *Bonhomme Richard*. But apparently, he said, no one at the navy took him seriously. Once, when he called and asked to talk to a top official in Washington, the secretary said, "Clive who?" Cussler thought that was funny and he had a T-shirt printed up that read "CLIVE WHO?"

"I don't understand it," Cussler raved, suddenly very excited. "The *Bonhomme Richard* is the ship that 'launched the U. S. Navy.' It was the first ship actually to force another ship to surrender. The *Bonhomme Richard* is in all the history books. Jones is America's greatest naval hero. There isn't a man, woman or child alive who doesn't know about John Paul Jones shouting, 'I have not yet begun to fight!' while his ship was sinking beneath him. I believe the *Bonhomme Richard* demands to be found. There isn't another wreck that could be more important to the U. S. Navy. You'd think they would want to help us find it."

Unless, I thought, as in Cussler's novels, the navy had "reasons" for not wanting to be associated with NUMA.

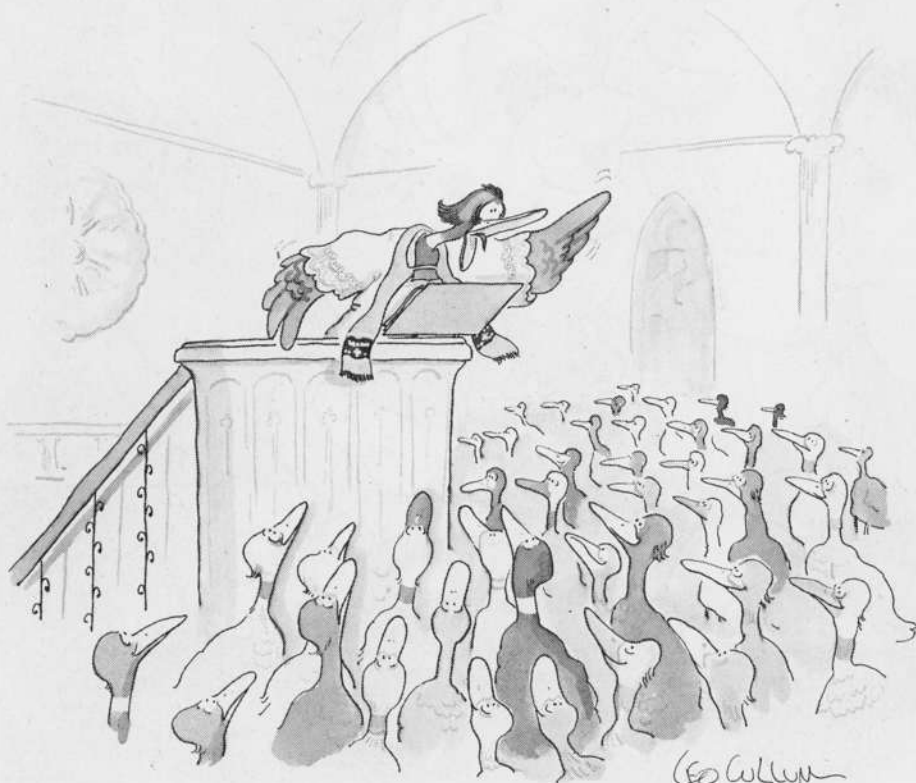
27

Suddenly, an enormous airplane roared over our heads. It was obviously a vintage World War Two bomber of some kind. It had four propellers and was nearly as big as a B-52. The droning beast was only a thousand feet off the ground. It made a long, sweeping circle over Flamborough Head, then repeated the same pattern.

A few hundred yards away, down a winding gravel road which ran along the cliffs, Cussler and I spied a NUMA van pulling up to one of the radio towers that had been constructed for the *Arvor III*'s navigational system. It was Walt Schob, apparently there to change the batteries. Cussler asked me to wait for the psychic while he drove down to have a word with Walt. While I waited, I asked one of the guards at the lighthouse gate about that huge plane, which was still circling overhead.

"Why, that's an old Lancaster," he said. "I haven't seen one of them in years. She 'as to be the last one still flying, I'd bet. I used to fly with a Lancaster squadron in the last war. We'd 'ave two thousand of them a day taking off for bombing raids on Germany—day in, day out, week after week."

The image of 2000 of those behemoths blackening the sky etched ominously into my brain scan. Then the Lancaster lumbered up the coast until it was almost directly over the NUMA radio tower. I squinted



"Honk if you love Jesus!"

at the two figures standing by the tower. One of them had his arm raised, waving at the plane.

"What do you suppose that Lancaster is doing?" I asked the guard.

"Be damned if I know. It's been buzzin' around here like that for the past week."

28

That night, Willy Williams took me to a local hangout called the Golden Gloves, one of the few pubs where you could get a drink after 10:30. "I call this place the Broken Arms," Willy warned me, "cuz when ya go in there, it looks like yer gonna get your arms broken."

Willy was right. The place looked like somebody's basement. The walls were decorated with boxing posters and other ringside memorabilia. There was a jukebox in one corner and a bar in another. The clientele was working-class drunk, predominantly fishermen.

The fishermen in Brid are as tight as the Kennedy clan and as swarthy a lot as you can find. Fourteen-hour days spent hauling in nets full of halibut and cod and metal traps loaded with shellfish and crab turn them into brutes, and facing the harsh, temperamental climate of the North Sea everyday, with death stalking each sudden shift of the whitecaps, makes them a craggy bunch when they plant their feet on soil.

Willy and I were approached at the bar by a young Brid fisherman. He was about 6'4", 240 pounds, and he was built like a killer whale. He had long black hair hanging down to his shoulders, a mustache and three-day's growth of stubbly beard. He wore a small gold earring in his left ear, and his arms, which bore a striking resemblance to those of Arnold Schwarzenegger, were completely covered, from hands to shoulders, with tattoos. From the way he was swaying from side to side, he was obviously drunker than a sailor.

He asked me if I had ever met a girl in Bridlington named Mandy. I said no, I hadn't.

Still, he kept pestering me about Mandy. "If you don't mind my asking," I finally said, "just who is this girl, Mandy?"

He leaned over and nearly spat his words into my face. "Aaaaye, indeeed. She 'apens to be me *sistuh*!"

I nudged Willy with my elbow. "Hey, Willy, you haven't met a girl named Mandy, have ya?"

Willy shook his head. "Nope."

From the sobering look on Willy's face, and the sudden preparedness of his stance, I could see Willy knew as well as I who Mandy was. Mandy was a local fisherman's daughter who was diddling with a member of the crew of Operation John Paul Jones. Willy clearly was as pleased as I to discover that Mandy was not only a fisherman's daughter, but this young brute of a fisherman's "*sistuh*" as well.

"All three of me *sistuh*s married bloody

"SEXSTONES"

"SEXSTONES" are a couple of new novelty 'rocks' for your pleasure. They can be sexy, exciting, hilarious, fun to play with: cold, indifferent, or embarrassing depending upon the mood you or your friends are in. Makes a unique, unusual and extraordinary gift.



Each pair of "SEXSTONES" comes in a handsome pouch for \$9.95 or three pairs for \$27.95

Send check or money order to:

S.S. SALES, INC.
7525 E. Camelback Road
Suite 214 Scottsdale, Arizona 85251
Allow three weeks for delivery
© S.S. SALES, INC. 1980

SENSUAL WOMEN!



Aware of their bodies — the hollows, the bones, the pleasure, the pain, and most of all, the possibilities of flesh meeting flesh — here are the sensuous women! They are selfish for pleasure, giving you everything. Women who invite you with their bodies. 93 pages of luscious detailed photos all in brilliant color. Just \$3.95 (money-back guarantee).

HIGH HEELS AND OTHER SENSUOUS DELIGHTS — Sexual fetishes can be harnessed into a happy form of adult sexual release. That's what this book is all about. Even if you're not into the scene, you'll have your curiosity satisfied on high-heel and foot fetishism, panties, corsets, latex wearers, genitalia adoration and much more. Hundreds of exclusive photos — 32 pages in full color — and actual case histories of fetishism from the mildest to the extreme forms. 96 pages. Just \$7.95 with money-back guarantee.



FANTASIES



FANTASIES — Savor this brand new collection of sexual fantasies at an astonishing low price! Hundreds of explicit, beautiful color photos of erotic fantasies, as nude couples demonstrate their sexuality in tender, loving, yet daring ways! A real turn-on. Just \$3.95 with a money-back guarantee.

FREE GIFT OFFER!

If you order all three of the above books we will send you, absolutely free, the all-new Adam & Eve Guide to Sexual Pleasure bursting with over 100 explicit black and white photos of a beautiful nude couple who really get into it! A \$4.95 value is yours FREE. Act now! Just check the "All Three" box below and get a fourth book FREE.

Adam & Eve

Dept. OUS-D, Box 900
Carrboro, NC 27510



Please rush me in plain package under your money-back guarantee:
☐ #802B Sensual Women \$ 3.95
☐ #803B High Heels and Other Sensuous Delights \$ 7.95
☐ #670B Fantasies \$ 3.95
☐ #832B All Three (plus Guide to Sexual Pleasure FREE) \$14.25

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Sexual Aids:

How to order them without embarrassment.
How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be used for additional mailings or solicitations. Nor will it be sold or given to any other company. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction—or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective devices available from around the world. Devices that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. O-06
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase.

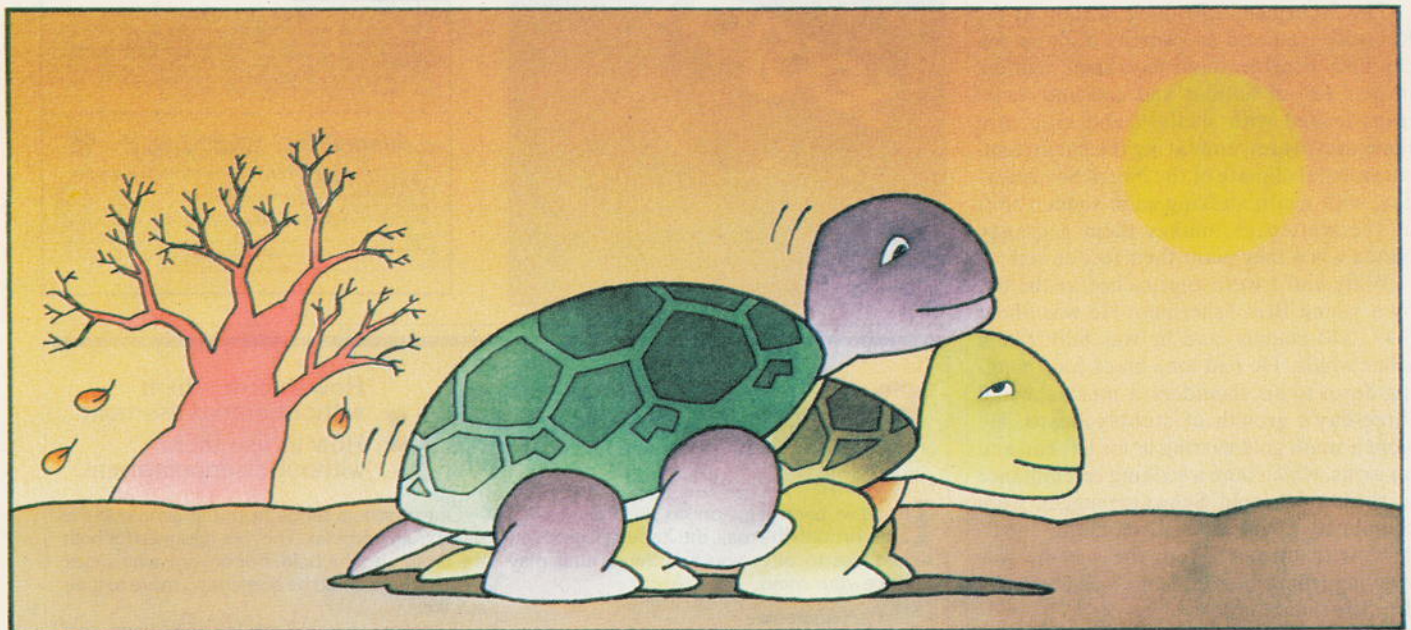
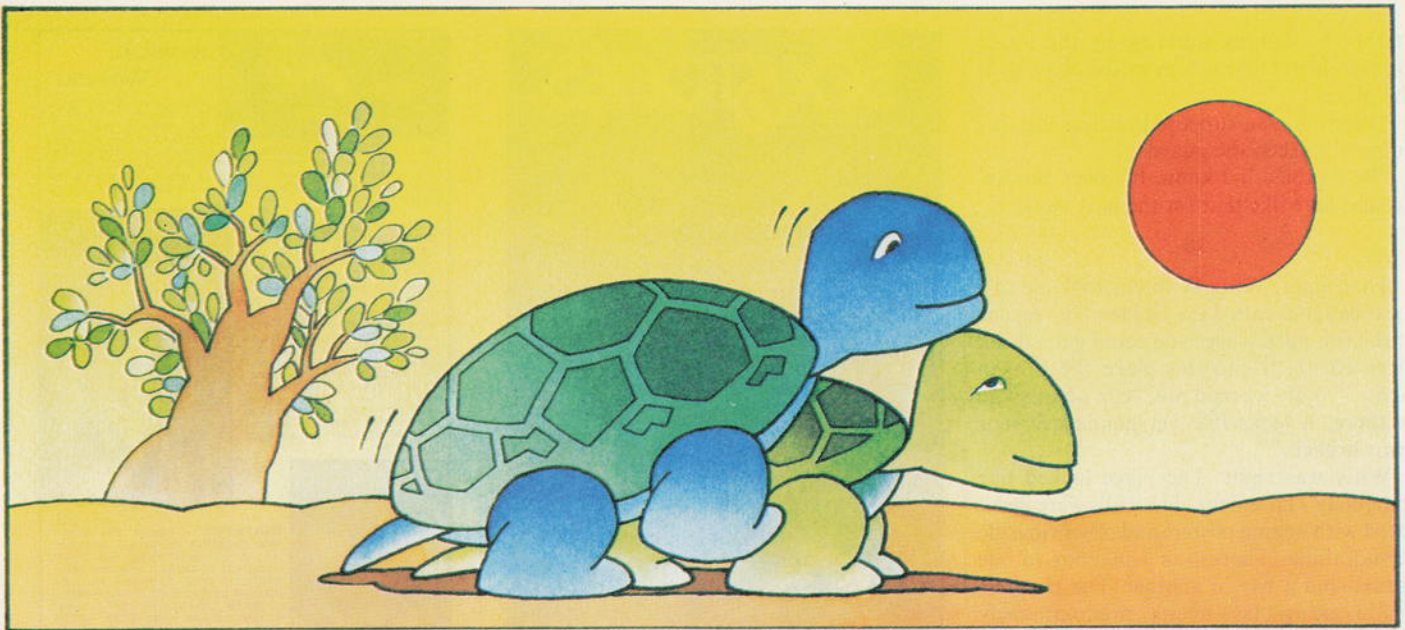
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Our catalogue and products are sent only to adults over the age of 21. Your age and signature are needed below.

I am _____ years old.

Signed _____

Xandria, 115 Wisconsin St., San Francisco



BRIDLINGTON

Yankees," our friend continued, swilling his bitters a half-pint to each gulp. "I tried to warn them, but do you think they'd listen to their little brutha? Nay. Now Mandy is sep-y-rated from 'er 'usband—who was a bloody Yankee. But do you think she's learned her lesson? No, not at all. Now I hear she's running around with another bloody Yankee. One of yer crew that's looking for the *Bonhomme Richard*, in fact." He slammed his mug on the bar with a heavy clang, barking an order for another pint of bitters.

I looked at those arms. Tattoos on top of tattoos.

29

There are times in life when I believe it's best to cast aside the macho credos of big-screen heroes like John Wayne and Clint Eastwood, and to emulate that most noble coward of the little screen, Brett Maverick: My pappy always told me, never rush into a fight if there's a way to weasel out of it.

"Well, actually, my friend, uh, what did you say your name was?"

"It's James," he spat.

"Well, ya see, James," I said, mugging and whining in my best James Garner imitation, "I'm not actually *with* the crew that's looking for the *Bonhomme Richard*. I'm a journalist here to write about the expedition; so, naturally, I'm just following the boys around a bit. In fact," I continued, "I was just tellin' old Willy here [I slapped Willy on the back hard, like we were linebackers together for the Steelers], I was just tellin' Willy here how incredibly *friendly* all the people in Bridlington have been, and how nice it will be to write about that special Yorkshire hospitality in the *big* story I'm going to do back in the States. Ain't that right, Willy?"

"Yep," Willy drawled. "Sure are some superfine folks up here in Yorkshire."

"It's a shame what I've read in the papers," I continued, "about the problems Bridlington has competing with neighboring towns like Scarborough for the tourist quid. I understand that unemployment is up to nine and a half percent and that just about every family in town is at least partially dependent on tourism for their livelihood. I hope the little bit of publicity . . . Well, actually, perhaps I shouldn't be so modest. Let's just say I'm hoping that the rather *substantial* publicity my story will bring to Bridlington will help these fine people out a bit."

"Cheers," said Willy.

James tottered back and forth, his face fixed in a heavy scowl. He didn't say anything. Eventually, he turned the other way and ignored us. An hour later, when Willy and I stumbled out into the street, he was still there, listing from side to side like he was steering the bar into a 40-knot wind,

and grumbling into his bitters.

"Like I said, I call it the Broken Arms," Willy drawled, as we weaved back to our hotel, "cuz when ya go in there, it looks like yer gonna get your arms broken."

30

The next day, Walt Schob took Cussler and the psychic up in a small plane to see if she could pinpoint the *Bonhomme Richard*. The plane, an Airedale Beagle, was a four seater, but Cussler wouldn't let me go along. "The fourth seat is the only place we can put the parachutes," he said.

When they came back an hour later, Getsla said she had something.

The next day, the *Arvor III* swept the area she had indicated, and they found a wreck. Unfortunately, it was clear from the sonar pictures that it was a paddle steamer, and not the *Bonhomme Richard*.

"I feel like they asked me for an elephant," said Getsla, "so I gave them a large animal with a long nose, and now they're telling me, 'Sorry, that's an aardvark.'"

Aboard the *Arvor III*, I had another chat with Cussler. I knew he was a maniac on research. He usually spends a year researching and another year writing each of his books. He really does know everything about the *Titanic* and just about every other naval disaster. Yet, when I asked him about another aspect of his research, namely that of his real-life knowledge of the top-secret hanky-panky his books are loaded with, he ducked back behind his harmless-eccentric funny nose and glasses.

"I know people at some minor agencies, but they really just toss me crumbs. A lot of these guys just like to be on tap with a name author, so if anything blows up and their job is on the line, they can threaten to get the story out. But I don't know anyone that important."

"You mentioned in one interview," I reminded him, "that you had a contact at the CIA."

"Oh, yeah. Well, that's a real funny story. I did an interview in Australia, of all places, and the journalist had a very heavy military background. He kept gushing about how incredibly accurate so many of the things in *Titanic* were—the way the military and top intelligence agencies operated and so on. He kept saying, 'You must have some really heavy contacts at the CIA.' He finally had me at a point where I was too embarrassed to admit that I *didn't* know anyone there, so I said I did. But it was a lie. Most of that stuff in my books I just make up out of my head."

31

Back at the hotel that evening, there was a knock at my door. It was a middle-aged lady, a Bridlingtonian.

"Are you the American journalist who

A condom so thin... it could only be named "Bareback."

It's almost like using nothing at all



Finally, a condom so super-thin that its very name... Bareback™... spells out the sexual pleasure you're able to achieve.

A safety tested condom this thin and sensitive, took years of development. Its modern lubricant, silky smooth SK-70® feels different. It eliminates messy wetness.

Bareback. A super-sensitive condom. It's what you've always wanted... And less.

FOR THE TIMES A WOMAN DOESN'T WANT TO BE TREATED GENTLY

Rough Rider™ condom is covered from head to shaft with 468 raised studs. Creates sensations far more stimulating than regular textured condoms. Lubricated with SK-70. Try Rough Rider too.

©1980 Over 700,000 satisfied customers

Stamford Hygienic Dept. OU-38 114 Manhattan St. Stamford, CT 06902

FREE PERSONAL SEXUAL HOROSCOPE IF YOU ORDER NOW!

- ☐ 12 Bareback Condoms \$5
- ☐ 12 Rough Rider Condoms \$5
- ☐ 15 Assorted Condoms \$5
- ☐ 40 Deluxe Assortment \$10
- ☐ 100 Super Deluxe Assort. \$20

Assortments include Bareback, Rough Rider, Stimula, Hugger, SuperStud, Nuda, etc.

☐ MasterCharge ☐ VISA (\$10 Min. on charges)

Acct. # _____ Expires _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

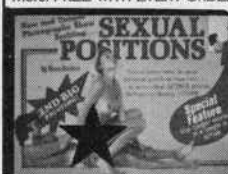
Money back guarantee. Shipped in discreet package.

CONDOM SPECIAL



TOP BRANDS SAMPLER

Enjoy the newest and most modern condoms at greatly reduced prices. Deluxe condom sampler of nationally-advertised brands like Rough Rider, Trojan, Stimula, Sensations, Pleaser and Snugs. Every conceivable feature in condoms is offered . . . textured, presheathed, studs, thins, lubricated, transparent and colors. 38 condoms \$7.95. Free Offer: One year subscription to a beautiful full-color catalog of sex aids, books, condoms, men's and women's sensuous clothing & more. FREE WITH EVERY ORDER



Sexual Positions Book

An impressive array of sex techniques that will turn a routine sex life into one of adventure and intensity. Foreplay, afterplay, and absolutely everything in between. 224 power packed pages of mainly photographs, teach you how to increase and eroticize your partner's sexual response. A complete release from traditional sex. Only \$9.50.

'STACKED DECK' PLAYING CARDS

Almost cheating . . . you've never enjoyed a card game so much! Study each card before you discard. A different voluptuous pair of 40+ knockers on each. Strip poker anyone? \$5.95



- ☐ Condom Special, \$7.95.
- ☐ Sexual Positions Book, \$9.50.
- ☐ Playing Cards, \$5.95.
- ☐ Catalog subscription FREE with order. Catalog alone, \$1.00
- ☐ Save \$3. Buy Sexual Positions Book + Condoms, \$14.95
- ☐ Save 17%. Buy all 3: Book + Condoms + Cards, \$20.25

Please add 50¢ per item for postage

Send your order to: ROMEO Dept. OU50 P.O. Box 200, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND

was in the library last week asking about unusual occurrences in the North Sea?"

"Yes."

"May I come in?"

I showed the lady in, and over a few glasses of Scotch, she related her information.

"There's something you should know about. Maybe it's nothing, but I think it's very unusual. A few years ago, the Russian auto company, Satra Motors, was granted permission to distribute in England. They chose Bridlington as the site for their national headquarters. The cars are all shipped from Russia to a large plant just outside Bridlington where they are cleaned and tested before they are sent to showrooms. Since they've been here, a number of top-level executives and engineers have been sent back to Russia because they were suspected of being involved in intelligence work. All the Russian employees who work there are watched very closely and have to get clearance before they can travel anywhere."

"How do you know this?"

"I work there."

32

She was a magnificent creature. I knew I could use her services the moment I laid eyes on her sipping her gin and tonic at the George Pub.

"Do you ride horses?"

"Why, yes, I ride steeplechase. What are you, a bloody mystic?"

"Hardly. It's obvious from the splendid care you've taken to keep your, uh, form in peak condition that you are unquestionably an athletic girl." I grasped her hand between both of mine and stroked it softly. "Your stylish-but-short haircut, and such short fingernails on a fashionably attired lady like yourself convinced me your athletic endeavors were of a serious nature. A slight limp gave away your injury. Nothing serious, I hope. You don't have the right build to be a gymnast; the free spirit radiating from you makes it unlikely that you would engage in bloody soccer—or football, as you call it; and from what I gather, the girls of the U.K. have never been a threat on the ski slopes. And with those black leather boots and that sporty tweed jacket which belies the English countryside, it was rather inevitable that I should guess 'horses.'"

She slowly pulled her hand from between mine. She was quiet for a moment, and then she giggled. "I've never met a real bloody journalist before, except for those nasty old creeps who cover the races."

"Careful, darling. There are those who would take offense at hearing what I do for a living called journalism. Let's just say I'm a perceptive writer."

Her name was Jackie. We talked for nearly an hour. She'd been on the steeplechase circuit until three months before, when she took a bad fall at Whitby.

"I just got my leg out of the cast,"

BRIDLINGTON

"Executives at Satra were sent back to Russia, suspected of being involved in intelligence."

she said.

"That must have put a terrible crimp in your sex life," I suggested.

Jackie blushed. She puffed a haze of blue smoke up across her upturned sea-green eyes.

"You can say that again." The faint traces of a smile crossed her lips.

"How long has it been?"

"Three months and eleven days. Exactly."

I stood up and offered her my arm. "Tallyho?"

33

Next morning, I missed the *Arvor III*. I would have slept through the afternoon as well, but I was awakened when I felt the bed shaking. I peered over the side and found Jacqueline, naked, arched on her back and shoulders, and looking absolutely pornographic. She looked at me and smiled.

"I know, you're just doing a few riding exercises," I said.

"If you're interested, I know one that two people can do together."

"You showed me last night. Repeatedly. I have another idea. How would you like to take me out riding at Danes Dyke? I have to do some research."

Jackie was the same in the saddle. A hard rider. She was the first chick I ever had to ask to slow down, both in and out of the sack.

Danes Dyke proved to be one of those long earthen mounds, like the mysterious structures used to illustrate Rod Serling's eerie conjecture for *In Search of Ancient Astronauts*. It was surrounded on all sides by rolling hills, meadows, forests and a few manicured parks with picnic tables and water fountains.

"This reminds me of a place where I rode when I was a kid," Jackie said.

"This reminds me of a place where you need to get stoned," I replied, dismounting from my chestnut beast.

"What are you doing?"

"Shortcut journalism," I explained, popping a few mushrooms into my mouth. "I don't have time to fool around with twenty-five experts who all have different theories about the origins of this place. I'm going straight to the source. In a few hours, I'll have an exclusive interview with the turkeys who designed this here dirt hill. Care to join me?"

"Why not?"

34

A wooden bridge in a small ravine was the magnet. Tunneled in the darkness of foliage. Hawks soared. Crows cawed. Wind rustled with the dusk. Strange sounds. Woodland fairies and leprechauns. Weird creatures peering through each black hole of the elms, whispering on the window ledge of the fast lane, before there was a wheel. Strange critters, they seem to be. Why no talk?

Finally, a funny cartoon of a man emerged as spokesman. He looked familiar. Why, he looked sort of like Jefferson, the cabby.

"These blokes say they aren't talking, unless they get to review the written transcript and can comment on or clarify anything that they feel was misconstrued or taken out of context."

I grabbed Jackie's hand and we flew like Spanky and his gang frightened by their own shadows in a haunted house. We rode the trip out at the hotel.

35

Karen Getsla took another plane ride and came up with a new location. Again, a wreck was found; once again, the sonar graphs indicated it was not the *Bonhomme Richard*, but a metal wreck.

"I feel like I just gave them a thousand fairies dancing on the head of a pin," Getsla said. "And now they're telling me, 'But it's not a cha-cha.'"

Her psychic powers may be a little off, I thought, but this lady knows how to mash a metaphor.

But wait. Getsla wasn't convinced. There was another wreck out there, she said—a wreck on top of a wreck, just like in Peter Benchley's *The Deep*. I was surprised to learn that such an occurrence is not as impossible as it seems. Over many years, shifting currents and the slope of the sea bottom can bring wrecks together.

"We found something else today that was very interesting," said Ed LaCoursiere, the sonar expert. He showed me some graphs where a perfectly circular white splotch appeared amidst the gray pencil etchings of the ocean bottom. He rapped excitedly about his find.

"It looks just like a black hole. At first, I thought something was wrong with the equipment, but we passed over it three times and got the same reading each time. The sonar just doesn't register *anything*. It can't reach the bottom of it, whatever it is. As long as I've been operating this equipment, I've never seen anything like it."

"Hell, I been working with sonar equipment for eighteen years," Willy drawled. "And I ain't never seen anything like it."

Cussler, however, tried to dismiss the black hole. "It's probably an old oil cap," he said.

"Hell, that's no oil hole," Willy told me later. "If it was, there'd be fillings and de-

bris scattered around. I'm tellin' ya, that's just a hole..."

36

Back at the hotel, I found a note from Amanda. She had important information. It was Saturday night. She was performing in the finals at the Miss Yorkshire beauty pageant.

The pageant was at the Spa Royal Hall, a grand old ballroom with polished wooden floors, gilded columns and trellises. I had to trick past some feeble security, but I met Amanda in the large communal dressing room the girls shared backstage. They were in between the bathing-suit competition and a big production number. At least a dozen chicks were running around squealing like kids, their bathing suits half on and half off, too wrapped up in the frenzy to give a shit if anyone were watching. I'd known beauty contestants who'd admitted to having orgasms during a gig like this, sort of like guys who ejaculate during combat. Now I understood. Amanda was no help at all to my concentration, as she matter-of-factly stripped off her bathing suit while relating her story.

"There's something I forgot to tell you. A number of people believe Glenn Miller's plane went down off of Flamborough Head, not in the English Channel, as is commonly believed."

"The famous big-band conductor?"

"Yes. It was during the war. He and his army band, which boasted some of the all-time great big-band musicians, were stationed here in England to play for our troops. When the Allies took France, Eisenhower called him over there. It was a foggy day, and he took off from the Driffield air base, not far from here, in a small plane flying straight east off Flamborough Head. It was assumed that they turned south and vanished over the Channel. But nobody heard from the plane after it took off, so it could have crashed anywhere."

"But what interest would Miller's remains have to Cussler?"

"Well," Amanda explained, "I once had a gentleman friend who was my partner in ballroom competition. He was marvelous at the tango and the quickstep, but he couldn't fox-trot to save his bleedin' arse. Anyway, he was a Miller fanatic and had read everything about him. He told me he was convinced that Miller had thousands of his V-discs aboard that plane."

"V-discs?"

"My, aren't you the smart one who knows so much about everything," Amanda teased. "They were made specially during the war; they were like seventy-eight rpm records with four or five cuts. Miller made hundreds of them. Today, they're collector's items, cost a bloody fortune. . . . My friend says they never found the masters. He's convinced that Miller took them with him on the plane. My friend did some research and estimated their potential worth if they

How To Meet The 1980's Woman!

This is the original world famous classic with over 500,000 copies in print. Famous author Dan Greenburg writes:

"...if you're a man and you read HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS you will probably be able to have dinner with a beautiful lady you just met, even as I did!"

HOW TO PICK UP

GIRLS fea-

tured interviews with 25 attractive, modern women. They tell you: • How to make shyness work for you • Why a man doesn't have to be good looking • What makes a man sexy • 50 great opening lines • How to get women to approach you • How to succeed in single's bars • And much, much more!

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS costs far less

than a tankful of gas—only \$10.95 plus \$1 postage and handling. Yet, you'll find it a thousand times more helpful when it comes to meeting and attracting new girls.

How To Pick Up Girls!



HOW TO PICK UP WOMEN is our brand new bestseller that takes you instantly to the expert level. You will learn: • How to

tell when a woman is lonely • The Ultimate Compliment every woman wants to hear • How champagne and music help women feel warm and romantic toward you • How to turn a platonic friend-

How To Pick Up Women!



ship into a sizzling love relationship • How to attract older, richer, even married women • How to turn rejection into romance • How to get intimate with a woman right away • And so much more! You could waste twenty bucks in a single's bar and still not meet anyone you like. Why not spend just \$11.95 (plus

\$1.00 postage and handling) for HOW TO PICK UP WOMEN... a book that's guaranteed to help you attract the kind of sensuous, sophisticated women you've always dreamed about!

Indicate which book(s) you're ordering and send check or money order to: SYMPHONY PRESS, DEPT. O-FA.7 W. CLINTON AVE., TENAFLY, NJ 07670 Order both books for only \$20.90 (plus \$1.00 postage and handling)... a substantial savings! Visa and MasterCard Cardholders may order by phone. Call toll-free 800-631-2560. Operators are on duty 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. In N.J. call 201-569-8555. All Symphony Press books are hardcover, discreetly wrapped, and guaranteed for 60 days.

WHAT DOES FANTASY HAVE TO DO WITH YOUR SEX LIFE?

...PLENTY!

To feel sexy, you have to think about sex! And today there are beautiful, erotic photo-books to stimulate your thoughts like never before. Adam & Eve has carefully screened literally hundreds of books about sex and fantasy and we have selected four of the best erotic books available anywhere for this special introductory offer. These exciting sexual fantasy best-sellers stimulate and arouse to the utmost!



PICTURE BOOK!

HOW TO ACHIEVE SEXUAL ECSTASY is a brand new picture book of sexual love with more than 100 explicit, close-up photos to turn you on and show you how! Two

uninhibited California lovers invite you to share their passion as they explore new sexual dimensions in unusual settings. This new book is a powerful and arousing pictorial guide to better sex. (Available only from Adam & Eve). Just \$9.95 with money-back guarantee.



SEXUAL POSITIONS

Would you believe 12 variations of the missionary position alone! This incredible turn-on of a book is just bursting with the most imaginative sex positions ever. Over 250 explicit photos in color and black and white. \$9.95.



THE STORY OF O-ILLUSTRATED!

This famous erotic classic is now available in a fully illustrated version. An all-time favorite of erotic literature. The Story of O explores the outer limits of arousal and sensuality as "O" gives herself in total submission to her "masters" at Roissey Castle. Powerful, arousing illustrations by Guido Crepax follow "O" as she journeys from these forbidden pleasures to a life of sexual servitude with the famous Sir Stephen and her ultimate submission and masochistic fulfillment. This is one of the most powerful books of all time. Just \$7.95. Money-back guarantee.



THE ULTIMATE KISS

Did you ever wonder just how Linda Lovelace did it? You'll find the "Deep Throat" technique and much, much more in this super guide to the exquisite pleasures of oral sex. Explicit photos and arousing text make for some very stimulating reading. But remember, practice makes perfect! 100 pages. Just \$9.95. Your money refunded if you are not completely satisfied.

Adam & Eve

Dept. OUS-A, Box 900
Carrboro, NC 27510



Please rush me in a plain package under your money-back guarantee:

- ☐ #6808 HOW TO ACHIEVE SEXUAL ECSTASY \$9.95
☐ #6458 THE STORY OF O-ILLUSTRATED \$7.95
☐ #6398 THE SEXUAL POSITIONS \$9.95
☐ #6568 THE ULTIMATE KISS \$9.95
☐ #9119 I am ordering two (or more) books. Please include my FREE copy of Guide to Sexual Pleasure with my order.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Over One Half Million Satisfied Customers

© 1980 PPA

FREE GIFT! Buy any two selections in this ad and we'll ship you the all-new ADAM & EVE GUIDE TO SEXUAL PLEASURE, a powerhouse paperback book bursting with more than 100 explicit, close-up never-before published photos with erotic captions and text. An Adam & Eve exclusive — Yours free if you order two or more books from this ad. Order today!

could be found and reissued on albums . . ."

"And?"

"Fifty million pounds."

International Hot Wax. We're all in deep shit, I thought, if the record boys are duking it out on the North Sea. It'd make a skirmish between the CIA and the KGB look like Mr. Rogers meets the Muppets.

The room was empty now, except for the two of us. A coy look sprang to Amanda's face, as she dropped to her knees.

"Your production number," I cautioned.

"I have a few minutes," she cooed, as she unzipped my jeans.

37

On the last day of the expedition, Cussler decided to send a diver down on the second wreck located by Karen Getsla. I was told I couldn't accompany them on the *Arvor III*, for "insurance reasons." With the extra crew needed for the diving operation, Cussler explained, the boat would be too overcrowded to meet safety standards.

They had room enough, however, to take the diver's wife. She identified herself as a Russian doctor, trained in Berlin.

38

The seas were rough, and the water was murky. The diver, John Rooke, had a visibility of zero. He got down to 200 feet and stood on the wreck, but he couldn't see his hand in front of his face. So I was told.

Later, I talked to Rooke. "It was eerie," he said. "I've heard of something called 'diver's premonition,' but I've never experienced it before. I couldn't see a thing, but I had this incredibly strong feeling that *something* was down there."

39

"I've been thinking about that black hole," Willy Williams told me, as he disembarked from the *Arvor III* for the last time. "There's only one other thing it might possibly be. I know both the Russians and Americans have been experimenting with an ionized metal that can't be picked up by sonar or radar. But I didn't think anyone had developed it yet . . ."

40

I sat at a table at the George, playing with the ice cubes in my third double Scotch. *Roxanne* by the Police and Bowie's *Boys Keep Swinging* was the only good rock 'n' roll I could find on the jukebox. I played *California Girls* twice. Operation John Paul Jones was history.

People were still coming out of the woodwork to give me new information, but they only added more pieces to the puzzle. Somewhere, the key ingredient which would tie everything together was still missing. The Bridlington Rectangle had turned into a beast, and I didn't know for certain if I had uncovered it or created it.

The RAF helicopters and the Lancaster, I assumed, had to be Cussler liaisons; recon-

BRIDLINGTON

**"I couldn't see a thing,
but I had this
incredibly strong
feeling that *something*
was down there."**

naissance personnel or a military backup prepared to move in and protect whatever it was he might find. The fishing trawler that almost collided with us, I surmised, was most likely Russian intelligence, letting Cussler know, not very subtly, that they knew what he was up to. The possible presence of Soviet agents in Bridlington left me no choice but to assume that *something* was out there that both the U. S. and the Soviet Union were interested in.

But what? Top-secret information aboard one of those sunken British jets? Something hidden in the holds of a World War Two warship? What was that wreck Cussler sent a diver down to explore? Was it really an unknown he had wanted to identify "just for the hell of it," or was it the true object of his search? I had ruled out sunken treasure; Cussler wasn't in this for the money. The Miller tapes seemed farfetched, unless Miller's mysterious disappearance had something in common with the crashing of the RAF jets and other sinkings in the Rectangle. Was Cussler looking for a Bermuda-type, *Alien*-inspired, black-hole disappearing act? Or was the black hole a sheet of top-secret ionized metal that had been misplaced by the Russians or Americans, and was now the furtive quarry of both? My instincts told me the black hole had some role in this drama, simply because it was the only element that couldn't be rationally explained. Everything else, at least, *could* be a coincidence. But a black hole in the ocean? Then again, I couldn't rule out the possibility, bizarre as it might seem, that everything was coincidence. In a few months, some expert might come up with a perfectly logical explanation for the black hole. Stranger things have happened.

But there was also something missing, which for me, ruled out the possibility of coincidence. If Cussler really was looking for the *Bonhomme Richard*, there had to be a reason. "Because it's there" just didn't make it for me. There were thousands of undersea wrecks he could have searched for, many of them more famous. So why the *Richard*? Staring down my maze of dead ends, I knew I had only one direction left, one chance left to break the case. I had to chase it down backward. I had to assume Cussler was really looking for the *Bonhomme Richard*, and then try to find a logical explanation—one that fit in with my not unsubstantial knowledge of his character. If I could find such a genuine motive, at

least it would be possible to believe the Bridlington Rectangle was a product of conjecture and coincidence. If not, working backward from Cussler's own ruse, I might open a passageway to the truth.

That's why I was at the George, waiting for a chance to talk with Cynthia.

41

"So, Yank, it looks like you've finally hit a dead end." Cynthia was in her early 20s, very cute, with freckles and golden curls. She was a graduate student in history, working at home in Bridlington during summer as a cocktail waitress at the George. I had been trying for two weeks to coax more than a history lesson out of her. She sat down in the booth next to me and slid another glass of Scotch in front of me on the table. "Tell me," she said, "now that the expedition is over, what is this Clive Cussler fellow really like?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Just curious. I've heard so much about his being eccentric. I wonder if there's more to him than that."

I speared the ice cubes in my glass, taking a moment to reflect. "I guess you would have to say he has character. Yeah, I'd have to give him that. He goes his own way, and he doesn't give a damn what anybody thinks, that's for sure. And he's the type of guy who doesn't quit."

I told Cynthia the story about how Cussler kept circulating his first book, *The Rape of the Perverted Sea Dwellers*, and how he created his own literary agent. "Those are funny stories. They make Clive sound like a crazy guy. But the truth is, doing that took a lot of guts. Even after he started writing *Raise the Titanic*, his agent and publisher were laughing at the idea. Nobody took his writing career seriously. He was just some guy who had spent his whole life chasing rainbows and who wouldn't give up. For two years he dug in, researched and produced. I mean, a lot of name authors can't get it up to finish a book, even when nobody's laughing. And despite popular opinion, the intestinal fortitude required to write a best-seller is not possessed by every quadruped who can scrape its fingers across a typewriter." I paused, gulping the remains in my glass. "Underneath that zany eccentricity, Cussler's a guy who has enough guts not to give a shit if people think he's a nut. This expedition—whatever it's all about—is just another example."

"That's just what I thought," Cynthia said.

"What the hell do you mean by that?"

"Well, he's just like John Paul Jones."

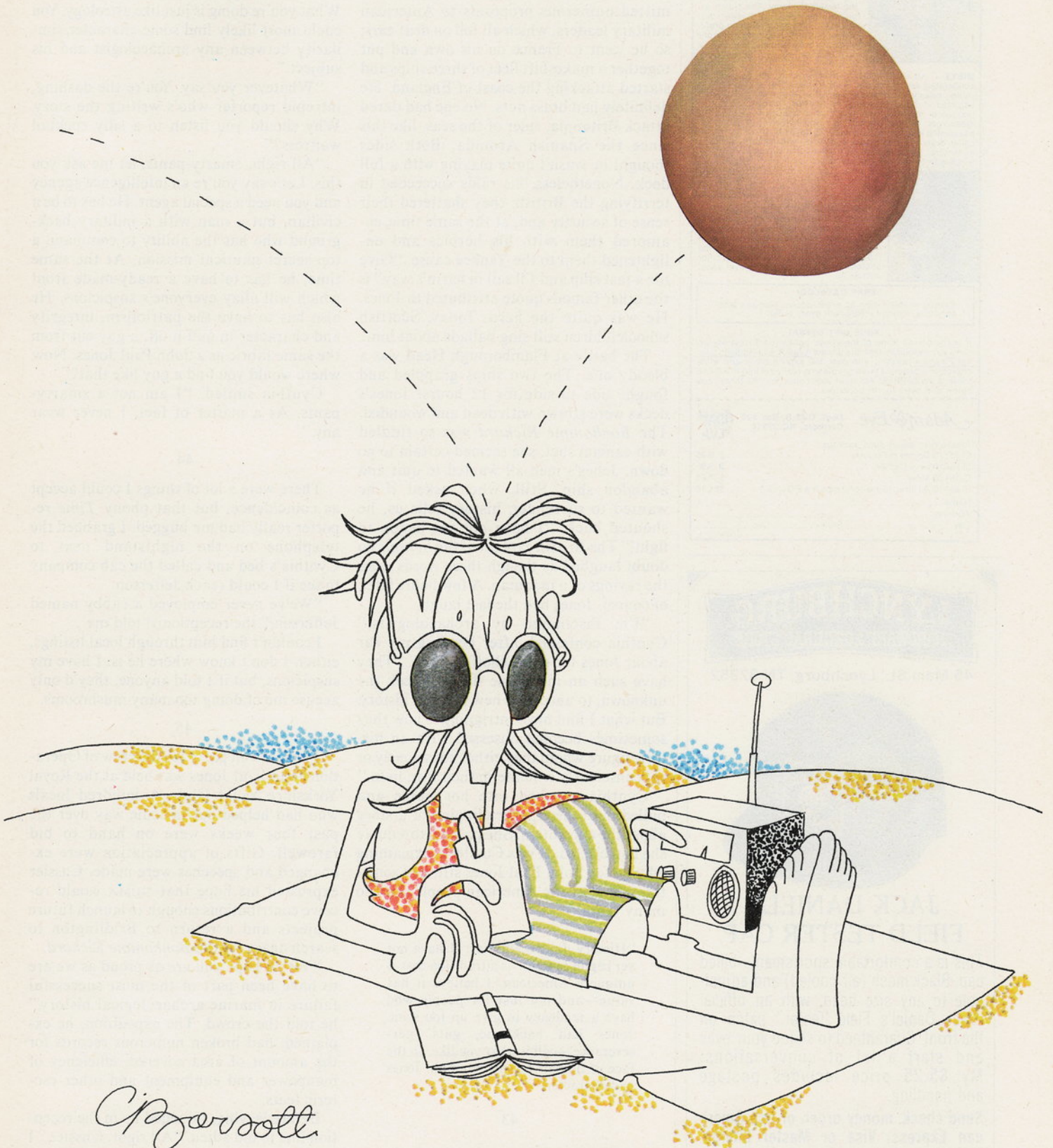
42

I ordered another double and a pint of lager to wash it down and fidgeted uneasily in my seat, as Cynthia gave me a quick account of Jones's life.

Jones, Cynthia related, was a maverick from the word go. He left Scotland for the

BRIDGINGTON

FANTASY



C. J. Gervolt.

FANTASEX!



DOMES OF FORTUNE
Breasts, peeking above the lace of a corset, nestling affectionately in the forearms, or displayed in appetizing splendor, are photographed in glowing tribute to an outstanding part of the female anatomy. The author explores the range of breast curvatures, dimensions, and rich profusion of patterns in 95 pages of erotic photos in color and black and white. Just \$9.95



MISTY — An adult fantasy book devoted to unadulterated sexual fantasy. Misty — personifying youth, beauty, and sexual desire — becomes engulfed in futuristic sexual adventures, facing fearsome monsters in space and the wild maelstrom of the sea, all the while making passionate love to most anyone! 125 pages of exciting drawings, warm sex, suspense, and high adventure. This oversized (9 x 12) volume is just \$7.95 with money-back guarantee.



LOVE GAMES (left) is a picture book directed to the emerging exhibitionist with all the lovemaking fantasies you could ask for. Arousing, detailed photos range from doing it in the back seat to sex in the movie theater. Over 100 brilliant color photos in our oversized, hardcover book. Just \$8.95.

FREE CATALOG!

Catalog of more than 50 erotic books, plus sex aids, condoms, lingerie, FREE with every order!

FREE GIFT OFFER!

If you order all three of the above books (Save 10%) we will send you absolutely free, the all new **Adam & Eve Guide to Sexual Pleasure** bursting with over 100 explicit black and white photos of a beautiful nude couple who really get into it! A \$4.95 value is yours FREE! Act now! Just check the "All three" box below and get a fourth book free.

Adam & Eve Dept. OU5-B, Box 900
Carrboro, NC 27510

Please rush me in plain package:

☐ #817B Domes of Fortune.....	\$ 9.95
☐ #801B Love Games.....	\$ 8.95
☐ #843B Misty.....	\$ 7.95
☐ #851B All three (Save 10%) plus A & E Guide.....	\$24.10

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

© 1980 PPA

LYNCHBURG HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE

45 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352



JACK DANIEL'S FIELD TESTER CAP

This is a comfortable sportsman's billed cap. Black mesh (air cooled) and adjustable to any size head, with an official "Jack Daniel's Field Tester" patch on the front. Guaranteed to shade your eyes and start a lot of conversations. My \$5.25 price includes postage and handling.

Send check, money order, or use American Express, Visa or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.

(Tennessee residents add 6% sales tax.) For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send \$1.00 to above address.

BRIDLINGTON

sea when he was 13 and captained his own merchant vessel in the colonies at 21. When the War of Independence broke out, he submitted numerous proposals to American military leaders, which all fell on deaf ears; so he went to France on his own and put together a makeshift fleet of three ships and started attacking the coast of England. He definitely had brass nuts. No one had dared attack Britannia, ruler of the seas, like this since the Spanish Armada. Both sides thought he wasn't quite playing with a full deck. Nonetheless, his raids succeeded in terrifying the British; they shattered their sense of security and, at the same time, enamored them with his heroics and enlightened them to the Yankee cause. "Give me a fast ship and I'll sail in harm's way" is the other famous quote attributed to Jones. He was quite the hero. Today, Scottish schoolchildren still sing ballads about him.

The battle at Flamborough Head was a bloody one. The two ships grappled and fought side to side for 12 hours. Jones's decks were strewn with dead and wounded. The *Bonhomme Richard* was so riddled with cannon shot, she seemed certain to go down. Jones's men all wanted to quit and abandon ship. Still, when asked if he wanted to surrender, history tells us, he shouted back, "I have not yet begun to fight!" The British captain of the *Serapis* no doubt laughed as though these words were the ravings of a madman. A few hours later, of course, Jones had the last laugh.

"I'm fascinated by archaeologists," Cynthia confessed, after bending my ear about Jones for nearly half an hour. "They have such an incredible drive to seek the unknown, to uncover a new piece of history. But what I find most intriguing is how they sometimes become obsessed with an historic figure whom they either consciously or subconsciously emulate in their own lives."

Cynthia reached into her purse and pulled out a newspaper clipping of a story about the expedition. She pointed to a quote she had circled. It was Cussler's, explaining why he felt John Paul Jones still had something to offer the American people after so many years:

"History dims memories. 'I have not yet begun to fight!' is a tradition that is uniquely American. I believe it has value—and not just for people who have a tendency to give up too soon. Jones had backbone, guts, perseverance—call it what you like. In the face of despair he saw triumph. Jones had character."

43

I ordered another Scotch.
"Now do you believe he was looking for the *Bonhomme Richard*?" Cynthia smirked.

"Let's say that now, perhaps, I can see that possibility. But there are still too many unanswered questions for me to buy it. What you're doing is just like astrology. You could most likely find some character similarity between any archaeologist and his subject."

"Whatever you say. You're the dashing, intrepid reporter who's writing the story. Why should you listen to a silly cocktail waitress?"

"All right, smarty-pants, let me ask you this: Let's say you're an intelligence agency and you need a special agent. He has to be a civilian, but a man with a military background who has the ability to command a top-secret nautical mission. At the same time, he has to have a ready-made front which will allay everyone's suspicions. He also has to have the patriotism, integrity and character to pull it off, a guy cut from the same fabric as a John Paul Jones. Now, where would you find a guy like that?"

Cynthia smiled. "I am not a smarty-pants. As a matter of fact, I never wear any."

44

There were a lot of things I could accept as coincidence, but that phony *Time* reporter really had me bugged. I grabbed the telephone on the nightstand next to Cynthia's bed and called the cab company to see if I could reach Jefferson.

"We've never employed a cabby named Jefferson," the receptionist told me.

I couldn't find him through local listings, either. I don't know where he is. I have my suspicions, but if I told anyone, they'd only accuse me of doing too many mushrooms.

45

The farewell party for the crew of Operation John Paul Jones was held at the Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club. A hundred locals who had helped out in some way over the past four weeks were on hand to bid farewell. Gifts of appreciation were exchanged and speeches were made. Cussler expressed his hope that NUMA would receive contributions enough to launch future projects and a return to Bridlington to search again for the *Bonhomme Richard*.

"We all hope you are as proud as we are to have been part of the most successful failure in marine archaeological history," he told the crowd. The expedition, he explained, had broken numerous records for the amount of area covered, efficiency of manpower and equipment and other esoteric feats.

Before leaving, I queued up in the reception line to bid adieu. "All right, Cussler," I said, shaking his hand. "You slipped past me this time, but there'll be other NUMA expeditions."

"I certainly hope so," Cussler giggled. ■

(Continued from page 85)

resorted to practicing with a cucumber. "It still chokes me up," she said, "and so I don't do it as often as he'd like. What the hell? He shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth."

Whether giving head is used as foreplay, as a means to orgasm or as a final resort for a man who doesn't get it up seems to depend on a woman's opinion about the taste of come. Many of the women who have mixed feelings about it prefer to go down on a man as a part of sex play rather than as a means to the end of it. The majority of our respondents don't particularly worry about ejaculation—if it happens, they simply swallow it. To be honest, a third of those make a practice of casually letting it flow out the sides of the mouth, creating the impression of swallowing the stuff while not actually doing it. A few make a polite trip to the head when the gusher subsides, but most are careful not to offend their lovers' postorgasmic bliss. "I think the guy's ego is at stake," a Denver woman commented. "I can imagine how bad he'd feel if I gagged and spat it out, and so, even though I'm not crazy about the taste, I tolerate it for his sake." Many of the women remarked that the taste of their lovers' come depends entirely on their mood and the degree of stimulation they feel: The hotter she is, the better he tastes.

Does a woman care whether the penis she's sucking is circumcised or not? Twenty-four percent prefer a circumcised penis (citing hygiene and aesthetics); 8 percent prefer uncircumcised cocks ("more things to play with"); a handful have never seen an unpeeled pecker; and the rest don't give a damn.

To a woman, our respondents take pride in their ability to give good head (one 20-year-old hedged on this question, saying that she assumed her technique was good because it was "successful," although she'd never been told so). They are universally satisfied with the communication about the topic that they share with their lovers, though some of them did remark that they'd like their men to give pointers now and then. Several others, in the never-ending search for variety, are curious to learn new ways of affectionate cockteasing. The general impression is that these ladies are eager to talk with their partners about fellatio, and that the quality of communication is important to their overall pleasure.

All of our ladies said they go down regularly and without waiting to be asked—indicating both a sympathy for others and an appreciation of male equipment. They are, however, less than happy when their efforts are not reciprocated.

"My ex-husband was wild about blow jobs," wrote Tricia, a Denver student, "but he hated going down on me. So what was the point of giving him special treatment? He didn't make it worth my while. Now I'm with a man who gives head to me freely and gladly, and so I do, too. When I go down on

FELLATIO

Some of the women remarked that they'd like their men to give pointers now and then.

him, I know that I'll be amply repaid for my kindness, and that makes me all the more willing to give it to him."

These women could be accused of giving, with one hand held out to receive, but there is some justification for their viewpoint. These same ladies sincerely enjoy lavishing attention on their lovers' privates—they merely expect their partners to feel the same. Reciprocation, to them, is a measure of affection, and failure to follow suit is a personal affront.

Except for failure to reciprocate, few of our respondents have any complaints about giving head, and those few complaints mentioned are certainly no prelude to a war between the sexes: oral fatigue from pro-

longed exercise; male thrusting; partners who try to initiate sixty-nine; partners who don't try to initiate sixty-nine; inhibited partners; and partners who can't give as well as they got. One young lady lamented that she doesn't get enough intercourse because her man usually jumps the gun and comes in her mouth.

"I have no complaints," wrote a fellatio fan from Chicago. Another Chicagoan, who works for an insurance company, told us: "I envy men their penises, I think. A cock is so straightforward, like a blunt statement. Every time I go down on a guy, I'm fascinated all over again by the process of arousal. One of my favorite games is to go down on my lover when he's asleep and take that soft little thing in my mouth—all by itself, it grows. Amazing! I love to do it, and it makes my boyfriend happy. There's so much going on down there. There are textures, tastes, tension in his body, the timing of his thrusts—so many things to do with him. Once, he asked me what I thought about while I was sucking him, and I couldn't think of a damn thing."

Whatever we're thinking about, one thing is certain: We ain't wondering 'bout the weather, Joe. ■



(Continued from page 38)

the *Free Press* in Hollywood and checked out the ads. Then I called a couple of girls and arranged to get two of them to come to my house. Boy, was I excited when I saw them get out of the car. One was short with huge breasts and big brown eyes. The other, somewhat older, had very tanned skin and was extremely quiet. They treated me like the customer I was—a shy, innocent kid, very horny and much into fantasy.

Those girls did stuff to me that I'd only read about. They started by putting some kind of oil all over my chest and nibbling at my nipples. Then they worked their way down, licking my entire body. Every time I started getting close to orgasm, they slowed down. When I finally came, I went all the way to heaven.

Fellatio is definitely my favorite way of getting off. But I like other things, too, and I don't hesitate to tell my lover how to please me whenever it occurs to me to try something new. The only thing that can affect my ability to climax is being too aware of my partner's orgasm problems. How can any man feel good about sex when he knows his partner is lying there frustrated?

VICTOR S.
Burbank, California

I have orgasms whenever I have sex, unless I'm drunk. Other than that, nothing seems to affect me adversely, not even being tired.

My favorite way of getting off is through fellatio, and the best time I ever had occurred when my girlfriend decided to dress up for dinner in a black negligee. She started sucking me and kept it up for 20 minutes; then she looked up at me with her

SPEAK EASY

They treated me like the customer I was—a shy, innocent kid, very horny and much into fantasy.

big fawnlike eyes and grinned.

She pulled away so I was no longer inside her mouth, but still within tongue reach. Then, still gazing up at me with those big eyes, she began flicking the bottom of my penis very lightly with her tongue.

I lasted about another 25 seconds, then I was gone. I practically fainted, it felt so good.

DOMENIC C.
Rochester, New York

This may sound old-fashioned, but my best orgasm occurred when my fiancé and I made love for the first time.

I'm a 19-year-old postal-service employee, and I usually climax several times a night. Nothing makes me too tired for sex, though being too high can keep me from coming.

I like getting off by having regular intercourse the best, and I'd never tell my partner how to please me. It doesn't take that much to make me happy.

BUBBA T.
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

My wife and I both filled out your questionnaire. What I like the best, regular

intercourse, she likes the least: It gets her off only occasionally. Her best orgasms always involve cunnilingus. Fortunately, I love to go down on her. Both of us are pretty good about telling each other what to do when we're having sexual problems, but when it goes too far, it inhibits me—extreme criticism can even keep me from coming.

Too much alcohol can also make me die in the saddle. Pot, on the other hand, restores my horniness when I'm worn out. So does fellatio, and my wife has a real talent for that.

BILL AND PEGGY
Beaverton, Oregon

My favorite way to get off is through intercourse. I'm a 21-year-old merchant seaman, and when I was in Cordova, Alaska, I met an Indian girl named Cheryl who loved balling. Her yells and moans were incredible. She gave me my best orgasm ever.

M.W.R.
Baltimore, Maryland

I never climax during intercourse. I'm a 21-year-old single woman and a desk clerk in a hotel. I'm glad intercourse isn't the only way you can get off.

The best orgasm I ever had was my first. I'll never forget it. I was 18 at the time. That night I was sleeping on the couch at my employer's house. I woke up at about seven in the morning, feeling like it would be fun getting high.

After I finished the joint, I felt like company, so I went into my employer's room and woke him up. We talked for a while, then he started fingering my clitoris. It felt sooo nice. I'd never had that feeling before. I shut my eyes; then all of a sudden, I exploded. I started laughing and laughing and laughing. My boss just lay there looking at me. I felt wonderful.

JAN J.
Brier, Washington

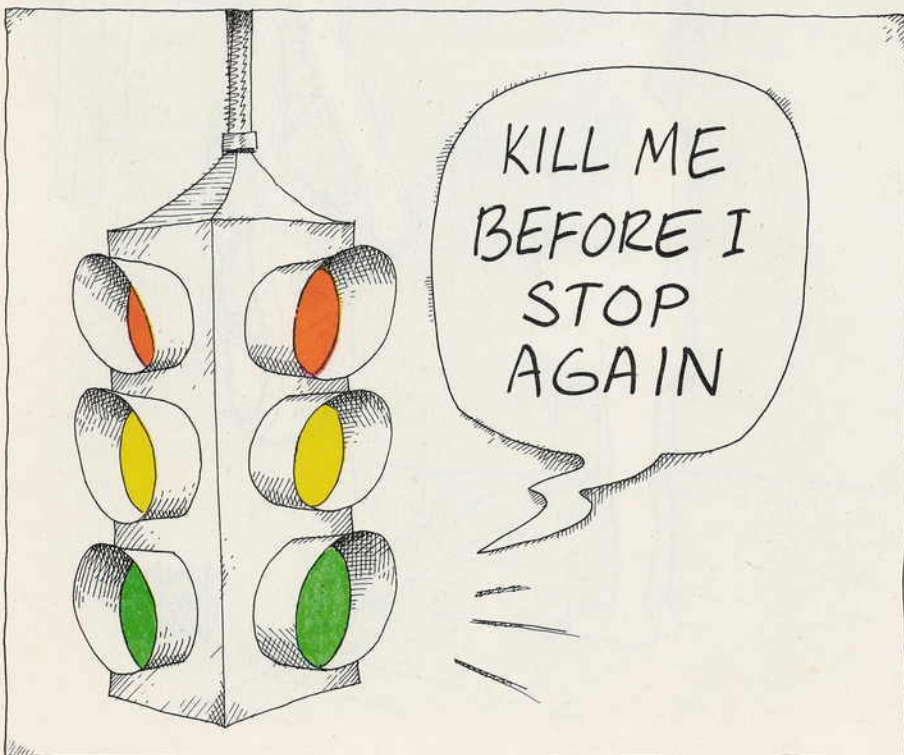
The best orgasm I ever had occurred while I was making love to my wife and pretending she was my neighbor, who I want more than anything else on earth at the present time. I have orgasms every time I make love, unless I'm getting criticism from my partner. Criticism is the only thing that'll prevent me from getting off.

Usually, my wife has orgasms during intercourse. She says being in love gets her off the best.

Basically, I'm never too tired to get laid, and I don't mind telling my lover how to please me.

THURMAN W.
Charlotte, North Carolina

Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write *OUI Speak Easy*, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.



Chancey Brown

How To Get Intimate With the Girl You Want!

CONNECTING



Did you ever walk into a discotheque or a restaurant and spot a girl who was so incredibly attractive you actually hurt inside because you knew deep down you would never get to meet her?

The truth is, most of us are always falling madly in love with girls we think are much too good for us, too attractive, too tall, too sexy, too glamorous. But instead of going after them with all our desire, energy and creativity, we sit back and settle for a girl who doesn't really turn us on, a girl who may be "okay" but really isn't great.

Of course, not all men settle for the average. The fact is, some men are always going beyond themselves to get those really special women. They know that it doesn't make any difference what you look like when it comes to attracting great girls. They know that the real key to find-

ing a beautiful, desirable girl is in the quality of love you show to her. And that's why we think you ought to know about a brilliant new book from Symphony Press called **CONNECTING: How To Stop Losing And Start Winning In Love**.

Love is a game. Some play it poorly. And some play it well. If you want to play it brilliantly — so brilliantly you win almost every time — then it's time you read **CONNECTING**.

Here are just a few of the scores of inventive and effective techniques you'll find in almost every single paragraph of **CONNECTING**:

- How the raw power of your love can act like a magnet to attract beautiful girls.
- How to recognize "magic moments" in a relationship and how to use them to intensify feelings of love.
- A simple way to conquer your feelings of inadequacy so you project the personality of an exciting, passionate, irresistible lover.
- Why the flaws you feel so self-conscious about may very well be the most lovable things about you.
- Why the "hate" vibrations you may think you feel from women might actually be their way of saying "I love you" . . . and how to know when this is happening.
- How to tell when a woman wants you closer.
- When it's safe (even necessary) to touch your date.
- Conversation openers that are meaningful and intimate . . . not foolish or corny.
- How to meet women at work, in museums, libraries, etc., . . . when they least expect it.

And that's not all! **CONNECTING** is literally filled with over a hundred more fantastic techniques for finding, getting, and keeping the kind of women you desire the most.

Our easy-to-read, enjoyable, inexpensive book **CONNECTING** will show you how to find girls *the day you receive it* — not after you've lost 20 pounds, not after you've spent money on a new wardrobe, not after you've been rejected by fifty other women, but *the day you receive it!* Just the way you are.

Why spend another day of your life without a really terrific girl? Send for **CONNECTING** today!

FREE BOOK OFFER!

SUMMER LOVE



"Something wild happens to women in the summertime"

How To Pick Up Girls This Summer!

Order our two bestsellers above and receive **SUMMER LOVE**, a \$6.95 value, absolutely free. Something wild happens to women in the summertime, and this summer more women will be out there looking for men than ever before. They'll be running around in string bikinis, skimpy trackshorts, and skintight tanktops just waiting for a man, almost any man, to pick them up. And with the brilliant techniques in **SUMMER LOVE**, that man will be you. So, no matter who you are, if you want to pick up the prettiest, sexiest girls at beaches, parks, lakes, pools, tennis courts, or wherever you spend the long summer hours, order our two bestsellers now and get **SUMMER LOVE** absolutely free.

(see coupon at right)

How To Make Love To A Single Girl

Help her fantasize having sex with you.

The scents that turn her on.

Arouse her with a single kiss.

Touch her so she will go mad with desire.

Turn her navel into an erogenous zone.

The soft spots she wants you to know about.



Here is a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover women will sense your sexual powers the instant you walk into a room. Over 100 luscious photos show you—step by exciting step—exactly how to turn on today's single girls. In these incredibly frank pictures you'll see an expert lover touching, holding, and seducing an unbelievably sexy-looking woman. Each of the more than 60 chapters tells you exactly what arouses a girl. You'll learn—in their own words!—women's most secret pleasures, the things they love so much from a man they can't resist him: • **The magic place to touch a girl first** • How to make a woman "let herself go" • **The aphrodisiac touch** • The positions girls like best • **How to get a girl out of her clothes** • What's special about a single girl • **How to excite a girl with just words** • How to give a woman multiple orgasms • **And hundreds of other fantastic techniques, most of them illustrated with exciting photographs!**

Most guys think you have to be good looking or rich to attract lots of women. Not true! In just days this fine quality hardcover book **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL** will turn you into the kind of lover women just can't wait to go to bed with. **We guarantee it!**

NO RISK COUPON

Mail Check or Money Order to:

Symphony Press, Inc., Dept. O-FB
7 West Clinton Avenue, Tenafly, NJ 07670

— Please send me **CONNECTING** right away. I've enclosed \$11.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling.

— Please send me **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL** right away. I've enclosed \$12.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling.

— Please send me **BOTH BOOKS**, and include my copy of **SUMMER LOVE**, a \$6.95 value, absolutely free. I've enclosed \$24.90 plus \$1.00 postage and handling.

— Please send me **SUMMER LOVE**. I've enclosed \$6.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling.

I prefer to charge my credit card.

☐ Master Charge

☐ Visa/BankAmericard

Credit Card No.

Exp. Date

Master Charge and Visa/BankAmericard holders (only) may charge by phone. Operators are on duty 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

Call toll free: **800-631-2560**

In New Jersey call **201-569-8555**

Name

Street

City

State

Zip

All books are unconditionally guaranteed. If dissatisfied just return (within 60 days please) for a complete refund. Canadian residents add \$1.00 per book.

Who

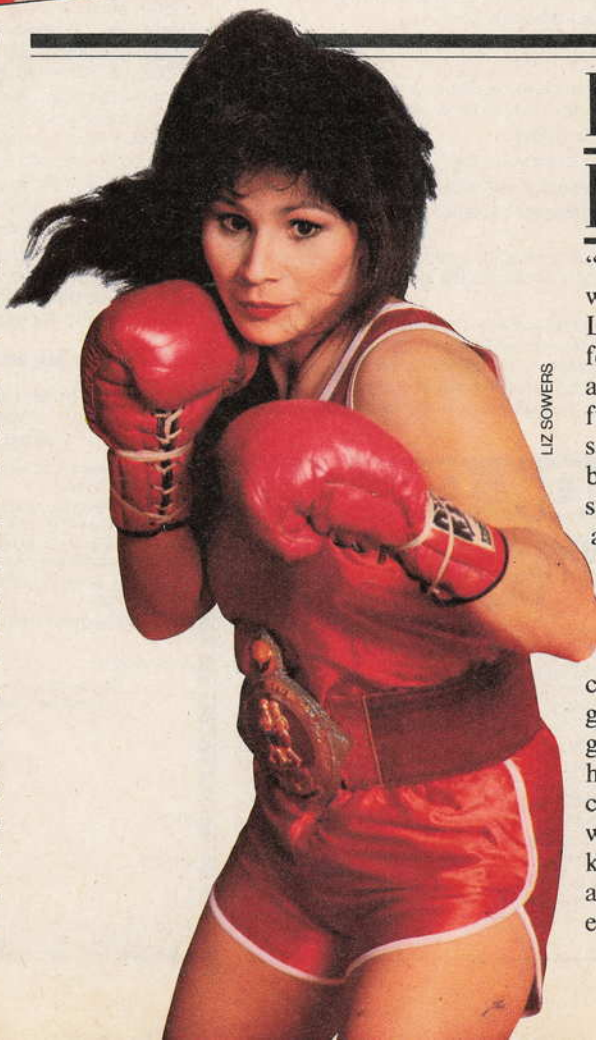
CLOSERS



JIM SHEA

FRIDAYS' FOLKS

NBC's *Saturday Night Live* is losing its vital signs; so thank God for *Fridays*—ABC's new entry into outrageous late-night comedy. Based in Los Angeles, the show features a group of talented young comics, most of whom have worked California clubs and theaters before getting this shot at the big time. Will they be able to disprove Woody Allen's contention that the West Coast's only contribution to culture is the fact that you can turn right on a red light? Ask one of these not-yet-ready-for-game-show-hosts stars (clockwise from bottom right): Bruce Mahler, Maryedith Burrell, Mark Blankfield, Larry David, Darrow Igus, Brandis Kemp, Michael Richards, Melanie Chartoff and John Roarke. They may be turning right into the Belushis, Aykroyds and Radners of the Eighties.



LIZ SOWERS

Lilly Rodriguez

"People can't believe it when they see me," laughs Lilly, California's female featherweight boxing champ and the world champion in full-contact karate. "They say I'm too little." She may be little, but so far she's successfully managed to avoid the cauliflower-ear-and-rerouted-nose syndrome since her start in boxing three years ago. "I took up boxing because I don't like to be grabbed by strangers. One guy tried it and I coldcocked him with a left hook. He couldn't believe it when he woke up." Take note. This knockout doesn't tolerate any afterbout ass patting, either.

KELLY LANG

One would expect a girl whose father ran around in green tights showing off his niblets (as the original Jolly Green Giant) to have some real identity problems. "No, I don't," says Kelly Lang, the sexiest thing about *Skatetown U.S.A.* "I'm a girl." But she wasn't always so sure about that, she admits. "Until I was fourteen, I thought girls were just soft boys." But now Kelly knows better—she's found sex. Did her first sexual experience live up to her expectations? "Yeah," she grins. "People always told me not to expect much, so I never did." Has she ever tried it on skates? "Well, the thought crossed my mind, but it's not too exciting having those heavy things dangling . . . from your feet, I mean." OK, so which was more exciting—your first sexual experience or your first movie? "My first movie, sorry to say." We're sorry, too. Imagine. To be sexually bored at the ripe old age of 18.

CHUCK CRANDALL



Klaus Nomi

"A lot of people used to ask: 'What sex is that?'" In case you're also wondering, Klaus Nomi is male, even though he looks like some German expressionist film maker's vision of death and sings like Pinocchio on helium. In fact, he's probably the world's only male operatic singer who's been influenced more by Maria Callas than by Robert Merrill. But the avant



VICTORIA LEFTCOURT © 1979

Paul Reubens

"I did shitty stand-up when I first started, because I didn't know any jokes or stand-up techniques. So I decided to act like somebody who didn't have a prayer of becoming a comedian because he was so bad." So Pee Wee Herman was born and Paul Reubens' prayer answered. Paul is a member of L.A.'s Groundlings, an improv group which gave us Laraine Newman and Adrienne Barbeau. Paul's Pee Wee persona has also captured him a not-so-pee-wee-sized piece of celluloid—check him out in the upcoming *The Blues Brothers Movie* and *Cheech and Chong's Next Movie*. "Everything about me is pee-wee sized," admits Paul, who plays a tiny harmonica and gives away mini Tootsie Rolls during his act. "Everything . . . except one thing." That's what they all say, Pee Wee.



New Wavers and the chichi Fiorucci crowd seem to like his bizarre, indescribable act. Klaus is definitely one of a kind—what kind, we're not sure. Even his mother has trouble figuring him out. "She thinks I'm the devil," he laughs. "I wear black lipstick and black nail polish. I like things unnatural. I think a man without makeup is like a cake without icing." Obviously, this guy is not into convention, not even when it comes to holidays. "People are so nice to each other on holidays—especially Christmas," he frowns. "Why don't people beat each other up on Christmas? Now, *that* would be fun."

REMOTE PO

Electronic toys and gadg



HOLD MY CALLS... Tired of tripping over the cord every time the telephone rings? Try one of these wireless alternatives. Left: Pace's EZ-Phone 8503, \$380, lets you answer the phone or make a call anywhere within 500 feet of your phone jack. Right: You can't dial out on Mura's MP-100, \$90, but you can take calls in bed or by the pool—and you don't need a 500-foot cord. Rear: Don't want to answer the damn thing at all? Radio Shack's Duofone TAD-20, \$159, takes your messages; you can pick them up in person or over the phone with the help of a tiny electronic beeper.



EASY LISTENING Fisher's System 9000, \$3000, lets you control the music without breaking the mood. The complete set of components, which stands less than two feet tall, includes a digital tuner that can be preset to eight AM or FM stations; a tape deck that accepts standard and metal-particle cassettes; a 50-watt power amplifier; a sophisticated, clean-sounding preamplifier; a micro-processor-controlled turntable; and a pair of compact but powerful three-way speakers (not shown). The heart of the system is a control box that acts as a timer and responds to infrared signals from a hand-held transmitter. Go from rock to classical to jazz, from record to tape to FM, without neglecting the matter at hand.



POSSIBILITIES

ts for the laid-back couple



BEDSIDE MANNER

No position is too difficult for the electric Adjust-A-Bed Mark III, \$800.



SWITCH HITTERS With BSR's System X-10 (left), \$100, control up to 16 lights or appliances from your bedside. The command console uses house wiring to turn on the lights, start the coffee maker or switch on the blender, and you don't even have to open your eyes. The WhistleSwitch (right), \$24.95, from Universal Controls of L.A., turns on any electrical device with a whistle.



POWER TOYS Bad news: This is as close as most of us will get to a Porsche 935 Turbo. Good news: It's pretty close. Pro-Cision Products' radio-controlled scale model, \$99 at Porsche dealers, won't get you any speeding tickets and costs nothing to insure. Kenner's R2-D2, \$35, doesn't move nearly as fast, but it makes all the silly beeping noises that drove the Empire crazy in *Star Wars*.



DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL! With Sony's 17-inch KV-1542R, \$499, you can cancel a program faster than Fred Silverman and silence Mr. Whipple with the touch of a button. But what do you do when there's nothing on the tube? Mitsubishi's VCR, HS-300U, \$1450, stores a week's worth of programming—a total of six hours. You can replay the tape from as much as 30 feet away using the infrared remote control. Bedroom fans will appreciate the three slow-motion speeds. If you're a little more active, you and a friend can lie in bed and play incredibly realistic football, soccer, hockey or any of 20 other games on Mattel's Intellivision system, \$300 (game cartridges extra). Now, this is what contact sports *should* be.

Where

THE HOTTEST LITTLE BAR IN BAJA

Hussong's Cantina is the wildest wateringhole south of the border

S unbaked mirages rise from the asphalt as we cruise off the burning Baja desert into the little Mexican town of Ensenada, 67 miles south of the border. My friend, the Snake, is raiding the medicine bag, chomping down Empirin codeine, despite my objections that we may later need them for hangovers. Five L.A. loons, on a run from urbanitis, scramble about the VW van, rapidly ingesting the last of the afternoon's drug ration.

Suddenly, the green and yellow sign of Hussong's Cantina emerges up ahead, and we slow to park. "It's only six o'clock," I announce. "The place will probably still be pretty laid-back." Ray says, "Yeah, we can relax for a while." Adds my dentist, "Yeah, we can mellow out a little."

We stagger through the door, past the short Mexican policeman with the very long gun, round the sign forbidding knives and pistols and onto the sawdust-covered floor of the cantina.

"Yip, yip, yip, yeeooww! Stomp, snort, whistle, pinch, grab, guzzle, spill, weave. *All riitight!*" roars Baja California's version of a Primal Therapy center.

The place is packed; not an empty chair in sight. In the middle of the room, uniformed mariachis are singing *La Cucaracha* to a cowboy and his girl, who are engaged in a slow wrestling match over whether or not he's got the right to stick his hand up her blouse.

Over in the corner, a bunch of college guys are pouring beer over one another's heads and yelling, "Rye bread!" This Mexican kid is trying to sell me a blanket for \$20; I swear I just saw it next door for ten.

We belly up to the bar. "Margaritas, *por favor*." The drinks come, the pesos paid. Now the brain braces for the inevitable shock. Forget the pot, the ludes or whatever else was swimming around in your head before you came in here: Tequila is about to burn holes in those memories.

The Snake speaks: "This place is all right



for a pigsty." He's right. Hussong's looks like a saloon out of an old John Wayne movie. Stuffed animal heads, faded photographs and charcoal sketches cover the chipped lime-green walls. Still, it's got character, history, atmosphere—even if it does smell a bit.

The cantina is only 35 feet by 75 feet; yet on any weekend, as many as 400 *gringos* venture an hour south of the California border to shed pretense with other warm, friendly bodies—some eager to get laid, most certain to get loaded.

A tall *gringo* walks in and somebody yells, "Hey, Larry!" Suddenly, 50 people are yelling, "Hey, Larry!" even though they have never seen the guy before. A biker couple is getting their picture taken for \$2.50. When the photographer says, "Smile," the girl reaches down to grab her date's nuts.

I talk to a lady from London who admits to finding two flies in her first drink. "I'm impressed," she says in a sexy British accent. "I've never seen so many drunks in one place in my whole life."

Indeed, Hussong's is internationally famous. The shop next door sells an estimated 20,000 T-shirts annually to Americans, who then truck around the world with a Hussong's silk-screened advertisement on their backs. In fact, in the bathroom of the Milky Way—a famous combo bar and hash den in Amsterdam—is a large sign that reads HUSSONG'S FOREVER.

Now a young Mexican starts telling us about the grand afternoon event we missed—a group of *gringos* offered \$65 to the first girl who'd strip. "On the table was a bunch of dollars, man. A blonde girl come. Take off all dee clothes. Everybody yell, 'All right!' It was crazy, man."

Although a few adventurous Mexicans may frequent the cantina, Hussong's is really a *gringo* oasis. Most locals prefer to view the zaniness through the two large picture windows next to the bar. One old-timer tells me he once saw the cops stick fire hoses through those windows and spray a crowd that had temporarily lost its sanity. "It was hecticcity," he claims. "Hecticity."

And although the guys often greatly outnumber the girls, the ladies who *do* show are tan, pretty and loose. I once spent the night with two lovely young ladies I met in Hussong's—they were taking a weekend away from their boyfriends. I remember how hard it was to carry their two limp bodies out the door, and how nervous I was when the short one did a slow dive onto the asphalt in front of a carload of *federales*.

The cantina was built by John Hussong, a German immigrant, in 1892, and has remained in the family since then. Rosando, one of the current managers, is uncertain as to the reason the bar is so popular. "Maybe it's because the prices aren't too high and the drinks aren't too weak," he conjectures. True. A shot of tequila is only 80 cents, and the fact that the drinking age is but 18 certainly helps draw them in—the underage

California crowd is always in evidence.

The night progresses. I give the bartender a buck tip, and he hands me an eight-ounce glass containing at least six ounces of booze. I'm getting a little woozy. A dog looks up at me from the barroom floor. I go to pet it, but my hand misses him and grabs onto some girl's leg, instead. She doesn't



seem to be particularly amused.

I watch this guy trying to make it to the bathroom by holding onto the railing along the wall. He's doing all right, until he tries to round a corner—the centrifugal force of the turn proves too much for his grip, and he falls over.

Inside the bathroom, some surfer is ripping the toilet seat off for a souvenir. Another guy is having a rough time at the urinal—his feet keep sliding apart uncontrollably, and he has to hold onto the wall while he tries to pee.

Back at the bar, Ray is moaning over this pretty little redhead who's just left Hussong's with her date. Says Ray, "I didn't get a chance to explain ... explain the deep-rooted feelings I have in my heart for her."

Over in the corner, a Mexican challenges



Gringo's choice: Would Señor like to buy a souvenir? Maybe four fingers of tequila from the friendly bartender? Perhaps your portrait by the only guy in the house who can see straight?



a *gringo* to a game of "macho." The guy holds onto two electrodes, while the Mexican cranks the juice up on the portable 12-volt battery he's carrying. Suddenly, the *gringo* stands straight-up, face catatonic, eyes blazing red and—boom—he hits the table and rolls off onto the floor. He does win, however.

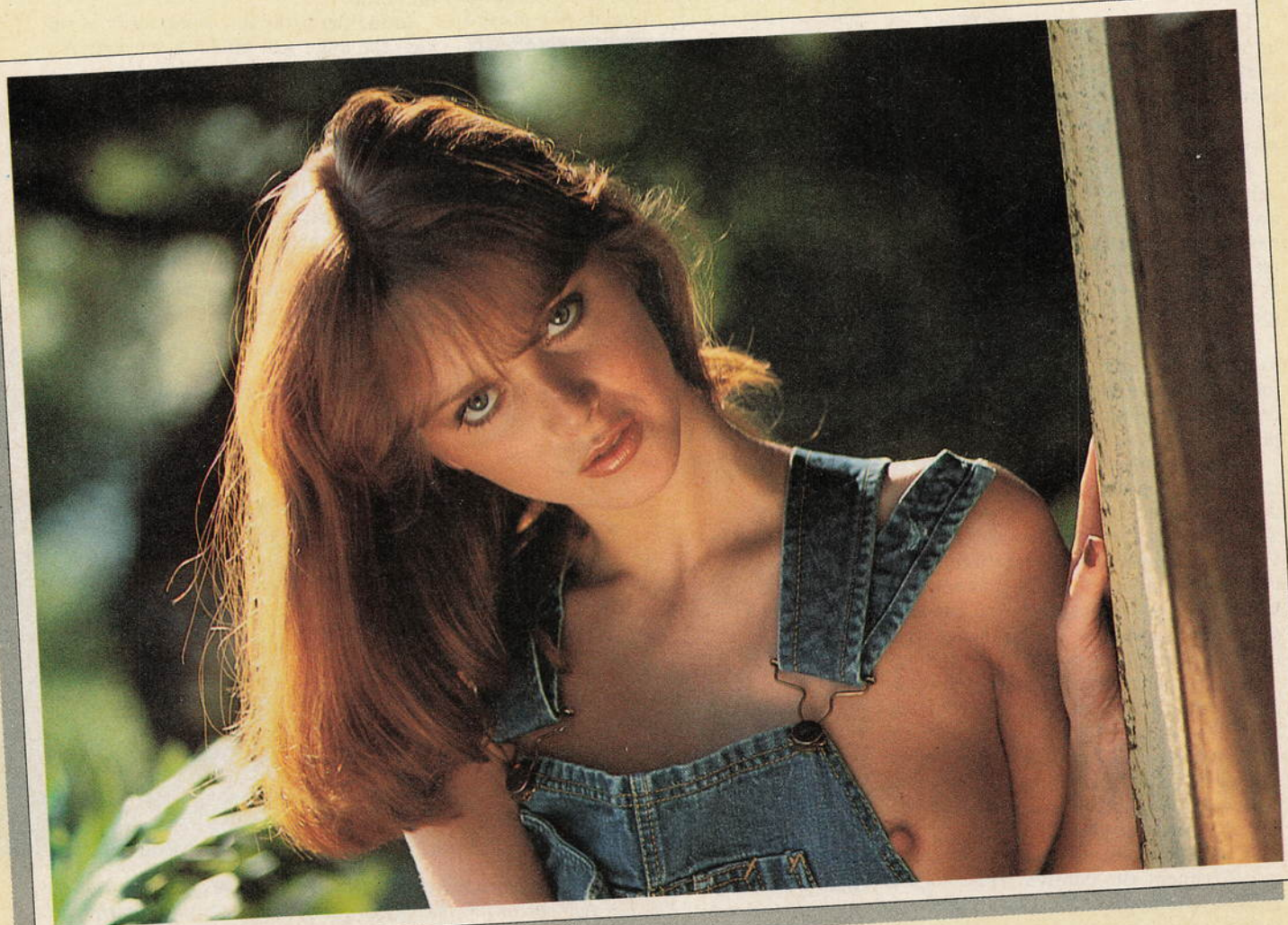
Now my dentist, the man I charge with the care of my teeth, stands up on a barstool, and while the crowd hoots like a bunch of Indians, he chews off the top of a beer can.

Over in my corner, tequila is violently attacking my equilibrium. I can no longer hold my head up. My nose feels cold as it settles in a puddle of beer on the table. Presently, my dentist is at my side, gums bleeding, trying to sum up the feeling of the night. "In the words of Dwight David Eisenhower," he philosophizes, "things are more like they are today, than they ever have been in the past."

"Amen," I bubble onto the wet vinyl tabletop.

—MICHAEL TENNESEN

NEXT



JULY

THE ART OF AFTERPLAY

According to a recent survey, a critical factor in any sexual relationship is what you do in the 20 minutes *following* climax.

THROUGH THE GRINDER WITH MEAT LOAF

The world's most improbable rock-'n'-roll star is now the silver screen's most improbable leading man. Meet *Roadie*'s Travis W. "Meat Loaf" Redfish.

INSIDE THE LADIES' LOCKER ROOMS

Our intrepid reporter makes sports history, when *he* pierces the lace-panty curtain.

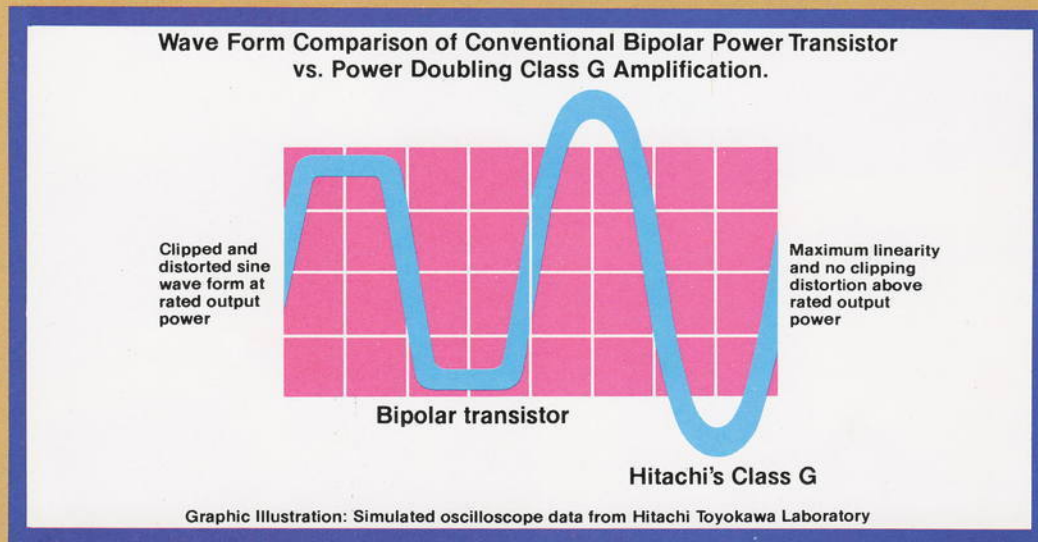
PLUS:

Fifty things you oughtta know about sex; *Small Talk* with the aging (she's 21) Tanya Tucker; a primer on shooting craps; the ripoffs in car insurance; and a sexy history of women's bathing suits.

oui

At Your Newsstand June 5

The world's most powerful 35 watt receiver.



Power Doubling Class G

SR-604

The beauty of the SR-604 stereo receiver:

In normal operation, it delivers 35 watts per channel, both channels driven at 8 ohms, from 20-20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.05% total harmonic distortion. But when it's confronted with a demanding musical peak, it switches over to power doubling Class G amplification, becoming a super power auxiliary amplifier delivering a massive 70 watts per channel.

The result? Clean, unclipped musical peaks and outstanding dynamic range. You'll also like what it does to the tuner section, in critical areas like sensitivity, selectivity and signal-to-noise ratio performance.

The amazing SR-604—super-power, low distortion, all the good things you're looking for in stereo.



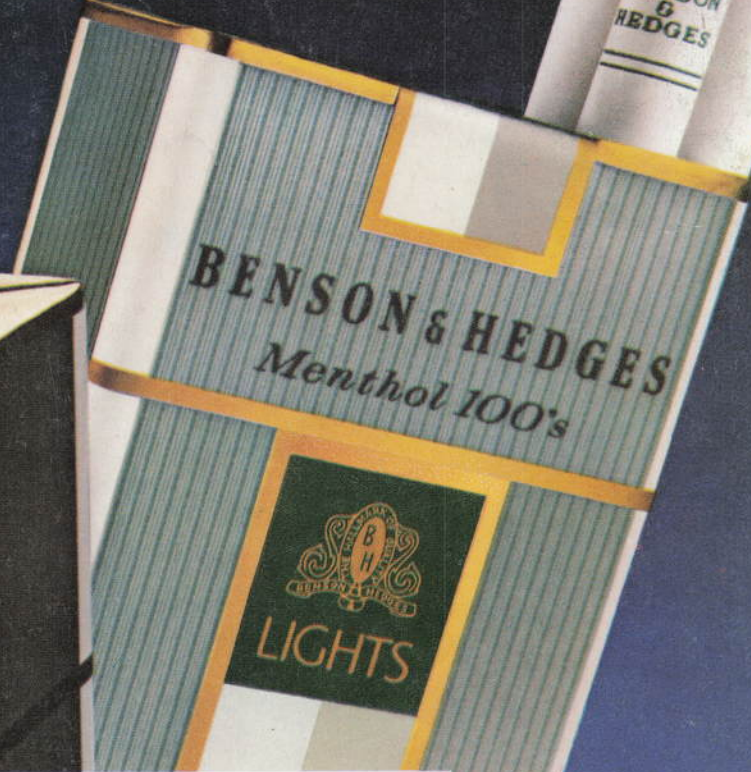
HITACHI

The New Leader in Audio Technology

Hitachi Sales Corp. of America 401 West Artesia Blvd. Compton, Calif. 90220

Benson & Hedges Lights

Only
11mg
tar



**"B&H,
I like
your
style."**

Reg.: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—
Men.: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.